Compliments
of
Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Brewster
Irvington
Neb.

Truly yours
Reuben Gaylord

LIFE AND LABORS

OF

REUBEN GAYLORD

[illegible] AND NEBRASKA
[illegible] M. S. FOR [illegible]
[illegible] IOWA.

BY

[illegible]

[illegible] of God well done!
[illegible] thy loved employ!

OMAHA
[illegible] PRESS

LIFE AND LABORS

OF

REV. REUBEN GAYLORD

HOME MISSIONARY FOR IOWA AND NEBRASKA;
AND SUPERINTENDENT FOR A. H. M. S. FOR NEBRASKA
AND WESTERN IOWA.

BY

HIS WIFE

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ."

OMAHA
REES PRINTING COMPANY
1889.

DEDICATION.

TO HIS PERSONAL FRIENDS, TO THE SURVIVING
MEMBERS OF HIS COLLEGE CLASS, TO
THE CHURCHES OF IOWA
AND NEBRASKA, TO HIS BRETHREN
IN THE MINISTRY,
TO HIS CHILDREN, AND TO THE
CITY OF OMAHA WHOSE HIGHEST PROSPERITY
HE SO EARNESTLY SOUGHT,
THIS MEMOIR IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

NOTE.

The commencement of these Memoirs dates back to the second year after Mr. Gaylord's decease. When much preparatory work had been done, two seasons of long and severe illness discouraged the writer, and the undertaking was practically abandoned. But in the summer of 1887 eastern friends expressed so strong a desire for such a Memorial, that a promise was made to resume the work as soon as circumstances would permit. This book now given to the public is the fulfillment of that promise.

The author wishes to acknowledge her obligations to various friends for valuable aid in the preparation of this volume.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER IV.

Yale Seminary.

1837—1838.

CHAPTER V.

Iowa.

1838—1843.

CHAPTER VI.

Life in Danville.

1843—1855.

CHAPTER VII.

NEBRASKA.

1855—1859.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GROWING FIELD.

1859—1864.

CHAPTER IX.

HOME MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT.

1864—1870.

CHAPTER X.

Closing Years.

1870—1880.

CHAPTER XI.

In Memoriam.

1880.

CHAPTER XII.

Gleanings and Incidents.

1812—1880.

INTRODUCTION.

The narrative of Mr. Gaylord's life and labors will be given, as far as practicable, from his own writings, and will consist of somewhat copious extracts from a journal, embracing a period of time from 1837 to 1844, and also letters written by him to various friends, and to the American Home Missionary Society, which have been preserved, extending through many years. His numerous letters to his mother, toward whom he ever cherished the tenderest regard, have not been found; and this will make a vacancy which cannot be supplied. Letters are often journals, telling what the writer and those around him are doing, and giving a narrative of interesting events, which are taking place in the world. Some incidents will be related for the sake of the children and grand-children of the deceased, which may not be of much interest to the general reader.

New England, once the asylum and the home of saints and heroes, was the birthplace of Mr. Gaylord. It was the garden of the Bible, where its truths were planted deeply and in such congenial soil that they grew most luxuriantly, and yielded those wholesome fruits which are necessary to promote true spiritual life and growth in the human soul. As the years have grown to centuries, the sharp sickles of error and unbelief have lopped off some of the branches, but the plants still live. Most of her Christian men and women, who have been transplanted to other climes as home or foreign missionaries or business men, have maintained the true "faith once delivered to the saints." They have held fast to the plain, strong, Scriptural doctrines, "which are able to make men wise unto salvation," with greater tenacity than some of their New England brethren are doing at the present day. But there is still a great vitality in the religious life of this grand and beloved New England;

and the millennium is coming. Then, we believe that she and her Christian children, scattered over the face of the earth, will be in the vanguard—leading the Lord's armies on to certain conquest for Christ.

It is thought best to make the book considerably smaller than the original plan. A few friends requested that a portion of his sermons might be published, but lest it should make the work too voluminous, all will be omitted, except two or three given on special occasions. These, together with other incidental matters of interest will constitute the closing chapter of the book.

We do not think that too many biographies of good men and women have been given to the world. Whatever is good and praiseworthy in such lives, when spread out upon the printed page, forms an object lesson, from which can be learned those great and needful moral truths, that sometimes look so attractive to the beholder as to inspire him with a desire to engraft them into his own character. When this is done, that character, guided by help from above, ceases to yield the bitter and unwholesome fruit of worldliness and wrong-doing, and instead thereof brings forth fruit unto God, perhaps an hundred fold. Then, the untiring industry, the self-denial, the devotion to the best interests of humanity, patience in the midst of trials—sometimes mixed with impatience and discouragement—form a picture worthy of careful study. He who looks at *this* side of the picture can see that, while the setting of it is by the Great Artist, in the filling up are some human imperfections, which he will learn how to avoid.

The biography of a good man brings us into a more intimate acquaintance with his true character than we could gain in any other way. In our personal knowledge we see much of the surface and little of the inner life. We cannot know his purity of motive, consequently he is often misjudged.

Biography has been called "the soul of history," and

there is surely much valuable history contained in the record of a long life. It tells of what is new and interesting in the generation in which he lived, and relates important incidents, which might otherwise have been overlooked or forgotten. Each generation has its own experiences, differing from those before it, but showing always, we believe, progress toward the right; and that the kingdom of Christ, though advancing slowly, is surely coming, and earth is reaching upward to take hold on heaven.

The Bible is full of biographies, truthful because inspired. The one of the Divine and human Christ, the only perfect Being, often causes regret for its brief account of all those early years of childhood and youth. At the same time we experience a tender and holy joy, that so much is given us to know of the pure life and blessed example, the self-abnegation and final sacrifice of Him, after whom the lives of all good men and women have been modeled, and will be to the end of time.

The design in writing this book is to preserve a record of an earnest and faithful minister of Christ, who for forty-one years tried to preach a pure gospel; also to give a brief history of planting churches of Congregational faith and polity in the two states of Iowa and Nebraska. Mr. Gaylord was the second to lay these foundations in the then new Territory of Iowa. Rev. Asa Turner was first, coming to Denmark from Quincy, Illinois, in May, 1838. Mr. Gaylord came direct from Yale Theological Seminary in the following autumn, and commenced his labors in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, December 1, 1838. Within a few weeks Danville, sixteen miles further east, was united to his field, and being solicited by that people to live among them, he removed there in October, 1839. Besides doing much general missionary work, he continued to care for both these places, preaching at Mt. Pleasant on alternate Sabbaths until November, 1843. Then Rev. Ephraim Adams of the Andover Band, was assigned to that part of the field. In

the spring of 1844 Mr. Gaylord was installed as pastor of the church at Danville, and ministered to them in that capacity until November, 1855. Having received a call from Omaha, Nebraska, which he felt to be also a call from God, he asked for a dismission from his beloved people, and after an overland journey of much hardship, arrived in Omaha with his family on Christmas day, 1855. Nebraska Territory was then in its early infancy, and he was again a pioneer, being the first Congregational minister, and for some time the only one. Here, after twenty-five years of unceasing labor, during which "the wilderness began to rejoice and blossom as the rose," he was stricken down in the midst of his work and called home to his reward.

I.

EARLY DAYS.

1812–1830.

Around, the wooded hills in beauty rise!
Earth hath not many scenes more fair than this,
And none more dear to those who call it home!

—*Selected.*

The tremulous gleams of early days,
The first faint thrills of love and praise,
And God's light, resting on all.

—*Havergal.*

The life of a Christian youth is laid in the loom of time to a pattern he does not see, but God does.—*Selected.*

"He shall choose our inheritance for us."

"As long as he liveth he shall be lent unto the Lord."

"So He bringeth them into their desired haven."

CHAPTER I.

Early Days.

Norfolk—Ancestry—Parents—School Days—Second Home—Pond School-House—Loon Meadow—Reminiscences—Home Life—Temperance Reform—Conversion—Preparation for College—Rev. Ralph Emerson.

THE rocky and picturesque town of Norfolk, Connecticut, forms a part of the northern boundary of the state, and is one of the most elevated portions of the hilly and picturesque county of Litchfield. From the forests and glens of this county, have gone forth, at various times within the last century, many Christian men and women as ministers and missionaries, or to engage in industrial occupations, whose good influence cannot be estimated. For they carried with them the good seed of the gospel, which, planted in faith and love, is sure to take root, and sooner or later yield rich spiritual harvests. We find in the early history of Norfolk that it seemed like a dreary wilderness. The winters were long and severe, with heavy falls of snow which often remained on the ground till the month of April. This, with the wild and barren aspect of all the region, and the apparent sterility of the soil, at first deterred some whose occupation was cultivating the earth, from making their homes here. But how often we find in the kingdom of nature and art, and we may add of grace also, that what is both beautiful and valuable, is at first hidden from our sight! Thus it was with this wild and uncultivated tract of land. For, as the years rolled on, it was found to possess attractions not noticed, or sufficiently prized, in its earliest settlement. Green woods—green in winter as well as in summer—with a variety of choice and beautiful evergreens, valuable timber, meadows and small lakes, living springs,

agreeable scenery and a pure atmosphere, in time drew together a class of men and women of true courage, intellectual ability and earnest piety, equal to other hardy and intelligent sons and daughters of Puritan New England. Years of patient toil brought wealth to a few, and pleasant homes to many. A competency gained by daily industry and upright dealing, is that which endures. Its foundation is the moral principle of right. And as God is on the side of right his blessing may be expected. *Such* riches do not often "take to themselves wings and fly away." Some descendants of those who acquired this wealth, are now living, and having added more, disburse from it freely for every good cause. But many of those who did not grow rich, secured comfortable homes, where, often through much privation and self-denial, their children were trained to fill honorable positions in various spheres of usefulness.

In a modest, unpretending farm-house on a hillside not far from the summit, lived Reuben and Mary Gaylord, the father and mother of the subject of this memoir. Into this household on the 28th of April, 1812, a son was born, who was the youngest but one of eight children, and was given his father's name, Reuben.

Of his ancestry we have this record: Mr. William Gaylord, a descendant of Huguenot refugees from Normandy in France, to England, removed from Devonshire, England, to Dorchester, Massachusetts, with his family of four sons and one daughter in 1630.

The grandson of the fifth generation, Timothy Gaylord, married Lydia Thompson, of Goshen, and settled in Norfolk, Connecticut, where he died September 9, 1825, at the age of ninety years and four months. Their son, Reuben, married Mary Curtis. They were the Reuben and Mary Gaylord mentioned above—the parents of him whose life became interwoven with so large a part of the states of Iowa and Nebraska.

These parents were earnest, consistent Christians, and

naturally it was their first desire to teach their children what they believed, both by precept and the influence of their daily lives. The good old Puritan custom of reading the Bible in regular order, in the daily family worship, with the children present, was faithfully carried out. Would that this practice might be universal at the present day! For a knowledge of the whole word of God would thus be acquired, which cannot be gained in any other way.

A favorite niece, only six years younger, and a daughter of Mr. Timothy Gaylord, the eldest son of the family, thus writes respecting this period:

The early home was situated near the top of one of our numerous hills, bleak in winter, but commanding an extensive view, and fanned in summer by healthful breezes. With its broad circuit of vision and clear atmosphere, the rising and setting sun must have had a splendor unknown in many other localities, and at night the star-spangled sky have been glorious to behold. At the time my mother became a member of the family, Uncle Reuben was a little child of five years, and I have heard her speak of his love for study even then. In the room of his aged grandfather, who from deafness was not at all annoyed by his incipient eloquence, he conned his lessons, and practiced elocution to the accompaniment of an older sister's spinning wheel. My own remembrance of him is as a playmate and protector, and of his taking me to school, and performing many little acts of kindness. I have no recollection of those boyish annoyances, to which many little ones are subjected. He seemed to me like a kind and thoughtful older brother. Later on I remember him leading the young people's prayer-meetings, and have not forgotten the zeal and fervor with which he and a young friend and cousin engaged in religious duties, and their seasons of prayer together while at work about the farm.

This orphan friend afterward fell a victim to consumption. The father of this family was industrious, conscientious, strict in family discipline, but kind and benevolent, firm for the right, and of marked decision of character.

This last trait was strikingly manifested by his giving up tobacco from principle, when sixty years of age. Mr. Gaylord lived beyond the allotted period of "three score and ten" and passed away September 18, 1843, aged seventy-three years. In those days a letter was often three weeks on its journey from Connecticut to Iowa, and the deep sorrow of the son, when he received this intelligence, was aggravated by the thought that his father had been so long in the grave before he heard of his illness or death. Then, no telegraphic message spoke to distant friends, giving either sad or joyful news from loved ones.

The mother, Mary Curtis Gaylord, was a woman of sincere and unobtrusive piety. She possessed an attractive countenance, a kind heart, going out in sympathy and helpfulness for others, and was much beloved in the community as well as in her own family. During all the long years of toil which fell to her lot, her piety shone with a clear and steady light. Her grand-daughter, the niece spoken of, says of her:

> She was a woman of rare worth—remarkable for devotion, industry and benevolence. Her patience in time of trial and perseverance in overcoming obstacles, must have done much toward forming the characters of her children, particularly this son, who seems to have inherited many of her characteristics, and to whom she was devotedly attached.

For her there were no resting times, excepting on the Sabbath, when she taught her children and took them with her to the house of God.

She had a spirit of intense patriotism which was a part of her birthright, and her rightful inheritance, for she was born in December, 1774, just as hostilities were breaking out between the colonies and the mother country. Her father, Mr. Thomas Curtis, joined the Revolutionary army and was killed in 1776, in the early part of the war. This patriotic spirit burned brightly in the war of 1812, when the subject

of this memoir was born, and burst into a flame, when our civil war took from her native town some, who were the flower of its youthful population. Of these, scarce one returned from the battle field. She was then at an advanced age and had gained her second sight. Free from care and enjoying comfortable health, she spent her time knitting and sewing for those who had enlisted in their country's service. The ladies of Norfolk insisted that they were kept busy supplying her with material, so swiftly did her deft fingers complete garments for the needy soldiers.

She fell asleep on the afternoon of December 20, 1867, at the age of ninety-three years and four days, having followed to the grave six of her eight children, leaving but two to mourn her loss. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Mills, who was with her at the last, gave this account of the closing scene:

She was not considered sick until the day before. Even then she was about the house and went to her meals as usual, but was troubled for breath and complained of pain in her side. When we called the doctor, he thought she would feel better on the bed, and laid her down. She was left alone with me, while he went into the next room to prepare her medicine. She moved her head until it rested naturally, and went quietly to sleep. The doctor returned, gave me written directions about her medicine, and laid his hand on her forehead. He started and felt her pulse, but she was asleep—yes, "asleep in Jesus." "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like" hers.

The following tribute to her memory is from an address at her funeral, by her pastor, Rev. Dr. Eldridge:

Mrs. Mary Gaylord was born in this town in 1774, while Connecticut was still a colony of Great Britain, and she, in consequence, was a subject of George III. Her life thus reached to a period antecedent to the commencement of our national existence.

She was endowed with a physical constitution of great vigor,

and during her long life was remarkable for the industry and energy with which she performed whatever her hands found to do. On the very last day of her life she expressed a satisfaction that a piece of work in which she had been engaged was finished. Apparently she was persuaded that it was the last she would perform on earth.

The mind of Mrs. Gaylord corresponded with her physical frame. It was strong, active, and enduring. I visited her a few weeks previous to her death, and was astonished at the promptness of her recollections, and her mental activity.

Her affections were tender and strong, but they exhibited themselves rather in deeds than in words. She became a Christian in the great revival that prevailed in this country in the years 1799 and 1800. She united with the church in the year 1800, consequently has been a member of it sixty-seven years.

During all that period the prosperity of the church has been the great desire of her heart and the subject of daily and unceasing prayer.

Mrs. Gaylord was, especially during the latter part of her life, a great reader, and it hardly need be said, that she read books and papers of a religious nature. One work in which she found great and unfailing delight, was the "Evangelical Magazine," a periodical that was started in 1800, and contained full and detailed statements of the progress and results of the great revival, besides excellent articles on various topics connected with Christian character and obligations. The only time she was ever late at church, she had taken up a volume of that work and had become so absorbed in it that she did not hear the bell.

She seldom wept, even when staggering under some heavy blow of affliction. But tell her of a revival of religion, give her some account of the success of the cause of Christ, and immediately tears of joy would spring to her eyes.

As long as she could get to the weekly prayer meetings of the church, she was there and in season. She was not prevented by other affairs—for, as was said by one who knew her habits, she began to plan on Monday morning so that she might attend the prayer meeting, and when the time came there were no obstacles in the way. Oh, how valuable, how encouraging to the

pastor was her course in this respect! How worthy the admiration and imitation of all members of the church!

But her piety prompted her to aid, as far as she could, every Christian enterprise by liberal and continuous contributions. I have been assured that nine-tenths of what came into her hands the last twenty-five years of her life, was given to religious and benevolent objects.

It was in such a home as this that the little Reuben passed a happy childhood. He was healthy, active, full of play, quick to learn, and generally obedient to his parents. One of his earliest recollections was hearing his mother's voice in prayer, as he first awoke to consciousness in the early morning. She literally began the day with God, gathering strength for its cares and labors by communion with Him, before domestic duties, lapping over each other without cessation, should crowd her away from her beloved closet.

As he grew up, various tasks on the farm were assigned him. Most of these he willingly performed, but there was one exception. Many of these New England farms are thickly sprinkled with stones, which must be thrown into piles each spring, or the land can scarcely be cultivated. One warm day tired of this hard work, he left it, and stretched himself on the ground under a tree. His father, happening by with a long whip, used it with so much effect that he never afterward tried to shirk this disagreeable task.

In school he often went beyond the lessons given him. If his teacher for want of time or for any other reason, would not assist him in working out difficult problems, he persevered by himself until they were thoroughly mastered. Then he was ready to help others in similar trouble, as one of his schoolmates still living likes to testify.

In those days it was customary to keep various kinds of liquors in the house, and make use of them on the farm. In haying and harvest they were thought to be an absolute necessity. But from a child he utterly refused to take even

a little in the bottom of the glass. Neither did he ever try to be a man by using tobacco, although the example was daily set before him by the father he loved, who at this time made use of it. Often when hay was unloaded at the barn, he was required to stow it away in the hay-loft. On one occasion the extreme heat nearly overcame him. His father, fearing he would be seriously ill, compelled him to drink a small quantity of liquor, but seeing the distress it caused him, never again asked him to put a glass to his lips.

It was during these early years of the nineteenth century that systematic efforts were commenced to inaugurate a temperance reform. "A temperance society was formed in the state of New York as early as 1809. We give one of the by-laws: 'Any member of this association, who shall be convicted of intoxication, shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall occur on the Fourth of July, or any other military muster.' But this even was in advance of public sentiment, and the men who adopted it were hooted at and pelted through the streets."

In 1816, Dr. Justin Edwards, of Andover, Massachusetts, preached two powerful discourses on intemperance, and again took up the subject in 1822, pleading with moderate drinkers to abstain, claiming that if they would do this, when the existing race of drunkards should pass away, the land would be free from the curse of drunkenness.

The first decided and organized effort to establish the total abstinence principle, was the formation of the American Temperance Society, in Boston, Massachusetts, February 13, 1826. In the following April a weekly temperance paper was established in the same city by Rev. William Collier, called the *National Philanthropist.* Its motto was: "Temperate drinking is the downhill road to intemperance."

One year previous to this Dr. Edwards had written a tract entitled, "The Well Conducted Farm," which was widely circulated throughout the country. Dr. Lyman Beecher, while pastor in the neighboring town of Litchfield,

had preached those six celebrated sermons on the Nature Signs, Evils and Remedy of Intemperance. These were among the powerful auxiliaries to the cause. Rev. John Marsh, of Haddam, Connecticut, author of the rousing temperance tract, "Putnam and the Wolf," was an active co-operator with Dr. Edwards.

Mr. Gaylord, in common with many other conscientious and Christian men, felt the influence of these efforts, and deciding to banish it from his house, soon resolved not to furnish it to his men in the coming season of haying and harvest. Some prophesied that he would not obtain the needed help on those conditions, but he did, with but little trouble. Afterward feeling that, to be consistent, one should be temperate in all things, he gave up the use of tobacco, discarding entirely his pipe and tobacco box when sixty years of age. Many years from this time, the son, when pastor of a church in which some of the members loved the weed, made use of his father's example to convince them that, if his father could abandon it at sixty, surely they could, when so much younger.

It is to be regretted that so little can be learned of Mr. Gaylord's early life, as he gradually emerged from childhood to youth and passed on toward manhood. Those who knew him best at this period have, almost without exception, preceded him to the spirit land. The only one remaining is the niece of whom mention has been made, and who is still living in his native town.

In the first forty or fifty years of the present century, children were placed in school at a very early age. His first teacher was Miss Welch, a daughter of the elder Dr. Welch, of Norfolk, afterwards the wife of Rev. Ira Pettibone, a highly esteemed clergyman, long a resident of Stafford, Connecticut. To her care and instruction he was committed when a little more than four years old. This lady he ever remembered with affectionate interest during her life, and when she passed away he felt he had sustained a personal loss.

Among some of Mr. Gaylord's interesting remembrances of boyhood life in his native town,were Haystack Mountain, Pond School-house, Loon Meadow and his second home on the flats.

During the summer and autumn of 1887 we were permitted to revisit New England, after an absence of twenty-three years, and in the month of September were once more in Norfolk. Outwardly, the summer had not waned. Plentiful rains and delightful weather had kept vegetation so green and beautiful that nature wore the freshness of June. Kind friends carried us over a romantic country road, up a long and somewhat steep hill, then across a level plain, nearly one mile in extent, and up another hill, where we came to the flats, a plateau, on which are a few scattered dwellings. In one of these Mr. Gaylord passed the days of boyhood and early youth. It was his second home, and has changed very little, we are told, for more than half a century. This was one of those houses with two stories in front, and a long, sloping roof running back until the rear was only one story in height.

The dwelling houses of those days partook largely of the Puritan character. They were made strong and substantial by heavy timbers, with foundations of stone, and built in that careful, deliberate manner, designed to ensure permanence. Many of them are now standing, scattered over New England, and although weatherbeaten with the storms of one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, show few signs of decay and still afford comfortable homes.

We tarry a little, and then go on to the Pond school-house. There is where his early education began, and a mixture of learning and play filled up the first few years of childhood. A common school education, under an efficient teacher, has proved an invaluable blessing to multitudes, both in public and private life. For seven or eight months each year, reading, spelling and writing, followed by arithmetic, grammar and geography, was the prescribed course

in a district school. And these normal branches are absolutely needful as the foundation of all other learning in after life.

In those days the Bible and religious teaching were not forbidden, as in the present age. The New Testament was considered indispensable as a school-book, and was read by the children in classes at least once every day. Even the younger ones had it placed in their hands, when they could only read it by spelling out all except the shorter words. But this Pond school-house is not the same building of by-gone days, for another one has been reared on the same spot.

And here is the pond, a beautiful little lake, large and deep enough for small sail and row boats. It is a bright and sparkling sheet of water, one shore coming up near the school-house, and another one, much longer, running along not far from the roadside, and nearly parallel with it. Across the pond, and near the opposite shore, a large rock rises out of the water to the height of five or six feet. On the top of this was a natural seat, where the boys used to sit and fish at their leisure, but perhaps oftener enjoyed the delightful sport of diving from it into the water. This must have been a paradise for boys, who take to water as naturally as ducks, and we do not wonder at the happy memories which clustered around this attractive place, and which never seemed to grow dim through all the long years of his life.

The road now stretches on its winding way, disclosing new beauties of hill and valley, of trees and wild flowers, and of luxuriant vines, whose length could scarce be measured. The wild clematis, with a wealth of foliage and bloom, was hanging in graceful festoons from the outstretched branches of trees, clinging to every shrub and covering fences, thus giving the passer-by an invitation to reach and gather the blossoms.

In the midst of tender memories, if friends could only

feel that the departed knew where they were, and were near them, though all unseen! And why not? But our God is here! These are His works, and are a type, a shadow of those "sweet fields beyond the swelling floods," which "stand dressed in living green." Thus our dear ones who have awaked in the likeness of the Christ they love, are satisfied, and that knowledge should satisfy us.

But we go on to another hill, on the side of which once stood a plain brown farm-house—the birthplace of the little Reuben. No trace of the building is left, and all that we find is an excavation, which once formed the cellar, and a few currant bushes, which remain to testify that the place was once inhabited. We linger but a moment, but long enough to feel that it was once a hallowed spot, for here that Christian mother offered up daily prayers which have been answered and may continue to be in blessings on her posterity for generations to come.

Again we change our course, and go over the long road to "Loon Meadow"—Lonely Meadow, we should call it. We hardly know how it received its name, but tradition says that one of the large and water-loving loons was found lying dead upon the ground. The place was often alluded to by Mr. Gaylord, and possibly was a sort of boyish trysting-place in childhood days.

From the American Encyclopedia:

The loon or great northern diver, is a large, powerful, and handsome bird. Its colors are black and white. The head and neck are a dark greenish blue, the latter varied with transverse patches of white. In moving beneath the surface of the water, they use wings as well as feet. Their legs are set so far back that, when on land, they walk with slow and awkward gait, standing nearly upright, but fly swiftly at a high elevation. The largest measure from thirty-one to thirty-six inches, extent of wings five feet. They weigh from eight to ten pounds. Their notes are so loud and plaintive that to be "as noisy as a

loon" has become a proverb. They frequent the northern and middle United States from Maine to Maryland and from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean.

Mr. Gaylord often wondered why he had never seen this bird in the west. But one day during the last autumn of his life, he said to a member of his family, "I hear the notes of a loon. Come and help me find him." But he could not be found. Another day the same sounds were heard, and Mr. Gaylord remarked, "I am sure that is the cry of a loon." Another search with longing eyes was still unsuccessful.

But to return to his boyhood school days. During these days, while out of school, his exuberant spirits found exercise in work about the farm, or assisting his mother in her household duties.

In the winter of 1827, during a season of religious interest, he became a decided Christian, and this strengthened the already strong bond between mother and son. He was now nearly fifteen years of age. Naturally, he at first held back when called upon to pray or speak in public, but on coming out of church after an evening service, one of the deacons laid a hand on his shoulder, and in a very impressive manner repeated these words: "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." This proved to be a word in season, and from that time he succeeded in gradually overcoming his embarrassment, when requested to take part in religious meetings. All through his ministerial life, he felt the importance of bringing new converts into active service, before the fervor of their first love should in any measure pass away. That good deacon little knew how far-reaching would be the influence of those few words, spoken so opportunely to the boy Christian. It was at this period that his pastor, in view of his intellectual abilities and the love of God implanted in his heart, desired that he should devote himself to the Christian ministry. From very childhood his parents had

planned that this son should be the one to remain with them, to care for them, whenever age or infirmity might render them helpless. But when the question was put to them, there was no opposition. What were they or their plans, if the Lord wanted this one for His work? Some one else could "follow the sheep"—for that was a part of his work—and be a prop to them in the evening of life. So after remaining in school in the Academy at Goshen a year or so, with the ministry in view, he commenced "fitting for college" under the tuition of his beloved pastor, Rev. Ralph Emerson.

But little can be said of his manner of life during this period, as those who knew best what it was, have passed away. The link is but a short one, for he entered Yale College soon after completing his eighteenth year.

While studying at home the intimate companionship which had existed between his mother and himself was more closely cemented, and his Christian character developed and grew stronger under her daily influence. Very often he laid down his book to bring wood and water, or to assist her in getting the family meal. Then his Christian training went on also in the Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting, and in being so constantly the loving pupil of his faithful spiritual teacher. This mutual attachment between pastor and pupil continued during Mr. Emerson's life. It is fitting that there should be further mention of this excellent man in this connection.

In May, 1815, the church and society of Norfolk extended to Rev. Ralph Emerson "a unanimous call to settle over them in the gospel ministry." He accepted the call and on the 12th of June was ordained as their pastor. The wisdom of this decision on the part of both pastor and people was seen in the fourteen years of a successful and greatly beloved pastorate. In the year following Mr. Emerson's ordination, they were blessed with a revival, and 122 were added to the church. In 1828 he was elected to the presi-

dency of Hudson College, Ohio, but his people refused to part with him. In October, 1829, he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Lecturer on Pastoral Theology in Andover Theological Seminary. Again there were two or three decided refusals on the part of the church; but a renewed application from Andover, and Mr. Emerson's earnest wishes to accept the position, induced the people to withdraw their opposition, and they reluctantly consented to part with him. On the 24th of November, 1829, the relation between pastor and people was formally dissolved by a council convened for that purpose.

Mr. Emerson was characterized by an earnest spirit of piety and much depth of Christian experience. With love to God and love to man as an all-controlling principle, he truly "watched for souls as one that must give account." After leaving Andover, he resided in Newburyport three years, then removed to Rockford, Illinois, the home of his son, Ralph Emerson. Here, on the 20th of May, 1863, he was called to enter upon his heavenly rest. Twelve years later, in 1875, his beloved wife was laid by his side in the cemetery at Beloit, Wisconsin. This is the home of another son, Prof. Joseph Emerson, who has been for many years Greek professor in Beloit College.

II.

COLLEGE LIFE.

1830–1834.

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

Let developed talent first be consecrated talent; then the life, in God's hands, is in the way of grand possibilities.—*Brooks.*

Be strong to-day; the world needs men
Of nerve and muscle, heart and brain,
To war for truth and conquer wrong.

Their works do follow them.

Back from the canvas that throbs,
The painter is hinted and hidden,
Into the statue that breathes
The soul of the sculptor is bidden.
—*Selected.*

'Tis better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing.
—*Selected.*

CHAPTER II.

College Life.

Infancy of Railroads—Ride to New Haven—Examination—Hazing—Scholarship—Revival of 1831—Tutor Pettingell—Rev. Joseph Eldridge—Graduation—Invitation to Illinois College.

THE year 1830 may be called the birth-year of the railroad system of our country. By the advent of 1831 twenty-three miles in all were completed. Their slow progress in the first decade of the system may be called creeping; then they were able to run; then rushed—until, in this year of our Lord 1888, there are one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railroad in the United States.

It was in the summer of 1830, before Connecticut was troubled with even a short stretch of iron rail, that the one-horse wagon was brought out, and father and son commenced their two days' ride to New Haven. Arriving there, as the son went in to pass the ordeal of examination, the father jocosely remarked, "Very likely I shall have to carry you home with me, for you have not half studied." After the trial was over, as Mr. Gaylord stood talking with some gentlemen, the son said to him, "Father, you will have to go home alone, for I am not going with you."

It was not long after entering Yale that the young student had to pass another ordeal—that of hazing the Freshman—a practice which should have been abolished in the long years that have intervened since 1830, but which, we believe, is still in vogue among mischievous and fun-loving students. One evening there was a knock on his door, and on opening it, two masked figures rushed in. He was wearing at the time a pair of boots with thick heavy soles. Before they had time to commence operations, Mr.

Gaylord seized them by the collar and began such a vigorous and hearty application of the boots, that they cried out for quarter. This castigation proved sufficient, for he was never again troubled with visits of this kind.

He commenced his college life with a full determination to make the most of his time and opportunities. In Greek and Latin he made great proficiency and gained such a thorough knowledge that it never failed him in after life. Through all the years of his ministry these languages were so familiar, that it was easy to keep them fresh and bright. And the volumes of the Greek Testament were the almost constant companions of his study hours. In the higher mathematics he was excelled by but one in his class. The health of this one failed, and he died in the third year of the course. It was Mr. Gaylord's uniform practice to keep "one or two lessons ahead," and on this account he was seldom or never caught unprepared.

In the revivals of '31 and '32, which prevailed so extensively throughout the country, the college shared deeply, and Christian students and professors awoke to new spiritual life. It came at a time when infidelity was assuming a bold front. The mask, behind which it had beguiled many an unwary student from faith in and reverence for the Word, into the regions of doubt and unbelief, was thrown off. President Day, the noble leader and guide of the institution since 1817, had sought to train the young men in intellect and heart for God and the world. But at this time he was walking by faith more than by sight.

The only record extant of Mr. Gaylord's years in college is a few letters to his brother and to his niece Martha. These strike the chord which gives the key-note to his college life.

To his eldest brother, Timothy:

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, March 30, 1831.—DEAR BROTHER: I gladly address a few lines to you at this time.

Am enjoying good health and, I hope, the smiles of God's countenance.

No doubt you have heard what the Lord has done, and is still doing for us in this institution. But no one who has not been an eye witness, can even imagine the change which has been effected within the past two months. We can never sufficiently praise God for appearing in our midst and converting one hundred and twenty of our fellow students unto Himself. Join with us, dear brother, in thanksgiving to Him, and in earnest prayer for the remaining seventy.

Although conversions are not as frequent, yet the good work seems to be advancing. It has extended throughout the city, and religion is the general topic of conversation. All denominations share in it, and it pervades all classes—the rich and the poor, the moral and the profligate. None are exempt from its influence, and the oldest Christians look on with astonishment as they behold what the Lord is doing. The revival is pervading the schools of every description, and hundreds are hopefully converted. There are at least one thousand inquirers after the way of life

Oh, my dear brother, you can scarcely imagine what is being done for our country, for there is scarcely a large city without the influences of the Spirit. It seems as if those fountains, which have been sending forth the bitter waters of sin, infidelity and worldliness, were to be purified, for God is freely pouring into them of His own Divine grace.

And now I want to put the question home to you, although I am so much younger, and inquire what you are doing, for surely no one can be cold or indifferent in such a time of merciful visitation. Use all your influence to spread in the church a spirit of prayer, of brotherly love and faithfulness toward each other among the members.

To Martha, his brother's daughter:

My Dear Friend Martha: * * * When I see so many around me turning to God, I have a most ardent desire that you also should seek the Savior. Oh, come and see what a precious gift is now held out for your acceptance. You are old

enough to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, for many younger than you in this city have done it. When I come home I hope to find you rejoicing in Christ. Tell your brother, Myron, that Christ is also saving little boys here—that same Savior who, when on earth, took little children in His arms and blessed them—and He is willing and waiting to receive him.

YALE COLLEGE, August 20, 1831.—MY DEAR MARTHA: Only three and a half weeks now remain before commencement. Probably your school has closed before this. Am glad you were pleased with it, and hope you will enter the school of Christ, if you have not already done so, and diligently learn the way of life. The greatest wisdom given to mortals is contained in a single sentence: "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Am glad to hear you are attending a Bible class. * * * * * * When we meet again may it be as the children of God, redeemed by the same precious blood, and fellow-travelers to the same blessed home beyond the grave. I have been deeply impressed with the shortness of time by the recent death of a young man, who was a member of the Senior class in this institution. He was taken sick soon after the term began, but got better and went home to Virginia, accompanied by his mother. News of his death has just been received, and we are thinking, what if he had not attended to the important interests of the soul in the revival of last term? Before this revival he was dissipated and an infidel—after it, a humble Christian. Thus we see one cut down in the activity and vigor of life, whose prospects for future usefulness were apparently very good. * * * * * Tell my friends my health is good, although this has been a long, very warm and wearisome term. Tell them, also, that commencement is the 19th day of September, and I hope some of them will make it convenient to come down to New Haven at that time.

DECEMBER 8.—Yesterday we followed to the grave the lifeless remains of one dear to the hearts of all who knew him. The mysterious Providence of God has removed from our institution, our church, and our religious meetings, one who stood conspicuous as a scholar, an instructor, and a Christian.

Mr. Pettingell was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, trained by pious parents, and after pursuing his preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, Andover, entered this institution in the fall of 1821. He was distinguished for mental attainments, correct deportment and a lovely character. He graduated in 1825 and was chosen tutor in 1827. In discharging the duties of his office he gave very great satisfaction. In the revival of last spring he became a decided Christian, and at once began active service in the cause he had learned to love. At the commencement of this term he entered the middle class in the Theological school. About two weeks before his death he took a severe cold, which settled on his lungs and quickly brought him to the grave. Had we been asked, four weeks ago, when he stood in a religious meeting and talked with ecstasy of the love of Christ, Who is destined to exert the greatest influence for good? the universal reply would have been, Tutor Pettingell. But he is gone, and we can only bow and say, "Thy will be done." I have given the above from a sketch of his life at the funeral by Professor Fitch.

December 10.—I find it difficult to write many letters, as my studies, though pleasant, are hard, and require nearly all my time. Tell my parents I have been expecting a letter from them, but have received none. I know not whether my friends are dead or alive, sick or well, but trust that all is well with them. * * * * * * * * * *

My time passes pleasantly, and I find the society of my roommate very agreeable. I am constrained to feel that this institution, as a place of confinement for study, possesses charms above any other. But while I am poring over my books, I suppose you are enjoying now and then a sleighride over the snow-clad hills of Norfolk. * * * * * *

But let me address a few words to you by way of exhortation. If you have really begun to "walk by faith," often make God and the Bible the theme of your meditations, and spend much time in secret prayer. And if you can every morning fix

some passage of Scripture in mind, to be the subject of your thoughts during the day, you will find it a great help to you.

In November, 1829, Rev. Ralph Emerson was dismissed by council from his pastoral charge at Norfolk, that he might accept a professorship in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. He had been the beloved pastor of the church and almost the whole population since June, 1815, and it was with deep and unfeigned sorrow that the people finally consented to part with him. For three succeeding years several candidates preached with much acceptance. To three of these calls were extended, but were in each instance declined, and the people were becoming somewhat discouraged. Early in December, 1831, Rev. Joseph Eldridge commenced his labors among them, and after preaching several Sabbaths, on the 23rd day January, 1832, the church and society gave him a unanimous call "to settle over them as their gospel minister." On February 12, the congregation had the satisfaction of hearing his letter of acceptance read to them, and began to look forward with deep interest to the time when they would again enjoy the stated ministrations of the gospel. Mr. Eldridge was ordained on April 25, 1832, the interest of the occasion being greatly increased by an excellent sermon from Rev. Dr. Taylor, of New Haven. In allusion to this Mr. Gaylord thus writes to his brother in Norfolk:

YALE COLLEGE, March 11, 1832.—I rejoice that our people are to have one set apart to minister to them in holy things. The Lord has heard and answered. May this union be happy and lasting.

I have been thinking, my dear brother, how pleasant and profitable it might be for the good people of Norfolk to commence a protracted meeting on the day of Mr. Eldridge's ordination, and I would suggest the propriety of consulting other members of the church respecting it. I believe these meetings have been held at such times and attended with very good results.

This union was indeed "happy and lasting." For nearly forty-three years Dr. Eldridge was the faithful and successful spiritual guide of a devoted and affectionate people. His time, talents, and influence were consecrated to his work, and he had the supreme satisfaction, the highest and best to every true pastor, of leading very many to Christ during the long years of his ministry. His wife was a true "helpmeet" and an earnest co-laborer, sometimes going into out neighborhoods to teach a Sabbath-school class, and in many ways helping forward every good word and work. She was the daughter of Mr. Joseph Battell, whose memory is still cherished with great respect, and granddaughter of Rev. Mr. Robbins, the first settled pastor of the town of Norfolk. She was the devoted mother of a large family of children, who delight to "rise up and call her blessed." A short extract from a letter to Mr. Gaylord by Mr. Robbins Battell, a brother of Mrs. Eldridge, gives the final closing up of this successful pastorate:

NEW YORK, September 8, 1874.—You have, perhaps, heard that Rev. Joseph Eldridge has resigned his pastoral charge to take effect from the first of November next. He felt compelled to do so from failure of health and physical strength for what an active discharge of his duties required. His sermons, I think, have never been better or more acceptable than for the last few months.

Mr. Eldridge died on the last day of the following March at the age of seventy years.

The severing of such strong ties as had long existed between *this* pastor and *this* people, caused a "very great mourning" when he was finally taken from them. The old, and the young, and the middle-aged were bowed with grief, as they looked for the last time upon the beloved face of him who for so many years was their spiritual adviser, guide and friend. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Mr. Gaylord to his niece:

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, March 8, 1832.—My health is good and I am enjoying much pleasure in the pursuit of learning. The hill of science is steep and rugged, but every step we ascend adds new luster to the scene below. I feel that I am highly privileged in being permitted to enjoy such opportunities, but when I look forward I see worlds of knowledge lying in my path, and on either side many hidden treasures which I hope one day to make my own. I can write but little now, and should let my pen lie upon my desk, were it not for a desire to receive your answer.

I never saw more pleasant weather in March than we had yesterday, and are having to-day. Winter with his cold and chilling blasts seems to have bid us farewell, and the more pleasant sunshine of spring beams upon us. The ground is settled and dry, and we almost see the green grass springing up around us. But I suppose that you at Norfolk are almost wallowing in mud, with here and there a snow drift by the side of the way. I often think of you and my friends at Norfolk, and sometimes lift my heart to God in prayer that you may be kept from the trials and temptations that beset your path. I beseech of you be ever on the watch to maintain a consistent walk before the world, for the conduct of professors of religion, especially the young, is narrowly scrutinized. If it is what it ought to be, the cause of Christ will be helped, but if not, it will do much to prejudice the minds of the careless against the religion of the gospel. Let us ever walk worthy of our high vocation. And now, as spring opens and nature is beginning to burst the icy cords with which winter has bound her, let us too break from our hearts those adamantine chains which the power of sin has drawn around them. Our Lord from heaven calls upon us to awake from sleep; the multitudes that are every day dropping into eternity without an interest in Christ call upon us, and everything around, with a speaking or silent eloquence, is entreating us to live and work for God.

NOVEMBER 28, 1833.—We are having many lectures on various subjects. In the early part of the term we had an extended

course upon astronomy, very interesting and instructive. These have closed and those on chemistry commenced. * * * * In addition to the mental discipline we gain from attention to the subject, there is a constant stream of pleasure flowing into the mind from being enabled thus understandingly to contemplate the Creator's works. We find the more we examine them, that concord and harmony reign throughout, and that all things take place according to fixed laws. How can any one who honestly studies nature as she is, say, "There is no God"? It is not reason that teaches them this, but a doubtful heart. We have also occasional lectures on law, and are giving attention to metaphysics, leading us to turn our thoughts within and observe the workings of the immortal spirit.

FEBRUARY 17, 1834.— * * * Our room is larger than you supposed—12 by 15 feet. The furniture is simple, but convenient. We are *not* doomed to spend all our time over dry Latin and Greek, but are still investigating the secrets of nature as they are revealed in chemistry.

What wonderful skill, what wisdom and design are exhibited in man. The study of the eye alone should be sufficient to convince us of the benevolent design of an Almighty Creator. But we see all around us numberless exhibitions of the same great truth—that God exists—that He is good and desires our happiness. Natural theology engages our attention a part of the time, and we are permitted to study the laws that regulate the moral world and govern men in their dealings with each other.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

It seems to be an unfortunate time among the school teachers in Norfolk. I really feel sorry for Miss Ames. I am not surprised at the news respecting John Dowd. I warned him of his danger while in Canaan, for I felt that he was going beyond his strength. Perhaps I shall never see him again on earth, but I trust he is ripe for Heaven.

Mr. Gaylord graduated from college in 1834. There were sixty-five in his class, among whom were Bradstreet, Budington, H. W. Ellsworth, Benedict, D. S. Brainard, H.

C. Kingsley, W. H. Starr, C. R. Welles, C. D. Cowles, P. St. John, Alfred Emerson, Nathan Perkins Seymour and John Noyes. His graduating oration was "On the Duty of our Professional Men to Liberalize Their Minds by Attention to General Literature."

Professor, afterwards President, Sturtevant, of Illinois College, being present on the occasion of his graduation, sought and obtained an introduction. Afterwards calling at his home in Norfolk, he offered him a position in the then westernmost college in our country, at Jacksonville, Illinois. The young alumnus was absent from home at the time, much to the gratification of his mother, who hoped that would end the matter. Not so, however. Another call was more successful, and he consented to put his hands to the work of Christian education—a work in which he bore a conspicuous part for more than forty years, while at the same time his chiefest employment was preaching the Word of Life. He deeply felt the importance of care and faithfulness in the propagation of the gospel in both of these directions, and as a good and safe building could never be reared upon a poor foundation, so the superstructure of our Christian religion must be firmly established upon the immortal basis of God's own word. With this spirit he complied with the invitation to leave early associations and assist in the beginnings of Illinois College. While there he often went out on the Sabbath into some new settlement, gathered the people together and addressed them from some portion of the Scripture which he selected for the occasion.

Afterwards, in Iowa, he helped to lay the foundations of Iowa College, of schools, academies, of temperance and anti-slavery reforms, and whatever would promote the well-being and highest good of what was to be a great and noble state.

III.

THE STAR IN THE WEST.

1834–1837.

If to the rock-hewn path of truth
  Thy pilgrim feet are given,
March boldly from the bowers of youth,
  To trial, toil, and heaven.

—*Selected.*

"Christian Education and the Christian Religion are members of the same firm, and neither are *silent* partners. They are working openly and together to save the world, and will finally succeed."

"No man liveth to himself."

Oh, trifle not with life: tis but an hour:
Redeem its every moment day by day,
    Press forward to the front—
Live for the future life; watch! watch and pray!

—*Selected.*

"The Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

CHAPTER III.

Teaching and Journeying.

New Preston — Going West — Illinois in Early Days — Founding Illinois College—Rev. Theron Baldwin—Jacksonville—Work as Tutor — Vacation Trips — Engagement — Letters — Study of Theology—Redeeming the Time—More Work—Horseback Ride to Connecticut—Springfield, Illinois, Indianapolis, Columbus, Ohio, Central New York and Albany in 1837 — Arrival at Home.

IT will ever be difficult to understand how those sturdy farmers of New England could feed, clothe, and educate, even in the plainest manner, families of eight or ten children, from one of those rock-bound and unproductive New England farms. But they did more than this—often giving one son, perhaps two, a college education. And we know of one Vermont father and mother, who through the most unprecedented self-denial sent five sons to college, hoping all would become ministers of the gospel.

Such results were not accomplished wholly by untiring industry and strict economy, but head, heart, and hands worked together, and wrought out achievements worthy of a monument to perpetuate their memory. And multitudes of monuments do exist with a foundation laid so deep in the hearts and lives of their descendants, as to go on from generation to generation and endure forever. Their posterity is their monument.

When Mr. Gaylord's father had spent one thousand dollars to help the son through the four years in Yale College, he said to him: "There are so many others to care for, I can do little more for you." From that time he helped himself as opportunity offered, but when his course was completed in the summer of 1834, there were expenses he

had been unable to meet—one of them for his graduating suit. Anxious to cancel his indebtedness, he must have been truly thankful for the invitation to teach in New Preston. And he there formed some very pleasant and lasting friendships with his pupils, and amongst families in the place.

Almost the only account left on record of this work is contained in the following letter:

NEW PRESTON, CONNECTICUT, October 21, 1834.—MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND MARTHA: I received your letter on Saturday, and it was like "cold water to a thirsty soul". I was at the office waiting when the stage arrived, expecting a letter from my parents, but in this I was disappointed.

You seem to think New Preston is a gloomy place, and that I may be discontented here. But you know it is unusual for me to be gloomy or melancholy, and I am not so at the present time. I find myself quite pleasantly situated, and am happy and contented.

This is my sixth week of school, and I begin to look forward to my prospective trip westward, which I may undertake during the winter. Thanksgiving will be on the 27th of November, and I hope to go home at that time. It is four years since I spent Thanksgiving day at my father's house, and I do want to be there this year especially, as I expect so soon to leave this part of the country. On the whole, teaching seems quite as pleasant as I expected. I fear that but few of my scholars here are Christians, and possibly through God's blessing, I may be the means of eternal life to some of them.

May your health be so improved that you can go on and complete a thorough education. My love to your father and mother, and my best wishes for your brother Myron in his studies this winter.

You seem to exclaim with wonder at the distance there will be between us when I shall have gone west. To me, it does not seem much farther than it did from Norfolk to New Haven, when I first left the paternal roof to enter college. I feel that

it is an opening I ought not to neglect, and hope to be instrumental in doing some good. I have long desired to see our western land, and now the way seems prepared for me.

Your affectionate uncle, R. GAYLORD.

We have no record of Mr. Gaylord's feelings and those of his parents and friends, as he bade them farewell for what was then considered the far west. Neither can we read much of his long journey of three or four weeks, and his arrival at Jacksonville to begin his work. This was contained in those lost letters. But he had voluntarily accepted this offer, which came to him unsought, and the above extract from a letter to his niece shows that he was cheerful and happy in preparing to enter upon it. He was now in the ardor and hopefulness of youth, inclined to look on the bright side, somewhat impulsive, but with that confident expectation of success, upon which no shadows had then fallen from years of hard experience.

In the year 1827 a few students in Yale Theological Seminary, at New Haven, banded together to go to Illinois to preach the gospel, and to lay the foundations of an educational institution. The names of these young men were Grosvenor, Baldwin, Sturtevant, Jenny, Kirby, Brooks and Turner. Their united efforts resulted in the founding of Illinois College, at Jacksonville, in 1829. All of these became trustees in the institution, and a part of them instructors. Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, one of the number, began the work of teaching in a small brick building with nine boys. It was in 1835, six years later, that Mr. Gaylord took his place as tutor in the preparatory department. Dr. Edward Beecher had been for four years the honored president. The close of this college year was signalized by the graduation of the first two students—Jonathan Spilman and Richard Yates. Mr. Yates first entered public life as a member of congress from Illinois, and was subsequently elected governor of the state.

We here give a few interesting facts pertaining to the early religious history of Illinois. They are from the pen of Rev. Theron Baldwin, one of the founders of the college, and well-known as an early, faithful, and self-denying home missionary in the state:

The first settlement within the bounds of Illinois of immigrants from the United States, was made in Munroe county in 1781, by James Moore, who came there from Western Virginia. In 1785 and 1786 the settlement was strengthened by a number of families from the same region. They were opposed to slavery, and took up their long line of march for these wild regions, that themselves and their posterity might enjoy the advantages of a country unembarrassed by it. * * * The opportunity for these hardy pioneers to educate their children was extremely small. The first school ever taught by American settlers was by Samuel Seely, in 1783, and the price of a rough, antiquated copy of Dilworth's spelling book was one dollar, and that dollar equal in value to five now. When Illinois was admitted as a state in 1818, its population was not far from 50,000. Previous to the introduction of any gospel ministry, or the formation of any religious society, a portion of the early settlers were in the habit of assembling on the Lord's day, reading a portion of Scripture and frequently a sermon, and singing religious hymns. These meetings were often interrupted and sometimes suspended by Indian alarms. No public prayer was offered, for none had professed religion or supposed themselves converted. Tradition says, the only person among these pioneers who had ever belonged to a church, was a Presbyterian female. The first Protestant minister who ever visited Illinois was Rev. James Smith, a Baptist from Kentucky. His first visit was in 1788, the second in 1790. His labors were blessed to the conversion of a number of individuals, one of whom became a preacher, and had four sons enter the ministry, all of them proving worthy, devoted and successful preachers. This was the first revival ever known on the "Father of Waters".

From the *Home Missionary* for June, 1870:

Rev. Theron Baldwin, D. D., Corresponding Secretary for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education in the West, died in Orange, New Jersey, April 10, 1870, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Dr. Baldwin sustained intimate relations to the cause of home missions during the whole period of his professional life. In the spring of 1833, he became the general agent of this society for Illinois and Missouri, and for four years performed the arduous duties of that office amid manifold privations and perils, and with a wisdom, zeal and heroism, for which he is still held in honor over the wide regions which he traversed, and by tens of thousands who never saw his face nor heard his voice. Of his services in securing the establishment and endowment of Illinois College, in founding and superintending Monticello Female Seminary, and in administering the affairs of the Western College Society for more than a quarter of a century, we cannot speak in this brief notice. During all these years his interest in the home missionary work never abated. By his voice, his pen, and his prayers he ever sought its advancement. But his memorial in the churches and institutions of learning, for whose planting and nurture he so faithfully toiled, will remain to be read by a great cloud of witnesses on earth and in heaven.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE, JACKSONVILLE, May 2, 1835.—MY DEAR NIECE: It is nearly six weeks since I saw you last, and the time has borne me away to a distance of not less than eleven hundred miles direct, or eighteen hundred by the course generally traveled. But past scenes have not faded from my mind, nor have I forgotten the last evening I spent at your house.

The particulars of my journey you have doubtless learned from letters I have written to my friends at home, so I will proceed to tell you how I am situated here. The college building is after the plan of the main building at Yale, four stories high with a basement in which is the boarding hall. This is divided lengthwise, one of the parts being used for cooking and the other for the students' eating room. The officers all eat at the

same table, and the families of the president and professors also. This is something new to me, but I think it a wise regulation, and one which tends to preserve good order at the table.

I am very much pleased with my situation, and think it far preferable to the charge of an academy in the east. I shall hear five or six recitations each day, occupying as many hours, together with an hour or two to prepare. The preparation, however, will require very little time, as I have been over most of the studies two or three times the past winter.

Mr. Sturtevant arrived on Thursday of this week. I traveled with him only about eighty miles. Two of our officers are east —one on account of trouble with his eyes, and our president for the purpose of raising funds for the institution. This throws more labor upon those who remain; but it is not so tiresome to hear five or six recitations in a day and be thorough with them, as to spend six or seven hours in a school-room, with thirty students to govern as well as teach.

You may wish to know how I like the country. I was disappointed at first, as the season was unusually backward, but spring has at length opened in all its beauty and loveliness. The weather is warm and the trees are springing into new life. The wild plum, red bud, and various other kinds are decked with blossoms. The prairie flowers are inviting the admirer of nature, and showing the hand of God and His wisdom, as much as the bright luminary that dispenses its life-giving rays over all our system.

* * * * * * * * * *

Nothing can exceed in beauty the situation of this college. It is on an elevation above the surrounding prairie, which exceeds in loveliness and fertility anything you ever saw. The flourishing village of Jacksonville, one mile away, is entirely overlooked by the college building, while in the rear is a charming grove, affording a delightful retreat for the student either of books or nature. * * * This, above all others, is the country for farmers. Not a stone to trouble him, and he finds all around him the richest soil of the easiest cultivation.

Last Thursday was to me the beginning of new responsibilities,

and I assumed them under circumstances far different from any in which I have ever been placed before. But I hope that the same kind hand that has hitherto led me in a way that I knew not and has brought me hither in safety, will grant me wisdom adequate to the station which I am called to fill.

SEPTEMBER 15.—I will try to write in a pleasant strain, although I was kept awake most of last night by that not very agreeable companion the toothache.

One year ago I commenced school on that bleak hill in New Preston. Now I am only eleven hundred miles from that place, but no mountain rears its rugged top, no rocks or stones meet the eye, and no little murmuring brook tumbles over a declivity or runs down the hillside, but prairies level and smooth as the ocean's surface lie all around us, and cornfields to an almost boundless extent wave in the southern breeze.

To-morrow will be our annual commencement, and two will graduate—the first alumni of this infant institution. The long summer term of twenty weeks has at length come to a successful close. God has been very good to me, for since I graduated a year ago I have not lost a single day from illness. I think a favorable change has taken place in my religious feelings since coming here. I am able to keep more constantly and vividly before my mind the importance of doing something every day for the honor of God. What other object in this world is worth living for? I am entirely contented and never enjoyed myself better—have the best of society and plenty of work to fill up my time. I find the students very pleasant and intelligent, and during the term all things have moved on smoothly.

Mr. Gaylord commenced his labors as instructor in Illinois College in the spring of 1835. The long summer term of twenty weeks closed with commencement, beginning on September 16. He spent his first vacation in visiting several families from Connecticut, who had emigrated to Illinois and settled in various places, principally in the neighborhood of Round Prairie, afterward called Plymouth.

In one of these families, that of Nathan Burton, Esq., was a daughter once met by Mr. Gaylord in Connecticut when quite a young girl. She was now a young lady of seventeen, modest and retiring in her demeanor, but a decided and lovely Christian. The acquaintance renewed at this time ripened into an attachment, which soon culminated in an engagement. His letters to her, with an occasional one to his niece, give almost the only history of the four succeeding years.

To Miss Sarah Burton:

ILLINOIS COLLEGE, November 10, 1835.—The time has come for me to enter upon that correspondence which I proposed, and to which you consented, and I have resolved to ask God's blessing in the very commencement of it. I have also resolved to refrain from all that vain jesting and foolish levity which is inconsistent with the interesting subject before us, and with the expression of our views and feelings as Christians. Entering upon it with such purposes, I hope to make it both pleasant and profitable.

I returned to Jacksonville one week since, after an absence of four weeks, and found it just as pleasant as ever. After leaving your Prairie, I visited Mr. Scarborough's settlement, and spent the Sabbath with him. The next Wednesday I left Fairfield for home; walked to Griggsville, and was overtaken by the rain two and one-half miles from any house. Was "right smartly" sprinkled. Spent the succeeding Sabbath at Naples and heard Mr. Sturtevant preach two excellent sermons.

I can give you some interesting intelligence in regard to matters and things in Jacksonville. The efforts recently made in the temperance cause have been eminently successful. A large number have signed the pledge—among them Governor Duncan, who was appointed president of the society at their annual meeting. And what is more interesting still, we trust he has become a Christian. He united with the Presbyterian church in this place last Sabbath.

A visitation from house to house, to increase attendance in

the Sunday-school has been attended with the happiest results. As I went into the school, after an absence of four weeks, I found my class of nine young ladies glad to see me, and was gratified to find a large addition to the number of scholars. Growing out of these efforts a united prayer meeting of all the teachers in the different schools has been instituted. One was held last evening and was very interesting. We have some noble hearted teachers. Sectarianism seems banished and true Christian love appears to pervade almost every heart. We also resolved to have all the teachers and scholars meet monthly to hear an address from some one previously appointed.

A meeting of ministers and delegates from the Congregational churches in the state has been held, and the result of their deliberations was the adoption of a constitution and regulations, to be presented to the churches for their acceptance. Those accepting will form an association to be called the Congregational Association of Illinois.

Two of our professors, Messrs. Wolcott and Post, have just returned, bringing wives with them, and Professor Turner will soon follow. There is quite a pleasant little romance connected with Prof. T.'s marriage. He first met the lady as they were traveling together in a stage coach in Connecticut. Attracted by her uncommon loveliness, he sought her acquaintance, and as the result, will soon bring her to Jacksonville as his beloved wife. It was truly an instance of "love at first sight". All the instructors are now married excepting myself.

President Beecher returned last week. On Sabbath afternoon he preached from these words, "When iniquity cometh in like a flood," etc. It was a great sermon. Our term commences to-morrow, and we have the prospect of a full school. I do hope the Spirit of the Lord will preside over the institution this term. I saw a family to-day passing through town, just from Connecticut. The name was Welles, and they were from Tolland. I find myself at the commencement of a new term in good health, happy and contented, and delightfully situated in the

southeast corner of the old building, in the second story, overlooking the town.

I shall hope for an answer to this as soon as convenient, containing a sketch of your feelings relative to the important subject before us. Let these be expressed, on both your part and mine, with all that candor and frankness which is so desirable. Give my love to your parents, brothers, and sisters, and keep as much for yourself as you think proper.

R. GAYLORD.

To Miss Martha Gaylord:

ILLINOIS COLLEGE, December, 1835.—EVER DEAR NIECE:—It is about three months since I received your letter, and it truly gave me great pleasure to hear from one in whom I feel a deep and increasing interest.

The messenger, death, is still active, as I learn from yours and one subsequently received from Edmund Aikin, giving an account of the death of Laura Thompson and other young people in Norfolk. But I often think it matters little how soon the messenger comes to us. All we need to concern ourselves about is to do our Master's will, and be found watching, when He shall call for us.

Since I last wrote you, we have passed through commencement, had a vacation of eight weeks, and now six weeks of another term are already gone. I spent the vacation mostly in rambling about the country visiting old acquaintances and forming new ones. Much of the country is new, not having been settled more than two or three years. The houses in which our Connecticut friends are living are built of logs, sometimes hewn and sometimes not—one story high—about twenty feet square and all in one room. The roof is covered with boards split out from the logs, and doors are made of the same material. The chimney is on the outside, built occasionally of stone, but generally of turf, and topped out cob-house fashion with small split sticks. The floors are made of puncheons, which are short plank also split from logs, and hewn partially smooth on one side. These puncheons do not often fit very closely together.

There are usually two or three beds. If two, one in each

corner of the side opposite the chimney, with a bureau between, over which hangs a looking-glass. However large the family, all must sleep in the one room. You might think they would be discontented after leaving the comforts of their eastern homes but they are generally contented and happy, for they do not expect to live in this way any longer than is necessary. Land is fast rising in value and a moderate sum judiciously invested will make a man independent in a few years.

This state is increasing rapidly in population and importance. In 1821 there were but twenty families in this county, now there are 19,214 people, 1,700 in this town (Jacksonville). The emigration to this state is immense. There was a constant stream of it in the fall from every quarter and of every kind.

During vacation I delivered some temperance lectures, and conducted meetings on the Sabbath three or four times. I spent a week at Fairfield with Mr. Kasson and Myron Gaylord. They are much pleased with the country, but there is a great destitution of religious privileges, and when I look at this, I long to be in the field, ready to engage in the Master's work.

The Sabbath school is doing great good and its influence is already invaluable. Our school numbers ninety-seven. I am superintendent and am deeply interested in it.

To his niece:

ROUND PRAIRIE, April 13, 1836.— * * * It is now the middle of my spring vacation, and I have been highly pleased with my residence in the country thus far. I have traveled more than two hundred miles the past week, and returned with increasing vigor. Visited Rushville, the county seat of Schuyler county, and passed through Beardstown. I am now in the northeast corner of the county, where Mr. Kasson lives, and several others who came out from Connecticut last spring. I find, as I travel through the country, people everywhere agreeable and hospitable. Am quite favorably impressed with the character of the settlers from Kentucky. The emigrants to this state are generally enterprising and intelligent people from all parts of the United States. Illinois bids fair to become one

of the first states in the Union in point of wealth, population, and intelligence.

In my travels I forded Crooked creek and Spoon river, the former four feet deep. Visited Canton, which was nearly destroyed by a tornado last summer, but is now rebuilt. It has a church of one hundred and fifteen members, and an interesting revival is now in progress. At Peoria I had the pleasure of meeting a classmate, very unexpectedly to both of us. He took me home with him, a distance of twenty-five miles northeast. After traveling fourteen miles we came to a large cabin, and on entering were introduced to a Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge from Boston. I found them very intelligent people, and everything bore an air of neatness and comfort rarely surpassed in the country. A book-case filled with books stood opposite the door, and a table spread with delicacies occupied the center of the apartment. A hunter lived with them who had roamed over these wilds for the last eight years, and could tell of many a wolf and deer that had fallen by his unerring aim. I shall return to Jacksonville in about ten days, and resume my labors there for the next term.

Letters to Miss Burton:

ILLINOIS COLLEGE, April 28, 1836.—This day is one of peculiar interest to me. It is a waymark—a stopping place from which to view the past and look forward to the future. In other words it is my birthday, and completes the twenty-fourth year of my short life. * * * In looking back over the past year I can feel that this has been one of the most eventful and interesting of all those years, and while I see much to regret, I am conscious that I have enjoyed more sensibly the presence of God, and have felt more and more strongly my entire dependence on Him for wisdom and guidance in all things. And it has brought a very important and to me highly interesting change in my relations—a change in which I doubt not I have had the direction of superior wisdom. * * * * * *

I do not expect my labors in the college to be as arduous this summer as they have been the past year. Much of the time I can command, aside from the duties of instruction, I intend

devoting to the study of Hebrew. Our institution is likely to be filled this term with a better class of students than usual.

I have been deliberating in regard to my return to New Haven for my Theological course, but have not yet fixed upon the time. I intend to commit myself to the direction of Providence, and follow what seems to be the path of duty. Nothing can produce more real satisfaction than an implicit reliance upon God for guidance and help in regard to all our plans.

I do not expect to keep our engagement secret, and it is in vain for us to try. An open, frank avowal when it cannot be avoided without equivocation, is the only upright and honoraable course to pursue. This will secure the respect and esteem of those who are worthy of our regard, and free us from many petty annoyances which an opposite course might bring upon us.

I study from four to five hours each day besides hearing the recitations. Am expecting a visit from a Norfolk friend, a young man near my own age, and shall be glad to welcome him to this delightful College Hill. Our Sabbath school continues prosperous. I have spent two Saturday afternoons in visiting from house to house among the parents of the scholars and found it pleasant and profitable. Recently had a very pleasant interview with Mr. Carter and his lovely family, consisting of wife, six little daughters and an infant son. The children are the joy of their parents, and the hope of the church, for they are children of the covenant and are taught to obey God and their parents. On the Fourth of July we had a flaming oration in favor of liberty and equality and a visit of troops from Springfield. The college faculty were invited to partake of a dinner provided by the citizens, but declined. The next day our Governor gave them a dinner at his own expense.

Illinois College, August 21, 1836.—I acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of your truly welcome letter received last Thursday. It did me good to read it over and over again. The anxiety expressed in my last arose from an apprehension that some letter of yours had failed to reach me. But when I came to know that you were one of fifteen that make up a family

living in a log cabin, I felt that you were entirely excusable for the delay.

While returning from Mr. C.'s yesterday afternoon, not far from five o'clock, a meteor shot through the heavens, moving very rapidly in a northeasterly direction. It appeared like a small but most brilliant globe of fire, with a train of considerable length, leaving behind it a thin blue smoke which remained visible for twenty minutes. Seen at evening it would have been a most splendid object. Several persons heard a report like distant thunder. * * * * * * * *

It is becoming somewhat sickly in the village. A young man who was a stranger here died on Monday last. It is said he was to have been married about the time of his death. Prof. Turner has been sick about ten days with a slow fever, which has finally run into chills and fever.

BACHELOR HALL, October 5, 1836.—MY DEAR FRIEND SARAH: I will give you some account of my jaunt during vacation. After leaving your house, I rode on leisurely until I came to Esq. Archer's. After dinner launched out into the Eighteen Mile Prairie. It was a somewhat lonely ride, however, until I reached Father Mathews' about sunset, where I spent the night very pleasantly. They were glad to see one who loved the Lord and His cause. Started at nine next morning, and after traveling eight miles, came to the flourishing village of Rochester, on Spoon river. I was detained by the rain, but reached Canton about dusk, and put up at Mr. Welby's in his new house. A camp-meeting was in progress, which I attended on the Sabbath, and enjoyed it very much. Dr. Nelson preached in the morning on "Prophecy"—a most excellent discourse—but his strength gave out before he got through, so that he was compelled to stop in the middle of a sentence. Mr. Hale preached in the afternoon, and a dozen or more presented themselves as inquirers. It was a good day to me. Monday morning I left for the north, expecting to cross the river at Pekin, but before I was aware of it, found myself four miles above, and within six miles of Peoria. Accordingly I went on and crossed the river there—consequently failed of visiting Mr. Bascom as I intended. I spent night

before last with a Methodist brother, in a little cabin in the timber. I fared better than my horse, for I could get nothing for him but about six quarts of oats and corn, and he was so hungry that he ate up his halter before morning. Oh, how I did pity the poor dumb animal!

Rode on in the morning to Washington, and found ice a quarter of an inch thick. Traveled over prairie most of the day—sometimes with no timber in sight. The prairie is very rolling and beautiful. Was very well entertained twelve miles from here last night. Rode on in the morning, before breakfast, and found Sheldon Whittlesey in his bachelor home. Shall call at Mr. Hatch's this evening. Mr. Whittlesey was expecting to start for Galena to-morrow, if I had not come, as he did not receive my letter. We shall go on together towards Galena in the morning. I anticipate some pleasure in visiting the lead mines, and shall probably spend next Sabbath there. Cannot mark out my course after that, but may strike down through the western counties towards home. I am feeling well, and enjoying my journey greatly.

Have much more to say, but must wait till I see you again. Tell your brother Henry his coat has done me much good. Without it I would have been uncomfortably cold on the camp ground.

I have traveled the greater part of the way alone, until yesterday, and you have been very much in my thoughts. Often does the silent prayer go up that the Lord may bless you, watch around you, and keep you always.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE, JACKSONVILLE, November 23.—MY DEAR SARAH: The last week has been a busy one and now my sails are fully spread for another term. Four hours for recitation and one or two in preparation. The rest I spend in study, to be divided for the present between Hebrew and mental philosophy. Yesterday I dined with Prof. Turner at his residence; and this evening took tea at Mr. Jenny's. I am in very good spirits for the duties before me, for the jaunts of vacation have restored strength and vigor to my system, which was somewhat debilitated at the close of my long summer term.

Our students have not all returned, owing to the unpleasant weather and deep mud, but they are coming in daily and new ones also. One whom we were expecting comes not, for he has finished his earthly career and entered upon the untried realities of another world. He was a member of the Freshman class and an ornament to it also. But he is gone, after an illness of twenty days with congestive fever. * * * * * *

A letter from my cousin in Yale College says there are one hundred and ten students in the Freshman class, and one hundred and thirty-five in the Sophomore. * * * * * A New York paper, under the head of marriages, mentions those of Rev. Mr. Eldridge and Miss Sarah Battell, and Mr. Humphrey and Miss Urania Battell of Norfolk, Connecticut, and the report is, that Philip B., one of the brothers, is soon to link his destinies with a lady from Middlebury, Vermont.

A disquisition on some of your studies, particularly mental philosophy, might be profitable to you, and would be pleasant to me.

DECEMBER 25.—MY DEAREST FRIEND: I wish the aspect of religious things was more cheering in the village. The Presbyterian church is very much divided, and I fear will separate permanently. When will those who profess to be the disciples of Christ learn to love one another? Till that time comes the world will never be converted.

In reviewing the year and referring to his engagement with Miss Burton, he writes to her:

This subject has given me many happy hours in my seasons of reflection, and at this moment those cords of attachment which bind me to you and which are so heartily reciprocated, are, I doubt not, working a silent but powerful influence on my character and guiding all my plans. * * * * While letters should be written with care, and as giving vent to the overflowings of a full mind and heart, still they may be made not only an amusement, but a source of the highest profit. * * * * The marriage state is likened to a school,

in which the parties are alike teachers and taught, each learning from the other, and both finding something new to learn. The school once begun there is no vacation or change of teachers. * * * * * * * * *

Your object, during the time you spend in school, should be not to finish your education and then put your books aside, but rather to place a good foundation for the future, to form habits of study and reflection, to lay down general principles. In short, you should consider these months as a sort of preparatory course, to fit you to enter upon the wider and more extended field which will then open before you. Viewed in this light, how interesting does the future appear to a mind desirous of improvement. I feel that I have but just begun to learn, and hope to keep at it all my life, however long or short it may be. If we believe that the mental powers continue to expand, not only in this world, but throughout eternity, how should the thought stimulate us to constant and vigorous action in the pursuit of knowledge. It will be my purpose to furnish my library (for a good library I mean to have) with standard works, not only on divinity, but also on science, history, biography, poetry, and literature in general.

If we read by ourselves, we should often stop and think, as we proceed, but it is better for two to read together, and converse, and dwell upon any new thoughts until they make them their own. We are social beings, and as such are bound to cultivate our social feelings. To do this we must engage in conversation.

JANUARY 23, 1837.— * * * This winter has been somewhat peculiar for Illinois, and it has amused me not a little to witness all the expedients that have been adopted for getting around upon the snow. Even I myself have not been behind the spirit of the age in this respect. Just before the deep snow came, I cut a couples of poles in the grove, and in the course of the day constructed a real New England jumper, which is in very good repute, and has been used more or less by all the *literati* here. Mr. Blatchford and I took the first ride,

but just as we got to town the horse turned us into the snow, and then went on and left us to take care of ourselves.

A week ago last Saturday, Mr. Jenny and myself went to Winchester to spend the Sabbath, and had a very pleasant time. I have finished the book on Iceland and found it very interesting. How go your studies now? How much longer does school continue and what are your arrangements after it closes? Miss Price, teacher of the Female Seminary has resigned, and the school will pass into other hands. Mr. Jenny is to act as agent for the Foreign Missionary Society for six months, and will begin the work soon after Mr. Coffin returns, who is daily expected.

FEBRUARY 4.—I need no argument to convince you of the importance of cultivating the talent for conversation, which everyone possesses in a greater or less degree, and that it can be turned to very great account by one who seeks to be useful. You are aware there are three classes, those who talk too much, those who say too little, and those who pursue a medium course. Wisdom and knowledge must be the foundation, and in the practice, a free use of good common sense. Ignorance, bashfulness, a want of interest in those around us, or in what they are saying, are very great hindrances. We can often help persons who belong to either of these classes by suggesting topics with which they are familiar. If one is silent long in company, he is apt to be set down as deficient in knowledge, or as misanthropic. Says one writer in giving advice to a lady on this subject: "Never attempt to shine in conversation by using expressions not intelligible to the company you are in. The more easy, simple, and natural the better. And never refuse to take the lead when it obviously falls to your lot to do so." * * * The same writer suggests a method of reading the Bible which pleases me, and which I will recommend to you. It is to read the Bible through by course, taking three chapters and three psalms each day for six days in the week, and two on the Sabbath. This will complete the book in one year.

FEBRUARY 28.—MY DEAR SARAH: I have been greatly interested in reading again your two letters received since I last wrote.

I bless God for that spirit which shows that you long to know and walk in the path of duty. * * * * We must learn to meet people on common ground if we would be useful to them. So far as is right, we should allow them their peculiar notions and views, and learn like Paul "to become all things to all men that we may save some." * * * * I do not wonder that you are pleased with the magnificent science of astronomy. You seem to have already become quite well acquainted with the constellations. For your teacher I entertain a very high regard.

There is one point in your last very interesting to my mind, and most important in its bearings upon society. It is the "habit of correct association," which you mentioned as a part of your lesson. Probably there is no one principle which enters more radically into the formation and development of character than this. It is the basis of the truth, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." How fortunate are those whose early associations have been carefully guarded by kind parents and friends, and how unfortunate those who have not been thus guarded, for bad associations will continually come up to trouble and distress even those who are helped and restrained by the all-powerful grace of God. But this theme is too fruitful for the limits of a letter. I am already looking forward to the spring vacation, and wish to make the most of it for the more perfect assimilation of our minds, and in laying plans for our mutual improvement. Thank you for the outlines of that sermon. Such a theme clothed in eloquent language, and thrown out from the deep emotions of a heart filled with love of God, must have been interesting. * *

Are you not surprised sometimes at the satisfaction you derive in studying mental philosophy, from the fact that you are able to trace the distinct operations of the mind when carrying on a train of thought? Perhaps you had the same train of thought before, but could not trace it because your mind had not been turned particularly to it. Or, if you had apprehended the principles in some degree, you now arrive at a certainty, from finding the same in the experience of others, and this cer-

tainty fixes your own mind and administers to your enjoyment. My mind has been much interested in the subject of Christian growth, and I am resolved to live a more devoted life. I wish you to consider the question, How can this end be best attained?

The last day of another winter is passing away, and its scenes are filling up for the final record. I have been happy in my work this winter, and ought to be very thankful for the goodness I have experienced. * * * * President Beecher, who is absent raising funds for the college, writes from Galena that the Lord is there by His Spirit, and some of the most prominent men have come out on the Lord's side. A good work is going on in Alton, and in Winchester a meeting has been held, and many young men hopefully converted. A Union Presbyterian church has been formed there, so the Lord has not forsaken the people. * * * * A letter from Mr. S. Whittlesey tells of the sudden death of a man who was living in his house when I visited him. He left home for a cow, but not returning, a search was instituted and he was found drowned in about eight inches of water. * * * * We have just received and opened a very superior collection of philosophical apparatus direct from Paris. It has arrived in very good condition.

March 20.—My Dear Sarah: * * * Rode fifteen miles before breakfast—all the way from Winchester, where I spent the Sabbath. Would that I had the pen of a ready writer, so that I could paint something of the glory and beauty of this glorious morning! I arose at five, and left the house with a light step, so as not to disturb the inmates, and mounted my horse just at "daybreak." The moon had nearly completed her upper circuit, and was fast dipping into the western ocean. The air was mild and calm and the birds sang merrily. After proceeding about four miles, the king of day appeared in the east, and never was sunrise more beautiful or enrapturing. The clear expanse of heaven above the belt of smoky vapor that lay along the horizon, and the sun rising majestically above the trees, appearing of unusual size as the rays were dispersed by the mist and smoke—all combined to form a scene at once grand

and beautiful. It was well calculated to inspire elevating and devout feelings and to kindle all the finer sensibilities of the soul.

But I want to write something about the state of things in Winchester. The work of the Lord still continues there, and one interesting feature of it is that all denominations of Christians work together in perfect harmony. Two young men united with the church yesterday and were baptized by immersion. There has been a complete change in the religious character of the place. Pres. Beecher has returned and brings good news from Galena.

ERIE, ILLINOIS RIVER, April 5, 1837.—I left Jacksonville this morning and came on very pleasantly until I reached the river, which was about three o'clock. After waiting an hour for the ferry-boat, I came within half a mile of this place. With a single exception, the river is higher than has been known since the settlement of the country. The bottoms are covered with water, save here and there a small spot which happens to be somewhat elevated. The boat brought me two miles, and left me with a company of others on one of these little islands. We wished to go about two miles further, but soon after we landed ascertained that the boat would not make another trip this evening, and there seemed no alternative but to pass the night on this little spot, entirely surrounded by water, in the midst of fifty or sixty strangers, with nothing for myself or horse to eat. This was not very pleasant in anticipation, and, while deliberating what to do, I learned that it might be possible to reach Erie, half a mile up the river. I mounted my horse and rode through the water all the way, found a comfortable place to lodge, and am now seated by a good fire in the midst of an interesting family. Although the water runs freely under the house and I sailed to the stable in a skiff to take care of my horse, yet I have had a good supper and my horse a dry stall, and doubt not I shall sleep soundly till morning light.

It was on one night during this trip that his bed was a

pile of shavings, on which he slept sweetly and for which he was very thankful.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE, May 11.— * * * You will recollect I said something about the union of Presbyterian and Congregational churches in Jacksonville. A committee was appointed to attend to the matter, and last Monday they reported in favor of union. * * * * I will now give you the history of one day as a sample of the manner in which I spend my time: Breakfast at 6:30. Spend a season previous in reading our daily portion of Scripture and prayer. Prayers at seven. From that time to eight prepare for recitations, which I hear from eight to ten. From ten to twelve read church history, in which I am very much interested. From twelve to one, dinner and recreation. From one to three, study Greek. I intend to read the Greek Testament through this term. Three to five, hear recitations. After five, study Hebrew.

Mr. Gaylord seems early to have formed the habit of economizing time. Possibly the great value set upon it was innate—inherited from his parents. Something else which he possessed of great worth was also an inheritance. This was a strong constitution and perfect health. From the above exhibit of his daily employment, it is inferred that "Redeeming the time" must have been his motto. As the months passed on, his love for, and devotion to, his chosen life-work gathered strength, and his anxiety for the needful preparation to enter upon it increased. Thus we see that during those years of teaching in Illinois College, all the hours not needed for his work were carefully saved, and employed in systematic Theological studies, with the help and under the careful supervision of President Edward Beecher. In these he had made such progress that in one year after entering Yale Theological Seminary on his return to New Haven, he was sent forth to preach the gospel. But in doing this he drew too heavily upon the resources of a pliable and elastic constitutional tempera-

ment, and we find him at the close of those long terms in Jacksonville, complaining of great weariness. He seemed especially worn and weary, when the finishing up of those two and one-half years released him from his work and enabled him to prepare for his long journey homeward.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE, May 30, 1837.—DEAR SARAH: I am happy to hear that you are pleased with the languages, and have no doubt but that your interest will increase as you advance. If you have a taste for them, I trust you will pursue them to a considerable extent. Let me repeat the suggestion to be thorough in the grammar, especially in the declensions and conjugations. Make free use of the large dictionary I send you in regard to verbs. You will read Stewart some every day until you finish it—say fifteen pages if you find time. You will accomplish most to have system—some given time for each study. * * * * * * * * *

Our church matters are not fully settled, but when they are I will give you a chapter. * * * Mr. Kasson's people took me entirely by surprise. I had been out to call on Mrs. Jenny, and on returning found them looking for me. This is a beautiful day, and we have been out to the mound. We took Scofield with us and had a delightful ride. I have enjoyed their visit greatly. Am sometimes nearly sick with headache, caused by too close application to study and too little exercise.

I have concluded to go back to Connecticut this fall on horseback, so I shall keep my horse, and ride for exercise. My reasons for going this way are briefly these: I shall be so much reduced by the summer term of study and instruction as to need recruiting, and a journey in the usual way by stage and steamboat would fail to benefit me. But a ride across the country on horseback will, I trust, secure the desired result, and give me a fine opportunity to see and learn much of those states and towns through which I shall pass.

JUNE 8.—I received a letter a few days since from a classmate of mine now in Lane Seminary. He has just been licensed

to preach, and expects to locate in the state of Missouri, with two or three others from the same institution. He is a young man of fine spirit and great zeal for his Master, and I believe God will own and bless his labors in this western valley. He says, "Great effort is being made in the newspapers to destroy the influence of Dr. B.," but he thinks they will not succeed to any great extent. The General Assembly is strongly old school, and it is thought may adopt such measures as will rend the "body politic." * * * A crowd of strangers are coming into town these days from the east, notwithstanding the financial pressure. We had expected a visit from Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, but owing to the calling of Congress on the 1st of September, they found it necessary to turn back forthwith. I would like to have seen these distinguished gentlemen.

Times are becoming more and more alarming, and our Government seems almost on the verge of dissolution. The refusal of the President to do anything for the relief of the country, and the order of the Government to receive nothing but specie at the custom-houses and postoffices, when reported in Boston well nigh kindled the spirit of '76. At a large meeting of the citizens, resolutions were reported in direct opposition to the Government. They were laid on the table until a remonstrance could be sent to Washington and an answer received; but another meeting was to be held when, if no relief could be obtained, these resolutions would undoubtedly be passed and carried out. The Governor of this state has called an extra session of the Legislature for the 7th of July, to save the life of the bank, and attend to other matters of public moment. News has just reached us of the repeal of the "Treasury Circular," and there is a stir in the "Kitchen Cabinet" at Washington.

Henry Hatch, the deaf and dumb young man, was here a day or two since, and called on me. The union of our churches, concerning which I wrote you, has not been consummated. There was much misunderstanding in regard to the articles of union, and all agreed that as each understood the other they could not unite, and concluded to stay apart for the present. We are

having delightful evenings now. This evening I took a stroll in our grove with Miss M. C.

JUNE 23.—Have recently received letters from my sister in Norfolk, James Cowles in Yale College, and a classmate in Philadelphia. Friends in Norfolk are in usual health, excepting my father, who is quite lame and seldom able to walk out even to church. My brother has been called to bury his youngest child after a protracted illness. My sister's letter mentions the death of Miss M. Baldwin and Miss Knapp, a daughter of Mr. Bushnell Knapp. Cousin J. Cowles graduates in two months, and thinks some of going to Oberlin. His brothers are professors in the college at Oberlin. The great Mr. Webster has been here, and I have had the pleasure of hearing him speak and shaking his hand. He addressed us briefly in the college chapel, and on Saturday afternoon spoke to between two and three thousand of our people in Governor Duncan's grove. His speech was an hour and a half in length—was clear, manly and forcible, and worthy of his distinguished fame. He passed on to Springfield, thence to Peoria, and goes home by Chicago and the lakes. * * * * Olmstead's Philosophy has arrived and I will send it the first opportunity. Have been preparing an address on Iceland for the "Society of Inquiry" in college.

JULY 6.—We have just passed another of our nation's birthdays. Some have prayed, some mourned, and very many have spent the day in laughter and merriment. No preparations for any celebration were made in town or college, and we expected our regular recitations. But the students met the evening previous and requested the day, which was granted, and President Beecher and Professor Post were invited to address them. They spoke extremely well, and afterwards the students and faculty, with their families, partook of an excellent dinner. The day passed very pleasantly and in a manner highly creditable to us as an institution. * * * * * * * *

I saw Mr. Carter on his return from your place and was gratified with the account he gave of the meeting and the state of feeling consequent upon it. I hope M. H. will prove a true

friend of the Redeemer. How is B? Mr. Carter felt deeply for him. Have any of Mr. P.'s family or Mr. A.'s children been interested? I rejoice that even a few drops have fallen in the midst of the widespread desolation. Let us praise God and take courage. We had a very good prayer-meeting here last evening. The state of the church was alluded to, the spread of infidelity, the boldness of skeptics, and their boastings over the divided state of the church of Christ. Much was said of its worldly and sectarian spirit; and the example of Daniel, who confessed his own sins and the sins of the people, and prayed and made supplication to his God, was held up as worthy of imitation. The divisions and dissensions of the —— church were greatly deplored, especially their injustice in laying all the responsibility at the door of the N. S. and C. It is to be feared they are cutting the last cord which binds all these brethren together. I suppose you have read and heard much of what was done by the General Assembly at their last session. Public prints and even political papers are full of criticisms on what they call an unchristian spirit and illegal proceedings. Four synods were cut off without a hearing, embracing a large number of churches and ministers. Dr. B. of Troy made an eloquent and able speech, though at times somewhat severe, showing perhaps too little of the Christian and too much of the politician. Truly a cloud hangs over the American church which is dark and thick, and it would be well for Christians of all denominations to stop censuring each other, and inquire whether they have not too large a beam in their own eye to see the mote in their brother's eye so clearly that they can cast it out. When I look at the present state of Christendom I feel sick and desponding, but the Lord reigns and his designs will be accomplished. And when I remember this, and look at the character of God and His promises, hope revives. * * *

The last paper brought intelligence of the death of Rev. Edwin Stearns, missionary to China, who went out, I believe, in 1833. He was my tutor in college one year, and I esteemed him very highly as a man and a Christian.

I understand the A. H. M. Society has issued circulars to all

their missionaries, requesting them not to draw for their salaries until they receive further orders. This will distress many, as they have only four hundred dollars in all for the year—a bare subsistence in these hard times. The American Board are also under the necessity of retaining missionaries for want of funds. Never before has this been true. The appeal has been for men, but now the men are ready, the money is wanting. I do hope the Lord will open the hearts and purses of the church in highly favored America.

JULY 14.—I fear the summer has been on the whole a barren time in religious experience with me. If I were asked the reason, I should say, Too little attention to private devotion. We must cultivate religion, if we wish it to flourish in our hearts. Weeds will grow without care, but to keep them out so as to make room for the pure and holy plants of righteousness, requires constant effort and watching. * * * I have been reading church history for several weeks. What in the future will the church present to coming ages? * * * I have seldom felt in better health, notwithstanding the very warm weather. My room is so situated that I have a fresh breeze passing through it constantly, and friend Pierson is here enjoying it with me. He is well, as are also Scofield and Hitchcock.

JULY 28.—Have been out two Sabbaths to a settlement on the Sangamon river, twenty-five miles from Jacksonville. Mr. Hicks, one of the students who lives in that neighborhood, went out with me. Addressed the people twice each Sabbath. They were very attentive, and urged me to come again. I started at sunrise on Monday morning, so as to take the "cool of the day," and had a most delightful ride home. Nothing gives such a sense of our dependence on God, and such a constant enjoyment of His presence, as to engage in direct and active efforts for the advancement of His cause.

AUGUST 10.—One of the students was taken on Sabbath with bleeding at the lungs, and it has been repeated every day since, until he is brought very low. Unless he gets relief he cannot continue long, and the most distressing part of this is that he

knows not the blessedness of trusting in Christ. I watched with him a part of last night. * * * Mr. Charles Beecher, Miss S. C.'s friend, and Miss Catherine Beecher, the noble authoress, are visiting our President.

* * * I rejoice in what the Lord is doing for your settlement. Think that barn must be a consecrated spot. Do M. and W. appear decided? The present is a critical period with them. The first few weeks of a Christian's life are apt to give character to the whole. It is highly important to be Bible Christians, and not worldly-minded professors.

AUGUST 17.—The student referred to in my last is no more. I had watched with him three nights and was called again last night. Was with him at the time of his death, which occurred about six this morning. Scofield watched with me. The parents were sent for and arrived about three days since. Last night at eight o'clock the doctor informed them that he must die soon. The mother in an agony of grief, called upon her Savior, while the father—not a pious man—threw his arms around my neck exclaiming, "What shall I do? The fearful hour is at hand!" The poor youth showed no apparent concern for the future. His whole frame soon became greatly agitated, laboring for breath, until his pulse rose to 170. About two o'clock he became deranged and remained so until death entered and claimed his victim. The parents gave vent to their feelings in a manner which beggars all description. It was truly a heartrending spectacle. This is the first death that has occurred in the institution for four years. * * * * * * *

You ask a definition of meekness. I know what it is better than I can define it, but I suppose by meekness is meant that true greatness of soul which leads one to overlook an injury or an insult, rather than revenge it, and to do good to an enemy when it is in our power to do him evil. This requires that courage and strength of purpose which I call greatness or nobility of soul. Thus Christ was meek, for "when reviled, He reviled not again," and we see it in the whole history of His sufferings and death.

AUGUST 25.—This week, unlike any other I have spent in Illinois, has been one of sickness, and I have not heard a single recitation. I was taken violently ill with symptoms of fever, while out at the bottoms last Sabbath. Providentially I was at the house of one of the most eminent physicians, Dr. Chandler, who gave me prompt and unwearied attention, and saved me, no doubt, a very severe course of fever. I feel under great obligations to him and his family for their kindness to me in time of need. * * * Mr. Carter is engaged again for Jacksonville. Should think there might be some hope of obtaining Mr. Jenny for your place after he has completed his agency.

SEPTEMBER 8.—One of my scholars was sent for two weeks since by his pious friends living near Springfield, as a protracted meeting was to be holden in the neighborhood. He went, but was very angry about it. Yesterday he returned a new creature. I will relate the story as I heard it from his own lips. He was resolved to resist every influence which was brought to bear upon him, and after his arrival made light of the meetings, and treated his friends improperly. In the morning of the last day of the meeting, his uncle asked him if he wished to return to college. He replied, "Yes, I have stayed here long enough." "You may go," said his uncle. Then he began to falter, his resolution failed him, and before night he was on the anxious seat resolved to be a Christian. The Spirit of the Lord was too strong for him. More than thirty hopeful conversions are the fruit of that meeting. It is since transferred to the town of Springfield, and the whole place seems shaken. Some of the worst young men are rejoicing in hope of everlasting life.

To his niece:

ILLINOIS COLLEGE, September 15, 1837.— * * * I am busy making the needful preparations for my return home. The time draws near when I must break away from the pleasant circle of acquaintances I have formed on College Hill, and my mind is vacillating between sorrow and joy—sorrow at parting with friends and with her whom I more than respect, and joy at the

thought of mingling again in the scenes of early life, of seeing once more those dear parents, who have ever been my guardian angels to guard my steps along the pathway of life, to watch over me in sickness and advise me in my weakness and liability to err, and for whom my affection, instead of diminishing by an absence of two years and a half, has greatly increased. And joy, too, at the thought of meeting a beloved sister and endeared brother, with their rising families, not one of whom has been forgotten by me. But the time hastens on, and I expect to set my face eastward the 21st of this month, or the day after commencement, and shall be five or six weeks on the way. * *

I have been in the practice this summer of going out into the neighborhoods within reach to hold meetings on the Sabbath, and at times have had very attentive congregations. It has done me good and I hope has done some good to others. Besides the time I have spent in teaching this term, I have pursued a very interesting course of reading, lying mainly in the region of church history, evidences of Christianity, and kindred topics. Time will not permit me to give even a faint description of the interest I have experienced in pursuing these subjects, and the clearness with which I was enabled to see the foundation on which our Christian religion rests. No one can examine this theme candidly and be an infidel.

It is hard to realize what wonderful progress in journeying has been wrought in fifty-one years. Now it would be thought a strange and impracticable scheme to travel from Illinois to Connecticut on horseback. But the subject of this memoir never spoke of it as a hardship, or regretted it in after life. Young, vigorous and full of energy, he was ready for any undertaking needful to prepare him for his work. And as he passed over the long road from day to day, he seems to have enjoyed much that he saw and heard, and was happy in communing with nature and nature's God.

Full extracts are given from his letters to show the growth of the places in commerce, in population, in civili-

zation and the arts, in the long years since the autumn of 1837.

From letters to Miss Burton:

I will begin to give you some details in reference to my journey. I left Jacksonville on Thursday afternoon, September 21, and am now one hundred and ten miles distant. The weather is delightful and the roads as fine as can be imagined. Passed through Springfield, which you know has become the capital of the state. It is as large or larger than Jacksonville. They are planning the new State House, which is to be a splendid building. The basement is of hewn stone, 125 feet by 84—the walls four feet thick, built on arches with the tops down, and filled in with solid stone and mortar. Stayed last night with an interesting family from Oxford, Ohio, the seat of Miami University, and I spend the Sabbath on the borders of a fifteen mile prairie. The first Sabbath of my journey was spent with an approving conscience, because I tried to obey the command, "Remember" etc. The house where we stayed was thronged and running over full with movers nearly all day. It was a wild and new place, and the wolves howled merrily around the house during the night. Monday morning we started early and rode across the fifteen mile prairie to breakfast. Nothing of particular interest occurred during the day, except that I met Rev. Asa Turner and wife, of Quincy, and a Rev. Mr. Whittlesey about eight miles from Paris, in Edgar county. Paris is a very pretty place. Soon after meeting Mr. T. met also Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Rushville. Stayed Monday night in the timber a short distance from the east line of the state. Here I saw beech trees for the first time in Illinois. Next morning we arrived at Terre Haute, which is located on a rich prairie about four miles wide. It is a very pleasant place, containing a splendid court-house and grounds and a nice Congregational church. Here we were introduced to the National road, which we followed in a straight course to Columbus, Ohio, a distance of nearly two hundred and fifty miles. This is a splendid work. It passes through a densely timbered country, and is generally perfectly straight. Hills have been leveled and valleys filled up so that you can see

many miles before you without obstruction. Where completed it is covered with a layer of broken stone about six inches thick, upon which the travel goes, which soon wears it down smooth. I do not like the country so well as Illinois, for it must take nearly a life-time to clear up a farm. Passing through several pleasant villages we reached Indianapolis, the capital and center of Indiana, a nice little city of three thousand five hundred people. It has a commanding State House and many other fine buildings. The city lies mostly on or near the National road. They are building a lock on the canal here, for which they transport the stone forty miles. We passed on from this place to Richmond, four miles from the east line of Indiana, a town of four thousand inhabitants with all the activity of a city. The Quakers were just commencing their annual meeting there, and were coming in in large numbers. Thence our route was through Eaton to Dayton, on the canal near the Big Miami, containing five or six thousand people. We passed on through Fairfield, and stopped for the Sabbath four miles beyond, with a very pleasant family, except that the man had some very curious notions in respect to ministers. Went to meeting with them in a wagon—got upset and one of the ladies had her shoulder dislocated. Next morning we breakfasted in Springfield, which has a population of about twenty-eight hundred. We found the country under good cultivation to Columbus, the capital of Ohio, standing on the east bank of the Scioto river. This place is somewhat elevated, and presents a fine appearance at a distance. The population is six thousand. There is a large public square in the center, and it has a good prison building but a poor State House. It is built principally on the National road and on Main street running at right angles to it. From here we proceeded a northeastly course for forty-five miles to the capital of Knox county, Ohio. At this place I let my companion pass on and have not seen him since. I spent a little time with friends on the "Western Reserve." Passed the Sabbath in Uncle Curtiss' family. Monday went to Talmage and visited Prof. Sturtevant's father, next day to Hudson and saw Mr. Searle's father and Aunt Thompson, also Prof. Loomis, formerly my tutor

in college, and Prof. Hickok, from Litchfield, Connecticut. At Cleveland saw Mr. Philip Battell and wife. There, after some delay took passage for Buffalo over the lake far-famed for gales. Did not stop in B., but passed on to Niagara Falls—that stupendous wonder of nature, of which I may give you some account in the future.

Thus far I have enjoyed my ride to perfection. Am rugged and vigorous and have never regretted for a moment that I decided to take this course. Was much interested in the change from a prairie to a timber country, and in the advance in improvement and civilization as I journed east. But my love for the Prairie State has increased rather than diminished. Let but art do as much for Illinois as it has done for Ohio, and the latter would soon be left in the background. * * * Traveling in this way I have heard but little profanity, but have seen Sabbath-breaking enough to make me tremble.

I will give you an imperfect description of Niagara. Imagine to yourself a river as large as the Mississippi, carrying in its bosom the waters of all that chain of lakes, and gliding smoothly along for the distance of twenty miles. Suddenly the surface seems to become troubled and more rapid. At length it begins to fall a few inches, and the island which divides the stream interposes. About one-fourth of the water goes around on the American side and three-fourths on the Canada side. Having passed the island it goes down rapidly over an inclined plane of solid rock, until it makes the final leap in one solid sheet down a perpendicular of one hundred and fifty feet. Then the sheet seems broken in the middle and the two walls stand at an angle of one hundred and twenty degrees. The river is lined for a long distance below with perpendicular walls of solid rock. From the falls I made my way to Lockport on the canal, which is here carried for quite a distance through solid rock. In the town are six locks in quick succession, making a fall of seventy-two feet. It is a splendid work. Thence I proceeded through a fine country to Batavia, a thriving place of three or four thousand people. Here I was introduced to a rich, highly cultivated and delightful section, which continued for nearly a

hundred miles, called the Genesee country. I can only name a few places—LeRoi, exquisitely beautiful; Lima, where there is a Methodist Seminary built of stone on a hill a little distance from the village. Many small lakes are seen through this region which are beautiful and furnish business for thriving villages. Canandaigua, a place of wonderful beauty, is at the outlet of a lake of the same name. The principal street is two miles in length, rising gradually to an elevation, which commands a full view of the town and lake. Just at this point is a flourishing seminary. The houses are rich and attractive in appearance and well shaded with trees. Geneva, on the Geneva lake, is larger and a point of much business. Waterloo and Seneca Falls are important places, and next comes Auburn, the criminal's home. I visited the prison and saw them marching to their dinner in single file. They are enlarging the building and adding five acres of land to the five already occupied. From the prison I went to the Theological Seminary and found there two old college acquaintances, with whom I took dinner. From this place until within twenty miles of Albany, the country is a succession of high hills and deep valleys. Skeneateles, Marcellus, Cazenovia, and Cherry Valley are pleasant places, but the days must be quite short, for they cannot see the sun early or late. Richland Springs, where a large stream of sulphur water flows from a mound, is a resort for invalids. Spent the Sabbath at West Springfield, and passing on towards Albany rode through twenty miles of pine barrens. Albany is very compact, with narrow streets, and is full of business.

I reached home at noon the next Thursday, and took all my friends by surprise. They were determined not to look for me till the last of the week, lest they should be disappointed. I was just five weeks on the way, and had I been a day later must have lain by for the rain. But through the kind care of my Heavenly Father, I completed my long journey safely and in good health. The weather was warm and pleasant, and there was no rain except about a quarter of an hour in the state of New York. I found father and mother, brothers and sister and their children all well, and glad to see their son, brother, and

uncle once more. Norfolk looks natural, yet has changed some. Several new houses have been erected, two or three very fine ones at the center, and the people have grown old. The larger children have almost become men and women, and not a few of my old schoolmates are married. I will mention only one couple—Mr. Trowbridge and Miss S. Aiken.

After a few days at home, I came to New Haven on horseback. Wished to ascertain if they would receive me into the Middle class in the seminary, and to make arrangements for a boarding place as speedily as possible. Shall go home and finish my visiting and then come back to stay. Saw Dr. Taylor this morning and gave him a history of myself. He says there will be no objection to my entering the middle class. New Haven seems to me the most pleasant place I ever saw. It was my home four years, and to me is full of interesting associations. This beautiful city has improved greatly since I left, for a large number of fine stores and dwelling houses have been built on the various streets. There have been several incendiary fires this year. One of them destroyed a block of poor buildings on Chapel street, and elegant three-story residences and stores are going up in their place. I received a most cordial welcome from dear cousin James. Our meeting was that of old and well-tried friends. I am writing in his. room in Divinity College, a new building in the line of the other college buildings, and the finest of them all.

Mr. Gaylord returned to Norfolk on horseback, and after spending a little time in delightful intercourse with his parents and other friends, set his face once more toward the place he loved so well, and where he was to finish his preparation for the work of coming years.

IV.

FURTHER PREPARATION.

1837–1838.

Let me live among high thoughts, where there is right Theological thinking and training. Lead me straight to the *deepest fountains* of God's own truths, that I may know how to bring them home to the hearts and lives of others. —*The Advance.*

Angels from friendship gather half their joys.
—*Young.*

Light, Freedom, Truth, be ever these thine own—
Light to see truth, Freedom to make it known—
Our work God's work, our wills His Will alone.
—*Whittier.*

"They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings—that publisheth salvation."

"How shall they preach except they be sent?"

I love the dear old home! 'Tis hallowed by a father's prayers and mother's love: Sunlight is nowhere else so bright and fair. I know the forms of every tree and mountain, hill and dell.
It is *my home.* —*Mrs. Butler.*

"Surely I will be with thee."

CHAPTER IV.

YALE SEMINARY.

RETURN TO NEW HAVEN — THEOLOGICAL STUDIES — LETTERS TO MISS BURTON — DR. TAYLOR — ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS — INTERESTING EXERCISES AT THE SECOND CENTENNIAL OF NEW HAVEN COLONY — LICENSED TO PREACH — PREACHING AT NEW PRESTON — IOWA EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION — NAMES OF MEMBERS — COMMISSION FROM A. H. M. S. FOR HENRY COUNTY, IOWA — ORDINATION — LEAVING HOME — JOURNEY TO IOWA.

Continuation of letters to Miss Burton:

NEW HAVEN, November 28, 1837.—Came again to New Haven one week ago last Saturday. Was unable to obtain a room at present in the college building, and have taken one in the house of Dr. Murdock in Crown street, and board in the family of Mr. Cook, who occupy the house. Dr. M. and daughter board with them, also Mr. Goodman, a law student, and Mr. Turner, who is superintending the publication of a Hebrew grammar. I have a very agreeable room-mate, a Mr. Carruth, with whom I was acquainted in college. My room is in the southeast corner of the third story; size, twelve by eighteen, and is well furnished.

NOVEMBER 30.—"In everything give thanks." So said the apostle, and it seems to me an appropriate motto to adopt in beginning my letter to you, as this is the day set apart by our rulers for thanksgiving and prayer. What a grand idea that so large a portion of our people should unite in ascriptions of praise to the Giver of all good! We should reflect on and recount the mercies of God toward us and our friends, and ask that they may be continued to us. As I look at the past I feel that I have great cause for gratitude that I was permitted to close so happily my residence at Illinois College, to prosecute my long journey homeward so pleasantly and safely, and to

visit my dear parents and other kindred and friends whom I tenderly love. I have had two Thanksgivings. As I could not be at home to-day, father and mother gathered all their children and grandchildren together to a Thanksgiving dinner, and we had a delightful time. Little John Mills said to me, "Uncle Reuben, mayn't I go home with you?" I replied, "I am at home." "No you ain't; Illinois is your home."

DECEMBER 18.—Visited Rev. Mr. Griggs, formerly my tutor in college, and spent the Sabbath in his family. He is settled in North Haven, nine miles distant. I walked out to his home, found him well and had a most delightful visit. His family consists of four members. On Sabbath morning it commenced snowing and blowing, consequently the audience was small, but it was very attentive. In the afternoon Mr. G. set me to preaching on his own responsibility. I went into the pulpit and spoke from Hebrews 3:12, 13. Was much embarrassed at first, but soon recovered and went through without difficulty. Returned on Monday, and had a tiresome walk over the snow, which fell the day before. * * * * * *

Have been reading a volume of Bolingbroke, an infidel writer of the last century, but I cannot endure him. He is pompous, proud, a hater of all religion, asserts things without proof, and denies things in face of the strongest evidence. In contrast to this have been reading some of Dwight's sermons. He is a powerful writer, and his life is very interesting. The labors he accomplished are truly marvelous. I have been reading also Dick's "Christian Philosopher" and his "Philosophy of Religion." Have a much better opportunity for reading than I have ever enjoyed before. In two weeks we have a vacation. Think on the whole I shall go home to Norfolk and spend a few days, as it will make the next term less tedious. How many and varied have been the scenes through which I have passed in the last three months! Life is a checkered scene at best, yet it has its pleasures, and not the least of these is the power of imagination to give us bright anticipations of the future. I consider myself very happy in securing so pleasant and agreeable a companion for a room-mate this winter. One of the children of the

family in which I board is lying apparently near the borders of the grave. He was taken sick one week ago yesterday, and has failed very fast. He is about four years old and is a very pretty child. While standing by the side of his bed and seeing his death-like features, I could not help feeling, "How false and yet how fair!" "Trust not in earth."

NEW HAVEN, January 1, 1838.—"Come let us anew our journey pursue." I never pass the threshold of a New Year without deep emotions as I reflect upon the past and look forward to the future. The past year has been peculiar in many respects. It began and ended with the Sabbath. Think I can say that for myself the last Sabbath was the best one. It has been a year of excitement in the religious world, of division and contention in the church, and of much controversy on the great moral questions of the day. Notwithstanding many fears, the promise of "seed time and harvest" has not failed, and we have very generally enjoyed health within our borders. The year to me has been one which calls for warm expressions of gratitude. So far as I know, death has not entered the dwellings of any of my friends or relatives. As I look back over five years, I can see that each year has brought some important changes. In 1833 I became of age; in '34 I graduated; in '35 went to Illinois; in '36 you will remember what was transacted, and in '37 returned to my parents and my dear Alma Mater again. All this time I have enjoyed uninterrupted health and prosperity, and can say now that my purpose is stronger than ever to press on in the great work which lies before me. I am drawing nearer and nearer to the Polar star of my hopes. For eight long years it has steadily directed my efforts and carried me undeviatingly forward, and I feel no little interest in the thought that this year may bear me to the accomplishment of my desired object. Yes, I trust that ere this year shall have run its round, I shall be granted the liberty of preaching the everlasting gospel. And yet how unworthy! But I long to be in the work—the blessed work of preaching the gospel of Christ to the destitute. I have been studying very hard since I came here, and feel that my time has been profitably spent. Have given form and loca-

tion to many ideas which lay floating in my mind. Dr. Taylor is very clear and interesting on most of the themes which he lectures upon. I shall finish his course this year. Am well physically, and yet feel exhausted and unfitted for such very close application another term. I feel the need of a vacation, and shall therefore go home and visit my parents a few days.

Have called on Mr. Ludlow since I came here, and had a pleasant interview. His church is "a large upper room furnished." Prof. Fitch preached yesterday morning on the resurrection of Christ. The little boy whose sickness we expected would result in death was spared, and has so far recovered that he is able to walk around the house.

JANUARY 5.—Came home as I hoped for my vacation, and found friends all well. Went to Norfolk by way of Hartford, riding all night, and reached home just as mother was getting up. Loss of sleep brought on sick headache, which proved quite severe. Learned that the question, Is the American Anti-Slavery Society worthy of patronage? had been discussed seven evenings, and two lectures given on the subject by Rev. Mr. Storrs. Spent a week very pleasantly at home, and lectured for Rev. Mr. Eldridge on Sabbath evening from I Corinthians 3:2.

Mr. Gaylord walked the distance from Norfolk to New Haven on his return, and thus relates some of his experiences on the way in a letter to Miss Burton, dated New Haven, January 27, 1838:

I came through Bethlehem, and called for a few moments at the house of your Uncle Daniel. As I passed by your early home, I stopped to gaze for a moment upon the hallowed spot. Deep and interesting were the emotions which crowded into the mind. I remembered that there one dear to me as my own life was cradled in infancy—sported in childhood—and there called into exercise those powers, which are still to increase in strength and capacity, and from which I hope to enjoy much in future life. There, too, she gave herself to her Savior and became a glad offering on the altar of consecration to God. But imagination soon gave place to the realities of my little journey. In

going from Norfolk to Middlebury, I took the wrong road and lost my way. Five miles above Middlebury I providentially met Mr. Giles Gaylord and rode home with him to spend the Sabbath. On Sabbath evening I lectured for Rev. Mr. Atwater. Mr. Atwater was married last spring to a Miss Strong, a very interesting lady. From Middlebury I went to Cheshire to attend the ordination of Rev. E. Colton. The sermon was preached by Dr. Hawes of Hartford. While sitting in the house during the ordination services, I felt in some degree the solemnity of the sacred office and the great need of faithful preparation for it. At the same time the desire was stronger than ever to be engaged in this arduous work. There is an interesting state of religious feeling in the place. A work is also in progress in Woodbury, silent, but of great power. It embraces all classes, the old and young, the moral and profligate with the gospel hardened. In Southington the Lord is at work in a way to proclaim His mighty energy in saving men. It commenced with visiting by the church, and spread into all parts of that large town. I hear of the Spirit's presence in Durham, New Milford and some other places. These tokens of God's goodness are very encouraging in the midst of so much moral darkness. From Cheshire I came to New Haven to enter upon the duties of another term. Shall have five lectures to attend every week. Have at last succeeded in obtaining a very good room in Divinity College. It is a corner front room in the third story, overlooking the public green. I have a new room-mate, Mr. Budington, an old college classmate.

Mr. Stewart proposed a walk to West Rock, which I need not describe as you have been there. I enjoyed the delightful view of the country, the Sound, and of Long Island itself for a long distance. On my return a letter was handed me from Jacksonville. It was written by President and Mrs. Beecher and Miss Mary Coffin. The tenderness and affection exhibited in it were very cheering and satisfactory to me. Mr. Beecher, in speaking of my purpose to return, says, "We shall bid you welcome and look for the time with deep interest." The letter brought intelligence of the death of Mills in the Sophomore class

in Illinois College, and a great loss it is to the cause in our valley. Miss Sarah Coffin, I am sorry to learn, is the tenant of a sick room. I hope the dear Lord will restore her again to health and the society of her friends. Tell Mr. Searle that Edmund Aikin is in Camillus, New York, studying law in James Lawrence's office. Their uncle, Asahel Gaylord, is preaching in North Goshen. Winter has touched us very lightly. Indeed, I have no recollection of one so mild. I do not think it has frozen more than half the nights since the month came in.

To the same:

NEW HAVEN, February 15, 1838.— * * * * I will give you some account of my studies, and then some items in regard to other things. We are diving into Theology vigorously just now. The topics on hand are, The Primitive State of Man, His Temptation and Fall, and Original Sin and Depravity, under the the distinct heads of Total and Native. Dr. Taylor is clear and interesting on all points. I take an abstract of his lectures, and have already filled ten sheets. They may be invaluable to me in the future.

[In the great Theological controversy of that day, Mr. Gaylord was with Dr. Taylor in his views—views which have since prevailed, but were then in advance of the age.]

President Day has recently published a book on the self-determining power of the will. Next term I intend studying hard, but shall be careful how I overdo by neglecting exercise. I am at loss to know what to do another year. I shall finish Dr. Taylor's course this year, and that will be about all that is valuable here. Would like to spend another year, or a portion of it, investigating themes and writing sermons, especially on doctrinal subjects. To do this I shall need constant access to books of reference—more than I can draw from the libraries here. I would like to associate with some experienced minister who has a good library, and will give me suggestions in reference to sermonizing, and will assist me to move more in practical life than I can in New Haven. I do not know where I can find a better man for that end than President Beecher. He is a

superior man intellectually and religiously—has a choice library and understands sermonizing. I shall write to him asking his advice, which I shall esteem of great value in making my decision.

I mean to read the Bible with more careful attention this year than I did last. I find new keys to unlock its hidden treasures, consequently my interest in many portions is greatly augmented. Will tell you my daily practice in reading it at present. With the Comprehensive Commentary and Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge by me, I read three chapters every morning, using all the help I can get from these, then read one chapter in course with all the notes of every kind, and endeavor to study it out thoroughly. This with my private devotions occupies not far from two hours. * * * * *

As I was reading Locke on the Human Understanding, this morning, the penny post entered bearing your welcome letter. The feeling most prominent was thanksgiving to the Giver of all good. I rejoice that you are so pleasantly situated in Mr. K.'s family. Your instructor has my entire confidence, for I first taught him and know what he is. You speak of a want of confidence in God. This is one of my trials. It may be we do not labor enough to attain it. When we wish very much to secure an object, we put forth direct efforts to obtain it, and the greater the difficulties, the more constant must be our endeavors. A sense of God's presence helps greatly to inspire this confidence. A letter from Norfolk speaks of the death of Mr. A. Brown and Mrs. Asher Smith, living in the south part of the town. * * Locke advances the idea that the mind does not think when we are asleep unless we are dreaming, and gives as his reason that on awaking we do not recollect anything that passed. But we know of many instances of somnambulism where persons labor, walk, talk, etc., and yet on awaking have no recollection of it. If the mind were inactive, how shall we account for the phenomena? The machine must get going of itself and stop by chance! You ask, "How early does memory commence?" Answer, I do not know. We must be careful in metaphysics not to carry our conclusions too far.

A trial has taken place before the Superior Court in this city

which resulted in the conviction of two men under the riot law, who were sentenced to pay a fine of twenty dollars each and be imprisoned six months. The riot took place at an anti-slavery meeting in Meriden, while Mr. Ludlow was giving a lecture on the subject. The meeting was held in the afternoon, and during the exercises several persons entered who went out after a minute or two and commenced throwing eggs at the speaker, one of which broke on the head of the minister of the place. The door was then closed against them, but they soon returned with a crowbar and a stick of timber with which they broke in the door, and commenced pelting the congregation with a pitiless shower of eggs. This broke up the meeting, and Mr. Ludlow on retiring had his hat knocked off and his back covered with the contents of broken eggs. Law has triumphed in this instance. Would it might in every other, especially at Alton! But I hear of no effectual measures taken to bring Lovejoy's murderers to justice. Can it be true, as is stated in some of the papers, that the grand jury of Alton have indicted those who tried to defend themselves against the violence of that riotous mob! * * * * My room-mate, Budington, is absent for a few days preaching in Durham, where there is a revival. Have been asked to take an agency during the spring vacation in behalf of young men in the college who are in straitened circumstances. You may be interested to hear that Mr. S. Whittlesey is married to a Miss Eunice Smith of Salisbury, and has settled down at the old homestead in New Preston. This change of residence was occasioned by the death of his father.

YALE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW HAVEN, March 1, 1838.—SECRETARIES OF A. H. M. S.: A few young men, members of this seminary, have become deeply interested in that section of our country lying west of the Mississippi, commonly known as the "Iowa District," or "Black Hawk Purchase." Seeing its destitute condition, both as respects education and religious institutions, and learning that the District is filling up with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of our country, we feel a strong conviction that, if the way can be opened, it is our duty to plant our feet west of the Father of Waters. We wish to

concentrate our influence, and bring it to bear upon the future state of Iowa while yet in its infancy. Our object will be two-fold—to preach the gospel, and to open a school at the outset, which can soon be elevated to the rank of a college. Knowing that such an enterprise cannot be accomplished by individual effort, the following brethren are ready to associate and pledge themselves to engage in the work, if the way can be opened so as to warrant the undertaking: J. P. Stewart, M. Richardson, H. D. Kitchel, A. B. Haile, R. Gaylord, J. A. Clark, M. Mattocks. Upon mature consideration we have thought best to lay the subject before your Society and put the inquiry, How much may we expect you to do toward founding such an enterprise? It is our purpose to enlist one or two more of the right stamp, who will throw themselves into the work, determined not to yield to any obstacle which is not insurmountable. One of our number, Stewart, was educated at the west, and has traveled extensively in the Iowa District. The writer of this has spent two and one-half years as teacher in Illinois College, at Jacksonville, so that we are not acting without such knowledge as will enable us to come to an intelligent decision. The tract of country we propose to enter, embraces an area of nine thousand square miles at present, and this will doubtless soon be enlarged by other purchases from the Indians still further west. It has a population of from thirty to fifty thousand, and by its superior soil, local advantages and salubrious climate, holds out strong inducements to an industrious class of emigrants, who are making their way thither in large numbers. Its destitution of school and religious privileges is almost entire. Towns and villages are springing rapidly into being, one of which, Burlington, already numbers one thousand people, and it is of the greatest importance that a stand should be early made by the friends of education and religion. Friends will be provided to support one or two of us as teachers. The others will devote themselves to preaching, and will be under the necessity of looking to you for a partial support. As one of the above individuals, and in their behalf, I now address you. Will you write us as speedily as convenient, expressing your views of our prospective enterprise,

and stating what the society will be able to do for us. This will throw light upon our paths, and we trust promote the object for which you are laboring. In behalf of these brethren, I am

Very respectfully yours,

REUBEN GAYLORD.

To Miss Burton:

NEW HAVEN, March 17, 1838.—Our Iowa enterprise is succeeding admirably at length. Our number, seven, consists of some of the most enterprising young men in the seminary. Had a letter from Mr. Coffin, which came in twelve days, giving me some particulars of the revival at college and in Jacksonville. I should like to be there and see some of my scholars who have been hopefully converted. A work of great power is in progress in Hartford. A meeting is being held in the Baptist church in this city, and the interest is extending to other churches. Mr. Ludlow is laid aside for the present with throat trouble, and has gone to Philadelphia for a visit. A letter from home speaks of interest in Canaan and Norfolk. A State Anti-Slavery Society has recently been formed in Connecticut. The cause is steadily gaining ground. Clay and Webster have been giving some of their great speeches in Congress. * * * A new church has been formed in the western part of New Haven this week. * * * I am pursuing my studies quietly and constantly. Have finished for the present the subjects of total depravity, original sin and the atonement. My room-mate, Budington, left yesterday on a visit to Illinois. He goes with his father and will probably spend the summer there and return in the autumn. I have a new room-mate, Mr. H. Day, of the Junior class, and am much pleased with him. The weather has been delightful since March came in. The frost is out and the ground settled. We have had but little snow or severe cold weather all winter.

To Miss Burton he wrote the following account of the celebration of the second centennial of the founding of New Haven Colony:

April 25, 1838.—To the citizens of New Haven this has, been the day of a hundred years. The second centennial anniversary of the founding of our beautiful city has today been celebrated by all denominations of Christians, all parties in politics, and by persons of every age, color, sex and profession. As the sun dawned upon us this morning in his splendor, and all nature put on a smiling face, our ears were saluted with the roar of cannon and the peal of bells. We arose and prepared to take our part in the exercises of the day, which were as follows: At nine in the morning a procession was formed, consisting of clergymen, lawyers, physicians, city officers, strangers of distinction, students, citizens, and not less than two thousand school children with their teachers. The procession moved on to the corner of George and College streets, where, under a large oak tree, two hundred years ago our Pilgrim Fathers first met on this ground to worship God on His holy day. Then a prayer was offered and a Psalm sung in ancient style. The following is a true copy:

1st. O take us Lord unto thy grace,
Convert our minds to thee,
Show forth to us thy joyfull face,
And we full safe shall bee.

2nd. From Egypt where it grew not well,
Thou brought'st a vine full deare
The heathen folk thou didst expel,
And thou didst plant it there.

3rd. Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And set the rootes full fast,
That it did grow and spring apace,
And filled the land at last.

4th. O Lord of Hosts, through thy good grace,
Convert us unto thee;
Behold us with a pleasant face,
And then full safe are wee.

Probably five thousand voices united in singing this psalm to the tune of St. Martins. The procession then moved down George to State street, and up that to Elm street, by the

spot where the first house built in New Haven stood—then entered the church and listened to very appropriate and interesting exercises. A historical address was given by Prof. Kingsley, which was full of interest. He traced the causes of the early settlement of New England, the struggles and difficulties of the infant colony, and its rise and progress to the present time with great simplicity and clearness. Perfect good order has prevailed through the day, and after the ringing of bells and firing of cannon again, the citizens have retired to their homes—no doubt with feelings of pride and satisfaction, as they think of the past and look forward to the future. The vast collection of children was an interesting feature of the day, but it is a solemn thought that long ere another day like this shall come around, all these thousands, even the youngest, will have been laid in their graves. If we would do our generation any good, we must do it now.

The New Haven Colony was established on the Quinnipiac river in 1638. It was first called Quinnipiac, then changed to New Haven. This colony was one of exceptional importance. Its leaders were men of wealth and high position at home—some of them men of learning, who had lived in cities on the continent and seen the workings of the institutions of different countries. They had the benefit of their experience in the colonies already planted in New England, in whose outfit some of them had been pecuniarily interested, and knew, before leaving their home in the old country, what dangers to provide against, and what arrangements to make for their comfort. There is abundant evidence that they came with their plans fully perfected, for they were not the men to risk their fortunes and lives in a wilderness, without knowing what they wanted and what they were going to do. They designed to build up a commercial city, and knowing as practical London merchants what would be its future wants, laid out streets of such breadth as had not, till long after, their counterpart on this continent. They provided that there should be a market

place, or public square, of fifteen acres for the transaction of business. Some of them were acquainted with the Universities of England and Holland, and knew the importance of such institutions. From the first they designed to have, not only a system of universal education, but a Latin school, a University and a public library. All that Yale College is to-day, or will be for many years to come, was doubtless within their intelligent contemplation in 1638. In a word, they came with the intention of establishing a state founded on education and religion. Their wisdom and foresight was also exhibited in providing laborers and artisans, skilled in every kind of trade and handicraft, and this goes far to explain why their descendants in later days have distinguished themselves by valuable inventions in almost every department of human labor.

The voyage across the ocean was made in the ship Hector, and for the first four months after their arrival they found shelter by making burrows in the sides of the sandy hills, an example followed by some of our western emigrants in these later days, and called by them "dug-outs.". These are often transformed by the industry and skill of wife or daughters into comfortable homes. Afterward Governor English, Mr. Davenport and others built elegant houses. The former is said to have been one of the noblest men of our New England history. After a long and bitter controversy between the Connecticut Colony, with Hartford for its leading town, and the New Haven Colony, a union between the two was effected in 1664.

From letters to Miss Burton:

NEW HAVEN, April 28, 1838.—This is my birthday. Can it be possible that I am twenty-six years old? It is even so. Have spent the last ten days in my agency in this city. Monday morning I commence in the neighboring towns, and shall spend the rest of my vacation in this way. Went home before beginning this work, and had such a good visit with my dear

mother. Election comes next week. Our governor, William W. Ellsworth, and Mr. Williams, chief justice of the state, are both deacons in Dr. Hawes' church in Hartford.

MAY 26.—I have visited nearly all the towns in Connecticut to solicit aid for these young men, and have everywhere been treated with uniform kindness and attention. At Wethersfield, I called upon Miss Stillman, one of the ladies that are assisting Hitchcock, and gave her a good account of him. She is an interesting lady. At Rocky Hill I spent the night with old Dr. Chapin. He inquired particularly about all parts of the world where I have been. I was much interested in the old gentleman. Have returned again to commence the term. Dr. Taylor is still absent, attending General Assembly. * * * Legislature is in session. They have appointed Dennis Kimberly of New Haven, senator, in place of Hon. J. W. Niles. There has been a meeting of the State Anti-slavery Society during my absence; said to have been very interesting. The cause is gaining ground rapidly. Before this reaches you, your people will receive a line from Watertown, bearing tidings of the death of your grandmother. She lived to a good old age.

We shall soon have a meeting for consultation of those interested in our Iowa college plan. But money will be needed for such an enterprise, and now is a hard time to get it. Perhaps we will defer the college effort till the pressure is over. But times are getting better. Banks are beginning to pay specie, and things are looking up. * * * * I am not feeling well as usual and find close application to study very difficult. Am yet in the dark as to next year, but Providence will direct. I long to be preaching to dying men the word of life.

Mr. Gaylord seems to have given up his cherished idea of spending a year under the guidance of some clergyman of superior talent and rich experience, whose advice and help he felt would be invaluable to him in the future. He wished to understand the practical side of a minister's life and work, that he might be, both in theory and practice, a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." We cannot

now look back over the years and see what caused him to relinquish this kind of preparation upon which his heart seemed to have been set, and which appeared to him so needful to success. Possibly the last sentence in the above letter is the opening of a vista through which we can begin to trace something of those motives, and subsequent letters reveal still further some of the reasons for his willing and glad entrance at once upon his future labors.

NEW PRESTON, June 18, 1838.—MY DEAR SARAH: I have been at length set apart to the work of the gospel ministry. Last Tuesday, June 12, I was licensed to preach by the South Consociation of Litchfield county, which met at Litchfield. I immediately received an invitation from a committee of the church and society in New Preston to supply their pulpit, which I accepted. You will recollect that this is the place where I taught the academy for a few months after graduating in 1834. Yesterday then as a regularly licensed minister of the gospel, I preached for the first time. Solemn and weighty are the responsibilities now upon me, but let me not shrink from them, for Christ says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." The point so long before my mind has now been reached. Eleven years ago I professed faith in Christ. Soon afterward it became with me a settled purpose to devote myself to the gospel ministry. God has borne me up amid all my discouragements, and now my heart swells with gratitude to Him as I stand and review the past. Oh, how often, especially during the past week, while assuming new responsibilities and entering into new relations to the church, have I felt that such a friend as your letters show you to be was invaluable! If we ever attain the object of our wishes, as I believe we shall, the thought that the anticipated cup of joy might have been dashed from our lips, will fill us with gratitude and thanksgiving to God. As we have been united in heart, I trust we shall be in action for His glory, on the fertile plains of Iowa.

A letter has been received from Stewart, who is safe at Denmark, Iowa. He writes that the country is fast filling up and

it is highly important that some one should be stationed in each of seven places which he mentioned. Clark I suppose is on the ground before this time. Haile will leave in the fall and open an academy in Burlington. Mattocks will go soon and Kitchel and Richardson not till spring. It seems from present indications to be my duty to go on this fall and occupy some one of the important points. So the Association decide. The reasons for speedy action are two-fold. First, a stroke struck now may be more effectual than several after a little delay. Then the points our enterprise calls us to fill, may be preoccupied by men who will neither favor or co-operate with us. So that unless I see cause to alter my decision, I shall soon begin preparations for my departure.

YALE COLLEGE, THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT, July 4, 1838.—SECRETARIES AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY: I wish now to present to your Board my application for a commission to labor in the work of the gospel ministry in the Territory of Iowa. I wrote you four months since in behalf of our Iowa Association, and your reply, so full of encouragement, was most gratefully received. Our number in this enterprise is seven, two of whom, Clark and Stewart, are already in the new territory. Letters received from Stewart leave us no doubt but that we have chosen the right field in the right time. It is my purpose, therefore, to leave for the west immediately after the close of the present term, or not far from the 20th of next month. The place which I have more particularly in view is Mt. Pleasant, the county seat of Henry county. Let my commission cover the county, if you please. I have nothing of this world's goods except a little laid by since I left college, and this must all be expended in my outfit. I would very much like an appropriation of thirty-five or forty dollars to carry me to my field of labor.

Yours respectfully, REUBEN GAYLORD.

To Miss Burton:

NEW HAVEN, July 5, 1838.—I find my mind more and more interested in the west, especially in the enterprise in which I

have enlisted. Our College Association wish to establish upon a firm basis a college for the future state of Iowa, also to encourage and assist in the establishment of academies throughout the district and to lend a helping hand to the general interests of education in the common school department. We shall aim to lay our plans so as to secure an endowment for permanent funds in lands, which may be worth ten years hence two hundred thousand dollars. This can be done with comparative ease in the first settlement of a country, when land is plenty and cheap. But all of our number, with one or two exceptions, are going there to preach the gospel, not to engage in educational work as a business, except as trustees of the college we hope to build, and to advise and help the people in the all-important work of a thorough education. We have laid this subject before the Home Missionary Board. They smile upon the enterprise, and have promised to do all in their power to aid in carrying it forward. * * * * Have received a letter recently from my old room-mate in college, H. G. French. He expects to go on a mission to Siam in the fall or spring; says I must write him once a year at least, and in return has promised something for my monthly concert. Learned last evening from George Starr that Mr. Myron Gaylord had gone to Round Prairie to live.

JULY 27.—Business has literally accumulated upon me beyond my powers of dispatch. I have preached every Sabbath since I was licensed, and engaged for three more, which will bring me up to commencement. The labor of preparing sermons is great. Add to this my correspondence, which is increasing just at this time on account of my approaching departure, preparations for my journey, etc., and I can scarcely keep track of old Father Time in the primer with his scythe in hand. * * * I went home last week and had a long conversation with father and mother about my plans for the future. They raised not one objection to the course of life I have chosen, and they, especially mother, expressed a deep interest in you. I told them that I was going far away from them, but not from God, and I hoped they

would give me up and be at peace respecting me. Says mother, "I have given you up long ago!" Oh, who can tell the depth, the power, of a mother's love? My mother! I love her more and more, and if I ever get to heaven I doubt not I shall meet her there. I know her daily prayers have long ascended for me. Now you will be included, and I fully believe they will be answered.

But hark! from Iowa comes a call, a loud and earnest note for men. Come forth, ye consecrated ones! Plant the standard of the cross and unfurl the gospel banner beyond the Father of Waters! To the Home Missionary Society I have sent that call, and the reply is, "Go, and the Lord be with you." Yes, I have received my commission to preach the gospel in Henry county, District of Iowa, for the term of twelve months from the commencement of labor. Thus the Lord is opening the door into his vineyard, and saying, "Go, proclaim my truth unto the people." I am to be located at Mt. Pleasant, the county seat of Henry county. Am to receive four hundred dollars for the year, and forty dollars for traveling expenses. I have decided to leave on the 21st or 22nd of August. Am gradually drawing in my net, and and hope rightly to dispose of its contents before that time. A classmate, Mr. Murdock, is expecting to go on with me. He will be licensed in a few weeks, and has applied to the A. H. M. S. for a commission. He expects to labor in Illinois.*

Before his leaving the east the question of ordination came up, and with the mistaken idea then widely entertained, that Congregationalism was not suited to the west, Mr. Gaylord's advisers proposed that his ordination be deferred until he reached his field and be there performed by Presbytery. To this he replied that if he were ever ordained it should be by a Congregational body as a Congregationalist. That settled the matter, and in August of that year—1838—in Plymouth, Connecticut, he was by council regularly ordained a Congregational minister.

* Died at Port Gibson, Missouri, Jan. 11, 1861.

To Miss Burton:

CINCINNATI, September 3, 1838.—I left home two weeks ago to-day, reached Wheeling on Saturday morning and spent the Sabbath greatly annoyed by mosquitoes. We have been one week in coming from Wheeling to this place, a little less than four hundred miles. But every day is diminishing the long distance, though not as rapidly as I would like, for I did hope to see the Mississippi by this time. But boating is very slow. The Ohio river was hardly ever known to be as low before. In many places there are not more than two feet of water. Have been quite sick on the river, but am better. We have been fast on the sand bars two days, and have been compelled to lie by all the time at night. Have also been subjected to various other hindrances too numerous to mention. Our boat grounded and stuck fast sixty miles below Wheeling, consequently all the passengers got off on to this boat—the Adventure, bound to Galena. I did not write before leaving, for I expected to go as fast as a letter. Shall hope to land at Quincy some time next week. Your affectionate R.

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BLAZING HIS PATH.

1838–1843.

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BLAZING HIS PATH.

1838–1843.

in safety, yet many in sadness. The widowed mother mourned a husband and sons, dead on the battlefield. Parents looked in vain for the return of their children, and children wept a father slain. The scenes of those days were deeply traced in many a sorrowing heart.

On the 21st day of September, 1832, a tract of country containing 9,000 square miles on the west side of the Mississippi river, was ceded to the United States. Another purchase west of this was afterward made, comprising about fifteen hundred square miles. The act for establishing the Territorial Government of Iowa was passed June 12, 1838, as follows:

Be it enacted that from and after the 3d day of July next, all that part of the Territory of Wisconsin, which lies west of the Mississippi river, and west of a line drawn due north from the head waters or sources of the Mississippi to the territorial line, shall, for the purposes of temporary government, be and constitute a separate Territorial Government by the name of Iowa. [This embraced what is now Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.]

It will be seen that but a small portion of the territory proper is yet in possession of the United States. For beauty of situation and natural advantages Iowa exceeds any portion of the great valley I have ever seen and most fitly answers to the meaning of its name, which is "Beautiful Land."

From a letter to the Home Missionary Society, dated Mt. Pleasant, Henry county, Iowa:

After a fatiguing journey of nearly five weeks, I have found everything as favorable here as I expected, considering the age of the country. The first settlers came into this county about four years since, and it now contains not far from 4,000 inhabitants on an area twenty-four miles square. The improvements have been rapid beyond a parallel in any country. The land in a large portion of the county is now in market, and much of it is already bought and paid for by actual settlers. In some instances not a foot of land remains unsold in whole townships, and the way is now open for permanent improvements. Mt. Pleasant is three years old.

It stands high and commands an extensive view of timber and prairie. It will have every facility for building when the enterprise of the people shall develop its natural resources. I mention these things to show the prospects of the place for future growth. There has been occasional preaching here by the Methodists, who have done much good.

Extracts from Mr. Gaylord's journal:

Tossed upon the stormy sea of life, without a resting place, my journal has made no progress for nearly five months. The following is a brief outline: I continued to supply the pulpit in New Preston for nine Sabbaths, preached once at home and left for the west August 20. Was four weeks and two days on the way and arrived at Round Prairie September 18, much fatigued. Met again my friends, spent a few days, then visited Mt. Pleasant, where I now write, and decided to locate here. Returned to Round Prairie, and on October 13 was married to Miss Sarah Burton, formerly of Bethlehem, Litchfield county, Connecticut. We went to Jacksonville, but after a few days were sent for in haste on account of the sickness of Mrs. Gaylord's brother Henry. Returned, and the next Saturday evening stood by his dying bed. His hopes of heaven were bright. On Wednesday following I went to Griggsville to attend the General Association of Illinois. Severely cold and snow several inches deep. On returning to Round Prairie found Mrs. Gaylord's mother sick with the same fever. In a little more than one week she died in peace and went we doubt not to her heavenly rest. The sickness in our family detained us nearly a month from our field of labor. We left for Iowa November 27, and reached Mt. Pleasant December 1, 1838. Sabbath, December 2, preached on the subject of unbelief. Spent the week at Mr. Berry's, Mr. Tiffany's and Dr. Stephenson's, and experienced much kindness. Sabbath, December 9, preached at Mt. Pleasant from "What shall it profit a man," etc., and in the evening from "Without God in the world"; 16th, preached at New London—forty hearers; and 17th, at Danville, from Matthew 6:6; 21st, commenced housekeeping; 23rd, severe weather and no comfortable

place for meeting; 30th, at Baltimore. And now old '38 is gone and '39 comes knocking at the door. But what and where am I? In the land of my birth, sustaining my usual relations? No; far distant from the home I love, and among strangers. Since 1838 commenced I have assumed new and weighty responsibilities. Have taken upon me the duties and obligations of the gospel ministry and entered the marriage relation. May I prove faithful and not trust too much to my own strength.

JANUARY 3, 1839.—Went out four miles and met a man who thinks death an eternal sleep. Gave him the tract, "Short Method with a Skeptic."

SUNDAY, January 6.—Damp and misty. Went to the schoolhouse and kindled a fire, but it smoked so that it was impossible to have a meeting there. So I sent out an invitation asking the people to my house. About thirty came. Prayer meeting in the evening and monthly concert on Monday evening.

JANUARY 20.—Preached in my own house at eleven and three o'clock on the subject of prayer. In the evening went to hear a Methodist brother, who was not present, and was requested to preach in his place.

FEBRUARY 3.—Spent the Sabbath at Round Prairie. Attended a Methodist quarterly meeting at the Congregational meeting house, and enjoyed it much.

FEBRUARY 14.—This day received a letter from home, mailed December 1.

FEBRUARY 21.—Went to Burlington to attend a meeting of the Bible Society recently formed.

MT. PLEASANT, March 1.—This ends the first quarter of my missionary labors in Iowa. Being a stranger it was necessary to move cautiously at first. The weather has often been most unfavorable on the Sabbath, and we have had no suitable place for public worship. Add to this the labor of gathering materials for housekeeping in a newly settled country, and it is not surprising if we fail to see such results as we expected and hoped for. Moreover prejudices are easily excited and hard to be allayed. I am called "an educated man" and "a Presbyterian." Then the term Yankee is some-

times as repulsive to a Western man as like poles of a magnet. We came here with open hearts and Christian liberality, but found professing Christians of different persuasions, some of them opposed to all benevolent and progressive movements, such as temperance, education, missions, Sabbath schools, etc. Among them we have endeavored to labor faithfully and affectionately, and it grieves our hearts to find any becoming jealous or suspicious, thus drawing a line of division between members of the same great family.

SUNDAY, March 3.—At Mt. Pleasant. Preached from "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," etc.

RULES FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

Monday, miscellaneous business. Other days of the week from nine to eleven A. M., study. Tuesdays and Fridays, afternoon calls. Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from two to four P. M., study. Evenings, miscellaneous reading.

MT. PLEASANT, April 28.—Sabbath. My twenty-seventh birthday. Another year I have experienced the goodness of God in continued health and in temporal and spiritual prosperity. How shall I live this new year of my life? Preached at the school-house on Sabbath schools. After meeting requested those interested to remain and a Sabbath-school was organized.

At Baltimore, May 19, I organized a Sabbath school and conferred with the people in regard to forming a church. May 30, I was again at Mt. Pleasant, and attended the funeral of Martin Tucker's child, a little daughter of eighteen months. Found Mrs. Huntington very sick at Danville on June 2d. The following Sabbath had good congregations and good attendance at Sabbath school at Mt. Pleasant. At 2 P. M. held a Bible class and lectured from Matthew 5:19-26. The next Sabbath I preached at Baltimore, Smith's Mill, and Mr. Archibald's.

SABBATH, June 30, at Danville. Spent the forenoon of Saturday visiting among the people in that settlement, and in the afternoon preached from the words, "Come out from among them," etc. Several then presented their letters and were organized into a church. On Sabbath Brother Turner came over to assist and at noon the organization was completed and

we sat down for the first time in our infant Territory at the table of our Blessed Lord.

July 4, officiated as chaplain at a public celebration of Independence. On Monday, the 8th, received a letter from my class-mate, H. G. French. He was to sail for Siam July 1. The next day, July 9, we held a meeting at Dr. Stephenson's on the subject of temperance, and on the 11th I attended the funeral of Mr. John Low, a man sixty-five years of age. On the 13th was called to attend the funeral of Mr. Randolph's child. The parents seem much afflicted.

From Mr. Gaylord in the *Home Missionary:*

During the quarter I have attended to my ministerial duties without interruption and my congregations are increasing and becoming more permanent. The tide of immigration during the spring was immense. The country is getting full back to the Indian line, and more are coming every day.

At Danville, August 11, after preaching, a church meeting was held, and Bro. Orange Messenger chosen deacon. The church also gave me an invitation to preach for them one-half the time for the ensuing year, which I feel inclined to accept. Wednesday and Thursday visited at Baltimore and Smith's Mill, and conversed and prayed with the sick. Spent Sunday, August 18, at New London. Returned at evening to Mt. Pleasant, bringing Miss Terrell of Danville, and attended the funeral of Mrs. Hewson, who died of typhus fever after an illness of two weeks. At Danville, Sabbath afternoon, August 25, I set apart to the office of deacon Bro. O. Messenger and Bro. Samuel Jaggar. Mrs. H. Huntington united with the church by letter. At Mt. Pleasant, attended the funeral of a child of Mr. Abernethy September 13, and on the 26th that of Mrs. McCoy, who died while her husband was absent in Ohio. He returned the day after the burial almost overwhelmed with grief, and could not rest satisfied until permitted to look upon the dear remains. They were accordingly taken from the grave and carried to the house. On Saturday I preached her funeral sermon from II. Timothy 4:7, 8—words selected by the bereaved husband.

Went down and prayed with Bro. Moffat Snyder at his request. His trust is in the Lord. How important is the religion of the gospel in a dying hour! Mr. McCoy has truly been deeply afflicted. His infant child was buried October 5. October 22, removed my family to Danville. Returned to Mt. Pleasant and on the 27th preached from "Seek first the kingdom of God."

DECEMBER 1, 1839. One year ago to-day, I arrived in Mt. Pleasant and began my labors as home missionary.

From the *Home Missionary:*

Through the goodness of an ever kind Providence I am permitted to make my last quarterly report. I have now labored a year under the commission which I received from you. Up to December was able to fill all my appointments except in one instance. Then the snowing, blowing and freezing made it prudent to keep within doors. Winter is now upon us, and our congregations are somewhat diminished. This arises from the scattered state of our population and the worst of facilities for traveling. Yet the prospects for the future are bright and encouraging. Have received a letter from Jefferson county, forty miles west, urging me to come up and preach a few times, and see if a church cannot be formed. I expect to go next week.

Mr. Gaylord frequently rode long distances to preach and to look after scattered sheep. More than once in winter the severity of the weather was such that he was compelled to run much of the way by the side of his horse to keep from freezing.

From the journal, 1839:

During the week following December 15, went by invitation to Fairfield, the county seat of Jefferson county. Weather was extremely cold. Arrived on Friday, December 20, and shortly after it commenced snowing. The snow fell over a foot in depth, and interrupted our meeting somewhat. The only shelter for my horse was to stand in the snow by the

side of a building with a blanket over him. On Saturday evening I held a prayer meeting and took the first steps toward forming a church. Preached Sabbath morning, the 22nd, and immediately after service organized a Congregational church of twelve members, then administered the Lord's Supper. It was a season of deep interest. The settlement is very new, but many people are coming into the county. On my way up I preached at the house of Mr. Smead, on the evening of the 17th, and at Mt. Pleasant on the evening of the 18th. On my return preached at Mt. Pleasant again. Sabbath, December 29, exchanged with Brother Turner, of Denmark.

1840. Spent Sabbath, January 5, at New London. It being the first Sabbath of the new year endeavored to improve the occasion. Saturday, January 18, went out to the other side of Flint Creek. Spent the Sabbath and preached morning and evening.

Some years subsequent to this, Mr. Gaylord was in the habit of visiting the same neighborhood on Sabbath evening. After preaching in Danville morning and afternoon he would ride the ten miles, and sometimes find a crowd of eager listeners in waiting at the school-house. Often the only standing room for him would be against the wall, and drippings from tallow candles upon his coat bore witness that the people "pressed to hear the word of God." He frequently returned the same night, but these evening rides induced rheumatism, and finally compelled him to relinquish the appointments.

March, 1840.—The weather this month has been delightfully warm and pleasant. The ground is settled and becoming quite dry. Have received a renewal of my commission and also a letter from home. March 27, we moved into our new cabin and were thoroughly drenched with rain at night.

April 11, left home for Payson to attend the General Association of Illinois. Spent the Sabbath at Denmark and preached for Brother Turner, and Monday went on my way.

A pleasant meeting. Reached home on Wednesday of the following week, and found Brother Daniel Burton sick. May 3, Minor J. Terrell died after a lingering illness of several weeks. On Monday afternoon preached his funeral sermon from "Be ye also ready." Friday, May 8, left home to fill an appointment at Fairfield, and traveled most of the way in a cold rain storm. Arrived Saturday afternoon somewhat fatigued. Preached twice on the Sabbath to good and attentive congregations. May 31, organized Sabbath school at Danville.

Having been requested by Bro. Turner to visit Farmington, I left home on Friday, July 31 [1840]. Stayed at Mr. Millard's over night, and went on next day to Farmington. Sabbath morning was ushered in by a terrific storm of thunder, lightning and rain, but a very respectable congregation assembled, which seemed to listen with great eagerness to the word of truth. Preached twice, completed the organization of the church, previously gathered by Bro. Turner, baptized two children, and administered the Lord's Supper to the infant church for the first time.

This place was situated in a delightful section of country on the Des Moines river, and in a few years was surrounded by a dense population. To the east bank of this beautiful stream came Abner Kneeland with a company of his followers, bringing with them the rankest atheism and infidelity, with Paine's "Age of Reason" and an Atheistical Catechism for their Bible, and pamphlets and newspapers of a similar character. Kneeland had been imprisoned for blasphemy in Boston, and after his liberation wisely chose to put a long distance between himself and the scene of his disgrace. They settled down about one mile from Farmington, and named the place Salubria. Kneeland boldly declared that there should be no Sabbath law in Iowa, and he and his followers determined to have nothing of a Christian character about them so far as they could prevent it. In November, 1843, Rev. Harvey Adams, one of the Andover Band, took up his residence in Farmington. A better man

could scarcely have been found to occupy this important field. "A devout man and one that feared God," wise and talented, understanding and loving those grand doctrines of the Bible,which are the foundation of all true Christianity, he had the faculty of teaching them to others in a way to be understood. Many believed and his efforts were blessed to the conversion of not a few of Kneeland's deluded followers.

Mr. Adams says: "A year or two before I came to Iowa, they made the square issue, whether they should have officers who believed the Bible or not. They were so badly defeated as forever to blast their hopes politically in Iowa. But a marked providence, which occurred in April, 1845, was most effectual in exterminating infidel principles. The Des Moines river had been free of ice for some weeks, when there came a sudden snap and froze the river over again. The ice was thin but very tough. A young man and two young ladies from the Kneeland neighborhood, crossed over the river the morning after the freeze to a sugar camp on the west side. The day was very pleasant, and they probably enjoyed their adventure so well as to be thoughtless of danger. But the sun had so softened the ice, that they had not reached the middle of the stream in returning, before they broke through and were all drowned. The shock of this disaster was, of course, general, but was especially so to the atheists. They had usually buried their dead as they would a beast—talking and laughing on the way to the grave. Yet so they did not now feel or do. Soon as the bodies of those drowned were recovered, I received a request to attend the funeral, and that the services should be held in the Congregational church. The request was of course complied with. The three coffins were placed in a row in front of the pulpit. All the sitting and standing room in the house was occupied, and wagons were placed under the windows outside, and these were filled. And to this

day I presume those families to which the young people belonged have not been taunted or ridiculed because they chose to bury their dead in a Christian, rather than in an atheistic manner. As Providence would have it, this event was one of the occurrences that served to make atheism in that region a thing of the past. Without any mistake, that occurrence had a powerful effect for good upon that class of people, for it helped to break up the organization and to banish infidelity from that region."

From a letter by Mr. Gaylord:

The month of August, 1840, commenced with heavy storms which continued nearly every day for a fortnight, and an unparalleled quantity of water fell upon the earth. Left home for Tuscarora to assist in a protracted meeting, but was overtaken by the most violent storm of wind, rain, thunder and lightning that I ever experienced. This was followed during the night by two or three others of the same description, so that it seemed as if "the windows of heaven were opened." The streams were raised to such an unusual degree that I could not proceed. I therefore attempted to go home again, but found to my surprise that Skunk river was full to overflowing, leaving some of the houses on its banks with little more than the roofs out of the water. This was at Augusta. The water continued to rise till it reached a point eight feet higher than it had ever been known since the settlement of the country. In consequence of these rains, followed by the hot weather, sickness to an unusual degree has visited us of late, proving fatal in many instances. Nor has my own family escaped the visitation of God. On the 13th of September my wife was taken ill with bilious fever and continued to decline till the 23d, when she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and left us to mourn, not her loss but ours. Her death was eminently peaceful and happy.

Of this estimable lady the following account, to which a few facts have been added, is given in an obituary notice which appeared at this time in the *Congregational Observer:*

Died, in Danville, Iowa, Tuesday, September 23, 1840, Mrs. Sarah B. Gaylord, aged twenty-three years. Mrs. Gaylord was the eldest daughter of Nathan Burton, Esq., who removed from Connecticut to Illinois in the spring of 1835. She united with the church of Christ, in Bethlehem, her native place, when about fifteen years of age. Mrs. Burton, the mother, was a good and judicious Christian woman, and deeply interested in the salvation of her household. It was with a heavy heart that she left the church of which she and her daughter were members, and went away with her family, as she supposed, from all the privileges of the gospel. But God was better to her than her fears. The following summer she had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing her husband and all her children subscribe with their own hands to be the Lord's. From this time it seemed to be their united desire to live to do good. The second son commenced studying for the ministry, and Sarah married Rev. Mr. Gaylord, October 13, 1838. She accompanied him to Iowa, where for nearly two years they labored together in the gospel, and looked forward for many years to come, in which they could be helpmeets for each other in the work of the Lord. But sickness came and cut her off in the beginning of her usefulness; yet we mourn not for her as for those who have no hope. Retiring but attractive in her manners, sincere and unwavering in her attachments, conscientious in the discharge of every duty, she won the affections of all who knew her and was most beloved by those who knew her best. But "God's ways are not as our ways." Her work was done, and she was ready to depart. The Savior fulfilled his promises and "manifested Himself to her as he does not unto the world." On the day of her death she said, "Twenty-three years ago my father was presented with his first born daughter, and on this anniversary of my birth-day I am about to leave earth for heaven. I am going to join my mother and brother who have gone before to my Heavenly Father's house." It seemed, she said, as though the Savior held her in His arms; all darkness and doubt and fear were gone. When her friends would keep her longer, she begged them to desist the use of means, for such were her views

of heaven, such her love to Christ, and her desire to go and be with Him, she feared she would murmur, if detained longer on earth. Committing her husband, child, her friends and the church to God, she fell asleep in Jesus.

We copy again from his journal:

MONDAY, September 18, 1840.—Left home to go to Jacksonville to attend a meeting of the Illinois Association. Took my little motherless girl and left her at her grandfather's. Reached Jacksonville on Friday and left for home on the following Monday, but had a most unpleasant ride through rain and mud. Attempted to ford a creek which had become so swollen by the rains that the buggy began to float and the horse to swim. But soon the horse touched bottom again, and we safely reached the opposite bank—how I hardly know, only because a kind Providence helped us. Was thoroughly soaked, but proceeded on my way, and finally arrived within four miles of our place of meeting in Danville on Saturday evening. This journey was undertaken to obtain letters of dismission for Brother Turner and myself from the Illinois Association, as we were members of that body and the time seemed to have come to take steps to organize an Association for Iowa, of which we were to form a part.

In November of this year Mr. Turner and Mr. Gaylord gave a most cordial welcome to Rev. Julius A. Reed, who had chosen Iowa as his field of labor and had decided to locate at Fairfield. On the sixth day of November, two years after Mr. Gaylord first entered the Territory, he had the pleasure of helping to organize the Congregational Association of Iowa. They met for this purpose at Denmark, and the Association was composed of the three churches of Denmark, Danville and Fairfield, with three ministers, Asa Turner, Reuben Gaylord, Julius Reed, and Charles Burnham, a Licentiate. Revs. Wm. Carter, Wm. Kirby and Mr. Morris, from Illinois, were present and

assisted in the services of the occasion. The first Congregational church in Iowa was formed at Denmark, May 5, 1838, by Rev. Asa Turner, then of Quincy, Rev. Julius Reed, from Waverly, Illinois, and Rev. Mr. Apthorp, who was living in the Territory but left soon afterward. The second church was at Danville, the third at Fairfield, and the fourth at Farmington. The last named was not represented in the organization of the Association. Other fields had begun to open, but were only partially cultivated for want of workers. The Association resolved that for the present it would meet in the spring and fall of each year. They continued to do this until the autumn of 1843, when two minor associations were formed, which met semi-annually, and the General Association began its yearly gatherings, which still continue.

MAY, 1841.—Have made no entries in my journal for a long period. Spent most of the winter with my friends in Connecticut, and returned in health and in the rich experience of the goodness of God. Since my return have passed my twenty-ninth birthday.

The visit here alluded to was needed by Mr. Gaylord partly for rest, but more on account of the great bereavement he had experienced in the loss of his estimable wife. A few months spent in the home of his youth, with his beloved parents, and other relatives and friends in Norfolk, were to him a source of unspeakable comfort and help, so that in March he was ready to return again to the home of his adoption, refreshed and strengthened for his arduous and responsible work. Some incidents of this journey, and suggestions to travelers, from Mr. Gaylord's pen, published in the *Congregational Observer*, will be of interest:

Left home November 16, for a visit to the scenes and friends of former years. We found ourselves particularly favored for a western steamboat, in regard to both passengers and crew.

We heard but little profanity, and in the cabin there seemed an unusual desire for reading. The newspapers were soon devoured, the discussion of the great political question which had agitated the public possessed no interest—for Harrison was elected—and the boat was furnished with no books except a few novels of the poorer sort. The Bible, the traveling companion of some of the passengers, was often read. It was soon found that there were several clergymen in the company, and after leaving St. Louis, a proposition was made by a gray-haired gentleman from Vermont, that the company listen to a religious discourse. The suggestion was cordially received, and the first sermon given by a brother from Ohio. Another who had recently returned from a mission to Brazil, gave some statements with reference to South America, very much to the edification of the company. These were followed by other religious exercises and occasional preaching, which gave great interest to our trip. Now let me make a few suggestions to Christians who are about to travel. And first,

Take your Bible with you. Many professors of religion neglect this, perhaps expecting to find one wherever they go. This is a mistake. Do not put your Bible in the bottom of your trunk, but take a small one that you can carry about you, and consult it daily. The very sight of the Bible exerts its influence over the wicked man.

Take time for meditation and prayer. Let not the world and new scenes have all your time. If you can, retire for prayer; if you cannot, still pray, lifting your heart to God where you are. Take with you a full supply of good religious reading.

Fear not to let yourself be known as a Christian. Do it wisely and humbly, and if you are consistent, you will not be the less respected. Observe the Sabbath. Christians must awake to this subject. Our boat stopped at Cincinnati for the Sabbath, not however out of regard for the day, yet one or two professors were discontented because it did not go forward.

In short, dear fellow Christians, whether at home or abroad, do all you can for God. The world is to be converted through the instrumentality of the church. When shall we begin?

About this time the name Danville was changed to Hartford, but after a few years it was again called by its former name.

Hartford, May 9, 1841, Brothers Turner and Emerson preached for me and we administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Was quite ill and for several days confined to my bed. Monday, May 24, left home on a two weeks' tour. Went to Mt. Pleasant, and proceeded from there to Wapello. Beautiful prairie all the way, but no timber and only two houses, Wapello is a small place on the south bank of the Iowa river, and is the county seat of Louisa county. Wednesday went forward to *Bloomington. A slough puts out from the Mississippi just below Bloomington, and runs in again a short distance above the mouth of the Iowa. About half way from Wapello to Bloomington met an old schoolmate and townsman engaged in a distillery. I remonstrated with him, but was very cordially entertained by him and his excellent wife, who is a professing Christian. Spent the night with Mr. Giles Pettibone, also an old schoolmate. Went on to Bloomington and called on J. Pettibone and Mr. Gillett, also on Bro. Stocker, who has fallen into the Old School ranks. He seems well disposed. Friday proceeded to Davenport, reaching there at six o'clock in the evening. Put up with Bro. Burnell of the Congregational church, an interesting family from Northampton, Massachusetts. Davenport is a most charming place. The bank of the Mississippi for miles above and below the town is a regular grade, so that a carriage can be driven near the water's edge for a long distance. The ground on which the town is built, rises in a gradual slope from the river half a mile back to the bluffs, which are not very abrupt, but give a series of delightful views. The river is from three-fourths to seven-eighths of a mile wide, and opposite is the town of Rock Island. A thick coat of blue grass covers the ground on both sides of the stream. One-half mile above, commences Rock Island, rising in the middle of the river to the height of thirty or forty feet, and is

* Afterwards called Muscatine.

a perpendicular rock. On this point is Fort Armstrong, now in ruins. Preached three times on the Sabbath to attentive and intelligent congregations. Tuesday, crossed the river and attended a meeting of the Knox Presbytery, and on Thursday set out for Marion in Linn county, in company with Rev. T. P. Emerson, who is preaching there. We traveled sixty-six miles and reached Marion at seven P. M. on Friday. Preached on Saturday afternoon and twice on the Sabbath. About eighty persons present. Monday, left for home by way of Iowa City, and crossed the Cedar river near the rapids. The river has rock bottom and would afford excellent water power if improved. Held meeting where I stopped for the night and reached home on Wednesday at five P. M., having been absent more than two weeks and traveled three hundred miles. The weather was intensely hot, but I returned in good health.

Last Saturday I went to Mt. Pleasant, and Sabbath preached to a large and attentive audience. In the afternoon gave way to Dr. Evans, the Baptist brother. Visited among the people on Monday, and received a letter from Brother Reed, stating the great need of more laborers. Sunday, June 20, at Danville, discoursed on the Atonement, from I John 2:2. Spent much time in preparation. Spoke in the afternoon from the words, "And as Moses lifted up the serpent," etc. Prayer meeting at five o'clock at Deacon Jaggar's. Congregation so large and attentive that I cannot but hope there is more interest than usual.

FRIDAY, June 25.—Went to Mt. Pleasant and took the preparatory steps towards forming a church. Preached twice on the Sabbath with considerable freedom. At the close of the afternoon service organized a Congregational church of seven members, and baptized the child of Dr. Edgar.

At Danville (or Hartford), on Sabbath, July 4, 1841, seven individuals were received into the church, three by profession. Two of these are heads of families, and family altars have been erected by them. After the monthly concert on Monday, left for Illinois on a visit. Little Sarah knew me. Monday, July 26, received a letter from Sister Laura at

Norfolk, announcing the death of brother A.'s wife, and also of Aunt Martha. On Friday, July 30, I left home for Brighton, Washington county, and arrived at evening. Met Bro. Reed, of Fairfield. Saturday we gathered a few friends of the Redeemer, and took the preparatory steps for the organization of a church. Sunday, August 1, in the morning I spoke from II Corinthians 6:17, 18. In the afternoon a church of ten members was organized with appropriate exercises, and in the evening Bro. Reed preached from John 3:3. The day was interesting, and I hope the blessing of God rested down upon our work. August 12, went six miles beyond Mt. Pleasant to attend a wedding.

For some reason, which Mr. Gaylord has not left on record, there existed a want of harmony amongst the members of the Congregational church in Davenport. Twice a request was sent him to go up and endeavor to bring about a reconciliation. Of his second visit for this purpose he thus writes:

Left home for Davenport Friday, August 20, 1841. Had a warm and fatiguing ride of two days. Reached there Saturday night nearly worn out. Preached once on the Sabbath, and spent Monday in endeavoring to reconcile a difficulty in the Congregational church. They assembled in the evening, and, after preaching, talked over their grievances till nearly midnight, but finally concluded and promised to bury all dissensions and from henceforth live together in peace and Christian fellowship. Tuesday I left Davenport on my return, and spent the night in Bloomington. Took some cold which brought on symptoms of fever. Next day rode twelve miles to Mr. Cyrus Hawley's. Felt quite ill, but held meeting at their house and discoursed from Luke 14:25-33. Then baptized their infant child by the name of Theodosia Irene. Thursday proceeded as far as Wapello, and spent the night with Mr. Gilliland. Next morning continued on my way very ill, and reached home towards evening weary and sick.

Mr. Gaylord was now laid aside with a severe attack of bilious fever, which brought him near to the borders of the grave. This journey, taken on horseback during the intense heat of August, proved almost too much for physical endurance. But it is believed the results were happy for the church and gratifying to himself. He subsequently received a unanimous call from the church and congregation to become their pastor, which he declined, but somewhat regretted afterward that he did not accept.

He again writes:

Have so far recovered as to attend our protracted meeting, appointed before I went to Davenport. The preaching was by Brothers Turner and Reed — the meeting deeply interesting and resulted in permanent good.

AUGUST, 1841.—"In view of the immediate wants of the infant settlements the Executive Committee of the A. H. M. S. have directed the Rev. T. P. Emerson, of Linn county, to spend the ensuing year in visiting the settlements on both sides the Wapsipinicon, and Rev. Reuben Gaylord to spend half his time in a similar service between the Skunk and Iowa rivers."

SEPTEMBER, 1841.—We have our weekly prayer-meeting on Thursday, which is well attended and very interesting. The monthly concert is observed and our Sabbath school is efficiently conducted and well attended. There is a growing interest with us, yet I hardly dare call it a revival. The truth seems to be exerting its appropriate influence on many minds and our congregation is increasing in numbers.

September 23d went to Mt. Pleasant, to attend a wedding; returned next day and began to have chills and fever. Chills of two hours and fever of equal length continued every other day for several weeks.

From the *Home Missionary*, October, 1841:

The Congregational Association of Iowa, voted at their meeting in May last, to appeal to the friends of home missions

for aid, and appointed Rev. Asa Turner and Rev. Reuben Gaylord to draft and forward such an appeal. Mr. Gaylord says: "We have delayed the pleasant, painful duty, hoping that ere this we should greet some fellow laborers, but we have waited in vain. The farmer, the mechanic, the lawyer and the physician vie with each other for the occupancy of the west; but there is one class of men, ministers of Christ, that are seldom seen amongst the army of pioneers. Alas, that it is so!"

We here give some extracts bearing upon this subject from a communication by Mr. Gaylord, published in the *Hartford Congregational Observer* during his visit in Connecticut, under date of March 4, 1841:

Iowa Territory is nearly two and one-half times as large as the state of Connecticut, and has already one-sixth as many inhabitants. The population is increased by at least 1,000 every month, and all the machinery of moral and religious influences must be set in operation. The need of immediate action is becoming daily more and more pressing. All things move forward with giant strides, and the wave of population waits not for moral influences. Where two years ago the wolf and the deer sported unmolested, now can be seen the activity of civilized life. The self-denying missionary must be sent with enlarged views and liberal aims. His influence is greatly needed in the first outset, for it is much easier to give a right direction to forming influences than to change the current afterwards. What, let, me ask, made Connecticut what she is in religion and intellect? The groundwork was laid by men of piety and intelligence. Every settlement had its minister and its school teacher; and these with their influences are operating upon us at the present day. The legitimate influence of the minister can hardly be appreciated. He must form churches, encourage Sabbath schools, foster education, guard the public morals, and watch over the followers of Christ. He must hold up the standard of the cross, close the door against error in theory and practice, lift the warning voice against vice and picture the

evils of intemperance. He must awaken an interest in the Christian efforts of the day and cultivate extensively the spirit of liberality which marks the present age. A system of education is to be projected and carried into execution. To do this, needs the united counsels of men of enlarged and cultivated minds. And where are these more likely to be found than amongst the educated clergy of the present day? I regard it as the most important object to be obtained at present for the future interest of the territory, to secure a large increase of ministers and Christians of the right stamp. We want such as will be peace-makers, ready to co-operate with one another in every good work.

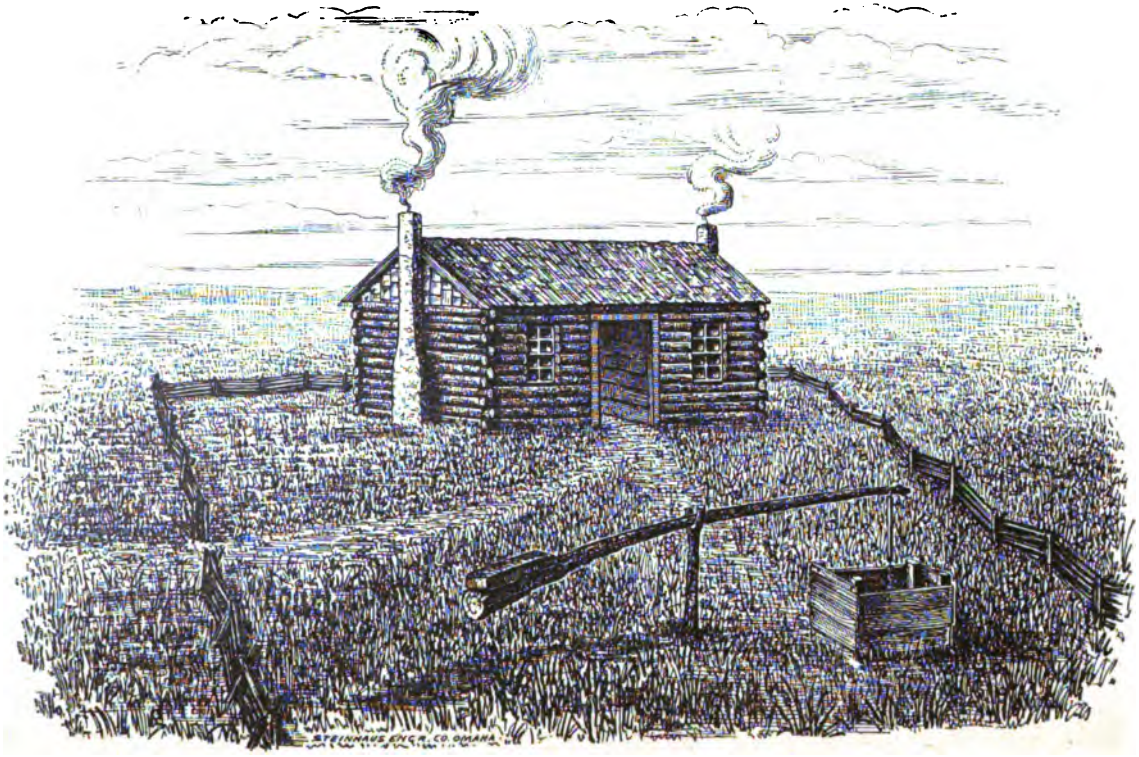
There seems to be a dislike to the west amongst good men. They do not bring before the mind the great motive that should actuate every Christian. How often, in speaking with them about going to the west, do I hear the reply, "I am well enough off here; I don't see why I should go." The fact that they can do four times as much good there as here does not operate upon their Christian benevolence. The church must get off from such ground, or she will be engulfed in a spirit of worldliness. It is not the spirit which says, "Lord, what will thou have me to do?" The country holds out every inducement for young men. If a dozen faithful ministers, accompanied by a few hundreds of enterprising, pious young men, would now enter Iowa, eternity alone could disclose the blessings that would descend to future generations. How shall these ministers be sent? This brings into view the agency of the Home Missionary Society. The object of this society is to encourage and assist feeble churches, and occupy destitute places at home with the living preacher. To this society we look as our polar star of hope. Our churches, almost without exception, are unable alone to sustain the preaching of the gospel. They will do all they can, and with a little help at present, will soon pay back all that they receive. It should be recollected that the people have their houses to build, and meeting houses also, and their farms to put under improvement. Here is a heavy tax. Could Christians see and feel the desire that many in

the new settlements have for the privileges of the gospel, and the efforts they are ready to make to obtain them, they would feel it not only a duty, but a privilege to give liberally to assist them. The question is soon to be settled whether the institutions of education and religion are to grow up with the people or not. Every influence is at work; all descriptions of error, from the most fascinating to the most absurd. Money is sent in from the old world to establish the Catholic religion. Money rightfully applied is power and influence. Would that more good men who have the means were inclined to preach the gospel by proxy. One year's labor now is worth several a few years hence. Before the seeds of evil germinate let truth be proclaimed, and the results will be glorious in the enlargement of Zion.

HARTFORD, Iowa, November 4, 1841.—The Congregational Association of Iowa met at this place and held a meeting of great interest. At our communion nine were added to the church by profession. Three brethren, Charles Burnham, Thomas P. Emerson and Oliver Emerson were ordained to the work of the ministry, and John C. Holbrook was licensed to preach the gospel.

On the 8th of November Mr. Gaylord was united in marriage to Miss Mary M. Welles of Newington, Connecticut. Home life was again begun in the smallest room of the log cabin. But after a few months the larger room was vacated and the family were thankful and happy in the possession of *two* rooms. The household at this time consisted of five members—Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord, little Sarah, now two years old, Harriet, a motherless girl of twelve, and an English boy of sixteen, who was needing a home, and whose work was taking care of the cow, preparing wood for the stove, and such other duties as were needful in Mr. Gaylord's frequent and long protracted absences from home.

This was one of the double cabins, with two rooms about ten feet apart, and an open space between, with the earth for a floor. In this open space was a flight of stairs leading



LOG CABIN HOME IN DANVILLE, IOWA.

to the loft above. One roof extended over the whole, and a sod chimney graced each end of the building. The logs were not "hewed," but laid up in their native covering of bark. The openings between the logs were "chinked" with blocks of wood, and these spread with lime mortar to keep out the cold. The floor of the loft was loosely laid with cottonwood boards, not remarkably straight, and not in too close proximity to prevent the free circulation of air. It also formed the ceiling of the lower rooms. The only place in the loft where it was possible to stand upright was under the ridge, which was sufficiently open to permit now and then a bright star to look down into the face of the sleeper reposing on the floor. This cabin stood alone on the prairie, surrounded by a fence enclosing a deep yard—no neighbors very near, but a large extent of prairie on the north, east and south. To the east it extended to a distance of six or eight miles.

A prairie fire is a grand and fearfully interesting sight. The tall coarse grass, after being killed by frost, becomes an easy prey to the flames, and when helped by the wind, which increases as the fire proceeds, burns with frightful rapidity. There is a strange commingling of the beautiful and the terrible as it rushes on, overleaping every barrier, crackling and roaring so as to fill the beholder with consternation. Such a fire occurred one evening when it happened that Rev. Mr. Turner had come to spend a night in the cabin. The grass had been removed from a wide space around the premises, and they were considered safe. But, fanned by a strong breeze, with a roar like the rumbling of distant thunder, the flames swept on, leaping to the height of ten or twelve feet. Tufts of burning grass were blown so near that the home was in great peril. No time was to be lost, and each member of the family able to help, armed with something to beat out the flames, worked and watched till near midnight; and, assisted by Bro. Turner, they succeeded in saving the dwelling.

A log cabin, if one of the right kind, is a very hospitable building and very elastic. No record was kept of the large numbers who from time to time found shelter in this one, but it is remembered that one night there were thirteen, including the family. Yet in the morning each one of the seven or eight guests insisted that they had enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep. There were often such happy meetings and greetings among the brethren as they came together, and if the housekeeper could find only the plainest food for the table it seemed to make no difference. The deficiency was made up with cheerful talk, and mirth and wit flowed the more freely. A visit can be recalled when there was only a little corned beef and bread, but no potatoes. Bread and molasses formed the dessert. During the flour famine, Brother Reed, Mr. Shedd, of Denmark, Rev. E. Adams and others were guests at different times when there was nothing which bore the most distant relation to bread.

This log cabin life was often a weary and toilsome one, both to the worker without and the worker within. When "the rain descended and the floods came," so much often descended *within* as to be quite inconvenient, especially when it poured down upon the cook-stove during the preparation of the family meal. Without, rattlesnakes in the large door-yard, and prairie wolves outside the gate, were frequent callers. Then sometimes the hungry spirit craved the intellectual food it could not obtain, or longed for a glimpse of loved faces far away, or perhaps a letter which had been three weeks on the way, brought the sad news that a dear relative had sickened, died, and was buried, while all unconscious of this they had been remembered each day at the family altar.

But it is well that happiness in this life does not depend entirely on our surroundings, and this experience was not without its pleasures and rewards. For were they not where He would have them, in whose service they had enlisted

for life?—and trying to do the Master's work who had said, "Lo, I am with you alway!" The realization of this promise was one of the delightful compensations. Then there was God's own book of nature, the lonely and beautiful prairie, with its ever varying richness of bloom, filling the heart with that sacred joy which comes from looking upon His works, untouched by the hand of man. And often the clear atmosphere, peculiar to the western world, seemed to bring the spangled firmament so near to earth, and with it the glorious Creator so near His children, that the beholder understood as never before the force and beauty of the words, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge."

Another of the pleasures of this kind of life was the unselfish devotion to each other's comfort often exhibited among the settlers. One instance only will be given In the summer of 1843, streams became so low that mills could no longer furnish flour for the settlement, and soon there was great destitution. Mrs. Miner divided the little she had with the pastor's wife, and when that was gone, no flour or meal of any kind could be obtained. When this could be endured no longer, an ox mill was with much labor put in operation. The first fruits from this was a coarse flour, but the sweetest and best ever tasted. As it was divided among the people, no one would consent to take more than their share. With such an experience as this, it was not strange that when, after two and a half years, a parishioner invited Mr. Gaylord to occupy a portion of a new house in another part of the township, he accepted with reluctance, saying as he left, "I never expect to enjoy more real domestic happiness in this world than has fallen to our lot in this humble home."

From the journal, 1842:

JANUARY.—Spent a Sabbath at Mt. Pleasant. Sabbath

night, about three o'clock, was called up to visit Mrs. L., who was anxious that I should converse and pray with her. She was soon to die and felt unprepared. She expired at half past five pleading for mercy. I attended her funeral at ten o'clock on Tuesday. February 23, left for Washington, the county seat of Washington county, to assist in a protracted meeting. Met Bro. Reed and Bro. Burnham, and on the Sabbath we organized a Congregational church of ten members. The weather was quite unfavorable. On Thursday, at Danville, May 12, attended the funeral of Mr. Alfred Clarke's little child, aged one year and three months, and the next week went to Davenport to attend the Congregational Association of Iowa.

From the *Home Missionary:*

DANVILLE, September, 1842.—I have divided my time between Mt. Pleasant and this place for the last quarter. Excellent attention is given to the preaching of the word, and prospects are encouraging. The truth seems to be silently working its way to the hearts of men. The temperance reformation has taken hold at Mt. Pleasant, and the results have been gratifying. Here we have nothing more to do in that line at present.

December 13, 1842, attended the funeral of Olive Maines, who died suddenly of bilious fever. She was a bright, intelligent girl only sixteen years of age. The parents are so bowed down with grief that they can scarcely be comforted. January 13, 1843, went to Fairfield to assist Bro. Reed in a sacramental meeting. Returned, and on the 26th of the same month attended the funeral of Louisa Hitchcock, daughter of Father Hitchcock, and one of the interesting girls of my flock in Danville. She was very dear to her parents and to a large circle of brothers and sisters, who deeply mourn her loss. She will be greatly missed in the Sabbath school and among her young friends, as well as in the home circle.

At this time there was but one building for school during the week and meetings on the Sabbath—the large

school house near the home of Dea. Samuel Jaggar. To this meeting place every Sabbath morning came Father Hitchcock with a large wagon drawn by oxen, containing not less than seventeen persons. They were the parents, children and grandchildren, who gladly rode the three and one-half miles to enjoy this privilege. Father Hitchcock emigrated from northeastern Ohio, bringing his family of eleven children, the two older ones with families of their own. Mr. Gaylord used to say, "I do not like to begin the service till Father Hitchcock arrives with the congregation."

The one building was some times occupied by the Baptist brethren, and Mr. Gaylord makes frequent mention of preaching in private houses on Sabbath afternoon and evening. Amongst these families were those of Mr. Davis, on the agency road, and Mr. Basher in the southern part of the town. Mr. B. had come from a southern state and purchased a farm quite distant from the place of worship. But they were sought out and invited to the house of prayer. There they became deeply interested, and as a happy result both became Christians. After uniting with the church they wished to dedicate their children to God in baptism—eleven in number. They were near together in age and amongst the little company two pairs of twins. It was an interesting and affecting sight to the audience, as the parents thus consecrated all their little flock to God.

From a quarterly report in the summer of 1843:

Three months more gone to tell their story of my stewardship. And what is the story? I have been conscious during this quarter, of such a desire as I do not often possess, for the manifestation of God's Spirit amongst our people. Settlers are coming in to occupy vacant land who are not Christians, but who might be reached by us if our efforts were accompanied by this blessed Spirit. We have sustained two weekly prayer meetings, one on Sabbath evening and one on Thursday

afternoon at four o'clock. Both have been attended with a good degree of interest. For several weeks a number of our church members have met on Tuesday evening to pray especially for a revival of religion. I have preached twice on the Sabbath and held a third service at four in the afternoon in an out neighborhood where some of our members reside. During the noon intermission I also instruct a Bible class of young men.

This quarter has been to me one of great pecuniary trial. Having been obliged to spend my means in the spring to meet a debt, I have been out of funds almost entirely since that time. Things we need in the family must go unbought or debts be incurred. The former we prefer. But we work on, clinging with both hands to the promise, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

VI.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

1843–1855.

"Thou hast well done that thou art come."

"Now, therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

"Feed my sheep." "Feed my lambs."

"Preach the preaching that I bid thee."

Will you gather the stones for His temple divine?
And the gems in the crown of His glory to shine
Brighter far than the sun?
And then when he comes, bowing low at His feet,
With rapture unspeakable hear Him repeat,
"Well done, thou good servant, well done!"

—*Canadian Missionary Link.*

"My beloved has gone down into His garden to gather lilies."

Better the lamb with fleece unstained
Thus early taken from the flock.

—*McDuff.*

To all the thoughtless world proclaim,
One glorious hour of crowded life
Is worth an age without a name.

—*Selected.*

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN DANVILLE.

ANDOVER BAND—MEETING IN DENMARK—IOWA COLLEGE—INSTALLATION—BEREAVEMENT — CHURCH BUILDING — DEDICATION — LETTERS TO MRS. GAYLORD—TRUSTEE MEETINGS IN DAVENPORT—CONTRIBUTIONS TO FOREIGN MISSIONS—WEDDINGS—A TRIP EAST—SELECT SCHOOL—OREGON EMIGRATION—FRUITAGE—IN LABORS ABUNDANT—REVIVALS—CONGREGATIONALISM IN IOWA — CASES OF CONVERSION — CHURCH SELF SUPPORTING — JOURNEY TO NEBRASKA—INVITATION TO OMAHA—FAREWELL SERMON.

THE year 1843 was "a year of jubilee" to the worn and weary pioneer ministers of Iowa. For five years some of them had been praying and hoping, and pleading with eastern brethren for help. And many times some brother had written that he was thinking of Iowa as a field of labor. But these hopes and expectations had ended in bitter disappointment. For if one really set his face westward, perhaps some watchful church would seize upon him by the way, and persuade him to enter an easier or more inviting field. As a natural consequence, these workers had settled down to a state of almost hopeless despondency, and when word came that ten young men had decided to labor in Iowa, they were slow to believe that anything would come of it. But finally becoming happily convinced that they were really in earnest, in the month of September Mr. Gaylord and Mr. Turner started out together to explore the great field, and ascertain what points among the needy portions of it were the most needy.

Had the details of this tour been written, they would have proved most interesting reading. After nearly three weeks of travel they came to the Iowa river on their way homeward. The stream must be forded, and they were

directed to steer for two trees standing together on the opposite bank. But there proved to be *two* places where there were two large trees standing together, and the horse's head was turned toward the wrong pair. Soon in crossing the broad and shallow stream they came into deep water, and Tom, a large and tall missionary horse, could scarce touch bottom. Providentially some men at work on the other shore saw their mistake, and by hallooing and gestures caused them to change their course. It was a narrow escape, and when the log cabin was reached the next day, Bro. Turner, older and more weary than the other, had not recovered from his nervous agitation.

In the month of November came the longed-for reinforcement from Andover. We copy a short account of this interesting event from "The Iowa Band":

"On Sabbath morning, November 5, the usually quiet town of Denmark was all astir. Every child had heard that nine young ministers, fresh from the east, had come to preach in the Territory. In anticipation of this event Rev. Asa Turner and Rev. R. Gaylord had taken a long tour to decide upon the places to be occupied. Several of the young men were to be ordained. Denmark then consisted of a few scattered farm houses, and a low, broken-backed, elongated building, compelled as yet to the double service of school and meeting house."

Mr. Gaylord gave the right-hand of fellowship at these ordination services. He thus wrote respecting them to the Home Missionary Board:

NOVEMBER 7, 1843.—I returned yesterday from Denmark, where we met to organize a District Association and to welcome the ten young brethren who had just arrived. We had previously at our fall meeting divided into North and South, the Iowa river being the dividing line. I need not tell you that we had an interesting and affecting meeting. Our hearts did indeed rejoice after years of toil almost alone to welcome so

many to share with us in the good work. Seven of them, together with Bro. Granger, were ordained. After our long journey in September, Bro. Turner and I had mapped out the field as best we could. With this before them and a little advice they selected their places and are now on their way to their various points of destination.

We give their names and fields: Harvey Adams, Farmington; Daniel Lane, Keosauqua; Ebenezer Alden, Solon; Horace Hutchinson, Burlington; W. A. Thompson, Fairfield; Ephraim Adams, Mt. Pleasant; A. B. Robbins, Bloomington—now Muscatine; Edwin Turner, Cascade; William Salter, Maquoketa; Benjamin A. Spaulding, itinerant labor on the frontier.

There was very much in the coming of these young brethren to inspire hope and courage in the hearts of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day, for they soon proved to be sympathetic, congenial spirits—willing to help carry these burdens. They seemed fitted by nature and grace to go wherever duty called, and willing to do any work for God which came to their hand—could sleep peacefully on a straw mattress in one corner of the family room in a log cabin, or eat whatever was set before them at the table without complaining. Thus the good work, receiving a new impulse, went on, with more seed-sowing and richer harvests.

The Iowa Educational Association, formed in Yale Theological Seminary, has been alluded to in extracts from Mr. Gaylord's journal and letters. We give the names of its members again: Stewart, Haile, Mattocks, Clark, Gaylord, Kitchel, Richardson. The plan of "a college for the future state of Iowa," formed by these young men with so much hopefulness and enthusiasm, was not at once, or very soon, carried out. But it was not forgotten in all those years of waiting, for it was something which lay very near to the heart of more than one of those early

workers. On March 12, 1844, six years after the organization of this little band at New Haven, and a few months subsequent to the advent of the Andover Band, a meeting of those interested in the founding of a college was held at Denmark. On the 15th of April, at another meeting of the Congregational and New School Presbyterian ministers in the Territory, the "Iowa College Association" was organized. At this time, after a report of the March meeting had been given, the main subject was brought before the minds of those present by a resolution presented by Mr. Gaylord as follows:

"*Resolved*, That we deem it expedient without delay to adopt measures preparatory to laying the foundation of an institution of learning in this territory."

This resolution was unanimously adopted, and at a meeting held in Davenport two years later, twelve trustees were chosen—Mr. Gaylord among the number. The trustees then met and appointed an Executive Committee and a Committee on Charter, of which latter Mr. G. was also a member.

The next year at a meeting in Burlington the trustees adopted Articles of Constitution under the laws of the state. Of this Board of Trustees Mr. Gaylord remained a member until his resignation soon after his removal to Nebraska, in 1855. He was always careful to attend the meetings of the Board, often taking the trip on horseback, a distance of eighty miles.

In 1847-8 the first college building was erected at Davenport, a plain, substantial structure 36 by 55 feet. After a period of ten or twelve years it was found necessary to remove the institution, and Grinnell, Iowa, was chosen for its location. This place was named for Hon. J. B. Grinnell, one of its founders, who had emigrated thither from Brooklyn, New York. His influence and generous gifts were largely instrumental in helping the trustees and friends of the college to make so wise a choice. It made slow

progress at first, but in a few years entered upon a career of sure and steady growth, which continued until its buildings were hurled to destruction by the terrible cyclone of June, 1882. But the munificent gifts of a generous public soon restored it to more than its former completeness and beauty, and it is now a noble institution doing a great and noble work.

In those early days our nearest route to Muscatine, Davenport and some other points, was by way of Flint Creek and the twenty-mile prairie. On passing out of the belt of timber on the creek, we entered this prairie, which in 1841 and '42 had not been encroached upon by any human habitation. It was not level, but gently undulating, with ravines in which were often found living springs. This prairie, like many others, was clothed with the most luxuriant verdure, but absolutely treeless. On its northern boundary was a fine natural park of many acres, filled with a beautiful growth of the native trees of Iowa. This was called "Virginia Grove." After the long ride of twenty miles it was most refreshing to reach this grove at nightfall, and find a pleasant-looking home nestled among the trees where we could ask for entertainment. We had been in the house but a short time on our first visit, when Mrs. Brown, the wife and mother, inquired if Mr. Gaylord was a clergyman. On receiving an affirmative answer her eyes filled with tears and she said, "It is three years since I have seen a minister of the gospel, and my boys are growing up with no church or Sabbath school to help them into the right way." At night and in the morning the Bible was brought and the family called together for worship. When money was proffered for the entertainment on leaving, they refused to accept it, saying "All we ask of you is to come again." Such experiences as this stimulated and encouraged the workers of those early days.

To Dr. Badger:

April 2, 1844.—Think I can say without boasting, that I am getting a stronger hold in this community than I ever had before. The seed is sown. I now wish to see it watered by the prayers of God's people, and caused to germinate by the influence of His Spirit. Then I think my joy will be full. King Alcohol has no soldiers in this township [Danville], and no liquor is sold within seven miles. Our people are preparing to build a house of worship the present season. The land around us, which lay in its native wildness when you were here, has been entered by those who will become actual settlers. We have just moved from the humble log cabin which you so graphically described during your western tour, and now live two and one-half miles south, near where our house of worship is to be built. Mr. Porter, the owner of the house, kindly offered us the use of it one year without charge.

From quarterly report:

The first Sabbath of this quarter I spent at Brighton, holding a protracted meeting with Bro. Turner; the second with Bro. Turner at Denmark at a three days' meeting, and the third at Fairfield at the installation of Rev. Mr. Reed and a protracted meeting. Twice I have preached in a large neighborhood southwest from Danville, where they are anxious I should make regular appointments.

In March, 1844, Mr. Gaylord received a unanimous call from the church and society in Danville to become their settled pastor. Under date of April 2 he wrote, "I have just returned an affirmative answer to an invitation from our people to settle over them and become their installed pastor." One of his brethren present at the installation afterwards prepared an account of it, from which we give extracts:

Two weeks ago Bro. Reuben Gaylord was installed over the church in Danville. There had been an increasing interest in

the congregation for some weeks, and it was determined to hold a series of meetings. I can say for myself, and think I can speak the feelings of all the rest, that it was the most blessed season we have had in the Territory. May God send more and richer. The church were happily and joyfully united. The cold were revived, the wayward reclaimed; many were established in doctrine and strengthened in faith. I never saw doctrinal preaching take such effect. It was the power of God, and I am convinced that the doctrines, when properly presented, are most powerful swords of the Spirit, and will produce the best results. Two men, husbands of members of the church, were deeply interested. One of them, who had formerly hindered his children from attending meeting, now came with his family. The other had been far from God, but both were convinced and renounced their errors. Then they exhorted their former companions to flee from sin.

Mr. Gaylord writes:

I was installed May 20, 1844. The exercises were deeply interesting, and were followed by continuous meetings, in which the Spirit of God was strikingly manifested. Six were added to the church, and others embraced Christ during the meetings. The church was revived, difficulties removed, and union and harmony now prevail. Two heads of families, who had been opposers, came out decidedly on the Lord's side. One of them was formerly an open infidel, very popular, and an ardent supporter of Abner Kneeland. They are both very decided, and fear not to testify to all around of the love of God. The church, one and all, left their work to come up to the house of God during the whole meeting.

August 3.—Mr. Porter, in whose house we lived and who boarded with us, returned, from an absence of three weeks, quite ill. He had taken a trip to Cincinnati by steamboat, and the high water at C. caused much sickness there. He continued to grow worse, and died on the last day of July. He owned the land on which our meeting house was to be built, and had promised to give several acres to the society for their

use and benefit. He had subscribed $200 in money towards building the house. This will defeat our calculations in regard to the house this season, but we trust his sister in Cincinnati, who is his sole heir, will carry out her brother's wishes.

OCTOBER 22.—Although we fail of building our meeting house this season, yet the school house, in which we have met hitherto, has been fitted up so as to be comfortable for winter. The members seem to feel a more lively interest in the church and a stronger attachment to it than ever before.

From quarterly report, March, 1845:

My labors during the quarter have been two sermons on the Sabbath, class in Sabbath school during intermission, meeting Sabbath evening, to which I go from two and one-half to four miles, and a neighborhood prayer meeting on Thursday, which is held from house to house through the congregation. The Sabbath school is quite interesting, and embraces a large portion of the people. I now have a class of married ladies. Our place of meeting is often crowded and all see the need of a larger house. The committee are pushing their arrangements to put one up early in the season. It is to be a frame building thirty by forty, and we build with no outside help.

DECEMBER, 1845.—Mr. and Mrs. Porter gave us a piece of land on which to build a home for ourselves near where our new church is to stand. We succeeded in erecting the building, and, with one coat of plastering on one room, moved into it a few days since.

Pleasure and pain, joy and sadness, are sometimes strangely intermingled as memory calls up scenes of past years and spreads them out before our mental vision. It is like opening an old book long closed, and glancing over its once familiar pages, or reading again an interesting letter laid away in the long ago, but so carefully preserved that every word is as distinct as on the day it was written.

What sweet and hallowed memories cluster around those neighborhood prayer-meetings spoken of in the above re-

port. One afternoon of each week was sacredly and joyfully set apart for these social and spiritual gatherings, for such they were to those Christian pioneers. They were held by turn from house to house, nearly all the houses being log cabins, with one or two rooms and possibly a "lean-to" for summer use. Their occupants were emigrants, principally from New England, New York and Ohio, "exiles from home," with hearts still yearning "for the old firesides." But they would not go back to them, for they loved their humble prairie homes, and expected to make them more beautiful and convenient in the days to come. And they were pilgrims and strangers, looking forward to a "better country, that is a heavenly." One by one, as the years have passed away, very many of them have gone to that "heavenly home." No sweeter sacred songs have ever been sung—none more uplifting, than some of the favorites of those meetings. We give the first lines of some of them:

Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove—
Am I a soldier of the cross—
Show pity, Lord; O Lord forgive—
O for a closer walk with God—
When I can read my title clear—
How blest the sacred tie that binds—
I love thy Kingdom, Lord—

Later on, these meetings were transferred to a new school-house, built in the Hitchcock neighborhood, near the residence of Mr. Miner. One of them will long be remembered as the scene of what was thought to be a special answer to prayer. It was on a warm afternoon in summer, that the families of the neighborhood assembled at the usual hour. Some of the men came directly from their work, leaving their teams in the field. Before the meeting commenced, they gathered around the minister, and stood for a few minutes talking together with sad hearts of the great injury to the crops from the drought then prevailing.

Corn and potatoes were suffering, the grass was drying up, milk and butter were greatly reduced in quantity, and hay would be scarce. It was then proposed that this should be a prayer meeting for rain. These dear brethren lived near to God, and knew how to pray. The desks of the school-room were built next to the outside walls, and in front of them were seats for the scholars. As the meeting progressed, clouds gathered over the face of the sky, and while one brother was on his knees praying before the open window, the rain, falling upon the desk, spattered in his face. It continued to increase, until at the close but few ventured out. At the home down at "the Center," only three miles away, there were but a few drops of rain, and the supper table stood long waiting for its principal occupant, but it was nearly sunset before he made his appearance. A steady and copious rain had fallen for three hours, and as his horse trotted over the plank road, water was running in the ditch by its side.

It was during some of these years that the Mormon town of Nauvoo, on the east bank of the Mississippi in Illinois, was a source of great annoyance to the inhabitants of eastern Iowa. Raids were often made across the river, and cattle, horses, and other movable property taken to Nauvoo. But worse than all, it was a city of refuge for criminals of all classes, even the greatest. Added to this, the presiding judge was opposed to capital punishment. No murderer, under his administration, had ever paid the penalty for his crime with his life. Property and life had become so insecure as to cause almost constant uneasiness and fear among the people. This culminated when one night, at West Point, an aged German and wife, known to have money, were robbed and brutally murdered. The son, sleeping in another room, heard the noise and rushed to their defense. He fought manfully with no weapon but a chair, and finally drove them off, but too late to save his parents and nearly lost his own life. They fled to Nauvoo

as usual, but popular indignation was so roused that the destruction of Nauvoo was threatened, and the Mormons, fearing this threat would be carried out, delivered up the murderers, and the people demanded that they should be hanged. They were tried in Burlington, convicted, and Judge Mason, no longer able to resist the demands of justice, sentenced them to be executed. Then the people breathed more freely, and a sense of safety took the place of anxiety and alarm.

DANVILLE, August 8, 1846.—On my return from the June meeting of our Association in Dubuque, I found our little child lying sick so as to excite in our minds apprehension as to the result. She continued to decline, suffering greatly for nearly three weeks, when she was released from a world of pain and transplanted to that world where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick." She died on the 3rd of July, and on Independence day we laid the dear remains in the silent grave. Just eleven days later we followed to the burial place my only remaining sister, who had for months been gradually going down to the tomb, the victim of consumption. She died in peace, and sleeps in Jesus. But heavy as these afflictions were, they sometimes seemed light compared with some trials I have been called to pass through in the church. Two members were dismissed and asked for a council. The council met and sustained the action of the church. Then six of the family connection withdrew.

On the 28th of December, 1846, Iowa was admitted into the Union and became a state.

DANVILLE, May 15, 1847.—We have had much interest on the subject of temperance since the beginning of this year. A society has been formed, which now numbers more than 100 members. The question of license or no license was submitted to the people of the several counties of the state at the election on the first Monday in April. The ticket "No license" carried in every county but one. The vote in this township stood 9 for license and 113 against.

From a quarterly report, 1847:

We have at last been enabled to finish our house of worship, for which we have been earnestly laboring so long. We owe its completion to the prosperity which attended the farming interest, in the advanced price of grain during the past six months. Some who last fall thought they had done all they could, have been able to do more, and have, I trust, presented it as a thank offering to the Lord. The house was dedicated on the 18th of August, with appropriate and interesting religious exercises. Four of the brethren spent a few days with me immediately succeeding, and visited among the members of the church. Now, blessed with a new and comfortable house of worship, erected solely by our own exertions, with a church harmonious and strengthened by the effort to build, and with earnest prayer for Divine blessing, I look forward to the future with hope and courage.

In August of this year one of those mysterious meteors, which have never been satisfactorily accounted for, made its appearance in Linn county, Iowa. The noise which accompanied it was compared by some to distant thunder, by others to the rumbling of a heavily loaded wagon over frozen ground. It fell with a hissing sound, making a large indentation in the earth. Then it burst asunder with such force that the pieces were widely scattered. Prof. Shepard, of New Haven, hearing of this, wrote to Mr. Gaylord, requesting him to visit the place and secure the specimens. The money, forwarded in advance for these, enabled Mrs. Gaylord to fulfill a long cherished desire to visit once more her eastern home. Mr. Gaylord accompanied her up the Mississippi from Burlington to Davenport. From there, with little Sarah and a sister's child, she pursued the long journey alone, going from Davenport to Chicago by stage coach, thence the thousand miles by steamer to Buffalo, and from there to Hartford, Connecticut, by rail. In the meantime Mr. Gaylord visited Linn county

and succeeded in collecting and forwarding some very fine specimens from this remarkable intruder. His letters during her absence will occupy several pages of this chapter.

DANVILLE, IOWA, September 25, 1847.—Returned last evening from my trip to Linn county. I was successful in obtaining the large piece of the meteor, weighing twenty-two pounds, for $30. I also obtained three other small but very fine specimens. I made the trip in five days, and had a most delightful time. Not a drop of rain and almost a cloudless sky. I will now go back to the time we separated at Davenport. Our boat came slowly down the river, and it was eleven o'clock when we landed in Burlington. I found Mr. Seymour waiting to bring me out, and it was near three in the morning when we reached home. The next Sabbath evening I held a prayer-meeting at Mr. Miner's—went home with Mr. Antrobus, and in the morning started northward for Linn. Found everything safe when I got home last night. Learn that my brother's little boy, Henry, is very ill. Had a letter from Bro. Bascom, which relieved my mind from some anxiety in regard to your journey.

OCTOBER 15.—Am sorry to say that brother A.'s little son, Henry, is no more. He lingered, suffering greatly, until last week Wednesday, when he ceased to breathe. It is a heavy stroke to the family. May its influence over the other children be salutary! Mr. S. Ward, who lived near Mr. Seymour's, died yesterday.

OCTOBER 29.—Received a letter from Prof. Shepard with the promise of another check for $75. He is greatly delighted with my success in obtaining the specimens. How clearly marked is the hand of a kind Providence in providing the means for you to make that long desired visit! Without this, I could not have seen the way open to meet the expense. * * Nathan Lewis and Minerva Burnell were married last week and attended church on the Sabbath. Mr. Wolcott and Jerusha Hitchcock were married day before yesterday at twelve o'clock. It was a very pleasant wedding. We sat down to a sumptuous dinner, after which I drove to Mt. Pleasant to attend the

Association. Bro. Reed was present, also Revs. Turner, Lane, Salter, Ripley, and others. It was pleasant to meet the brethren again. On Sabbath, the 17th, I preached in Denmark, in exchange with Bro. Turner. Franklin Jaggar and Sarah Miner are attending school in the academy there, and Irena Hitchcock is to spend the winter in Denmark.

I had sufficiently recovered from my temporary illness to commence traveling on October 12. Have since attended the meetings of Des Moines Presbytery and the Congregational Association, which required about two hundred and forty miles travel. But I have succeeded in having those bodies adopt systematic efforts in the work of missions.

NOVEMBER 8.—Have just returned from a ride and several calls. Spent some time at Esq. Messenger's, Mr. Snow's and Mr. Miner's. Visited at Mr. Antrobus' and took supper. This is Monday evening, November 8—not rainy or muddy as six years ago, but clear and pleasant. Mr. Porter will go east, perhaps this week. Yesterday was our communion season. That and the monthly concert were very interesting. My room is pleasant, and my boarding place all I could wish. Mrs. Porter is very kind, and Harriet ready to do all she can for my comfort. Doubtless before this, you have seen "her that bare me" and conversed familiarly with her. How do you like the aged saint? You cannot but like her, for she is my mother! Hope you will be particular to write fully, how she is situated, enjoys herself, etc. Oh, she is a mother indeed!

NOVEMBER 25.—This has been since Sunday a most unpleasant week. Sabbath was a lovely day, and the house was well filled. Monday it commenced raining and continued two days. Then came a snow storm followed by severe cold. Today (Thanksgiving) it has been very cold and blustering. So few came to meeting that I did not preach. Mr. Hedge's father is in Burlington, and will spend the winter with them. I saw a Mr. Martin K. Whittlesey at Mr. Starr's in Burlington. He is just from New Haven. Since the 18th of November I have been occupied in visiting churches in the south part of the state, beginning at Iowa City.

DANVILLE, December 10.—Language is too weak to describe the feelings of intense anxiety which for nearly four weeks possessed my mind by day and by night. Daily I visited the postoffice and returned sick at heart because no letter came. But I was finally enabled to commit all to our covenant keeping God—to give all our interests entirely by faith into His hands and say, "Thy will be done." The change which this wrought in my mind was productive of no small degree of happiness. I felt that God would do all things right, and from that time enjoyed a composure and peace of mind to which I had been too much of a stranger. On Monday Esq. Messenger met me with a smile, saying, "There is a letter for you."

The long time occupied by the journey, and the illness of Mrs. Gaylord on the way, caused this delay in receiving a letter. The fatigue of the ride from Rock Island to Chicago, induced fever and ague, which prostrated her during the lake passage on the steamer Niagara, so that at Buffalo she was at first unable to board the eastern train, and could not write until she had reached the home of her friends in Connecticut. A journey from Iowa to Connecticut meant as many weeks in 1847 as days in 1889. The weariness experienced in traveling by stage coach, water, and the slow and careful railway coach of those days can scarcely be imagined by one who now enters a "flyer," and is borne almost on the wings of the wind to the place of destination.

Have had a good visit with Rev. Mr. Reed, who spent the night with me. He is in rather poor health. St. Clair, an anti-slavery lecturer has been here and spoken to the people two evenings. He is an excellent speaker and his addresses were well received. There is to be an anti-slavery state convention at Yellow Springs next week. A strong battery is about to be opened upon this accursed system. The Lord hasten its overthrow in His own time.

To the Congregational ministry of those days is largely due the foremost position which Iowa has always held in education and reform. The motto they carried to that new land was "For God and humanity," and they kept this motto sacred through all their years of self-denying labor. They were the unflinching advocates of temperance, anti-slavery, Sabbath keeping, and all just and righteous reforms, and their successors, treading in their footsteps, have continued to cultivate these righteous principles, until they are now producing fruit an hundred fold, in helping to make Iowa what she is fast becoming—one of the model states of the Union.

DANVILLE, December 21.—Have been reading a little volume published by Prof. Turner, of Illinois College, entitled, "The Kingdom of Heaven Against Hierarchies." It is a strong argument in favor of Congregationalism. This day I have spent in visiting, and will give you some account of it. First called at Mr. Sawyer's—conversed as faithfully as I knew how and prayed with the family. I left Mrs. S. in tears. Then went to Mr. W.'s room and held personal conversation on the interests of the soul. Next called at Mr. Lewis' and found Mrs. Lewis very sick with fever. Conversed and prayed with her and she seemed very thankful indeed. Was very kindly received at Mr. Gillilland's and Mr Hunter's. Then went to Mr. Pinto's and showed them our articles of faith and church covenant by request. They attend our meetings regularly, and I think will be with us soon. I have proposed to the church to spend the first day of the new year as a day of fasting and prayer, in preparation for the communion which will be the next day. Our nephew, H. Gaylord, will unite with the church at that time. He appears well. Religion seems to have taken a strong hold of him. Oh, that Sarah may love God with her youthful heart!

From Mr. Gaylord's quarterly report in the *Home Missionary* of March, 1848:

Note by the Editors: "We regard the following facts as sources of good. The effort of this [Danville] congregation to sustain itself and contribute to the cause of benevolence, is worthy of all praise. It bespeaks a people, sensible of the value of their own privileges, and as having made a good use of them."

The most interesting portion of our history for the last three months, is the evidence it has furnished of the growing interest felt in benevolent efforts for a lost world. I presented the claims of the Foreign Missionary Board in November. My object was, so to bring out the truth, that it should lead the people to act from principle and not from impulse. No strong appeal was made on the ground of the urgent necessities of the case, but truth drawn from the text, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself," was plainly set forth, and the people called upon to act from a sense of duty and as a matter of conscience. After the Sabbath I went around and called upon the members of my congregation and simply asked each one what they wished to give. The result was a subscription of $55. There had been previously contributed at the monthly concert $6.50, which makes our contribution to that object for the year $61.50. This makes by far the largest collection ever taken up here for that object. That for the Home Missionary Society last spring exceeded any previous donation, and the manner in which this was given leads me to think that we shall go on increasing, provided our ability increases. Our people during the year have expended much upon our house of worship, and have done more than ever before for my support. One incident in my calls upon the people I must relate. In one family, consisting of the parents and three children, the children all brought their gifts. Then the mother told me it was her practice to appropriate the avails of some particular labor for a definite object of benevolence. For this she had made a cheese which she had sold for $1. The father said he had just received returns for his wool, from which he had realized more than he had expected, and thought he ought to do considerable. The result was a contribution of $5.75. It cheered my heart. Let others do likewise.

To Mrs. Gaylord:

DANVILLE, January 1, 1848.—I begin the year with the earnest prayer that we may be more entirely consecrated to God, and that I may be a good minister of Jesus Christ. This is the only way in which we can be useful to any extent. The year just closed has been full of blessings, and as it passed away I seemed to be parting with a tried friend. I fear we have failed to exercise that gratitude to our kind Benefactor, which was due for special help in temporal matters. With what a heavy heart and distrustful spirit we looked at our pecuniary obligations. Now the debt is reduced to $300, and I hold obligations for more than that amount. I wish here to record my testimony to the great goodness and kindness of our God. If we ever distrust Him again I almost feel that we ought to be stripped of all we have. * * * Mrs. Reading, Mrs. Brister's mother, passed away about sunset on Wednesday. I attended her funeral on Thursday. Have held preparatory lecture to-day, and finished writing my New Year's sermon. The day has been devoted by some of us to religious exercises. We held a prayer meeting in the church at eleven, and the lecture at two. I leave for Davenport on Monday, and will be absent about a week.

JANUARY 3.—My expectations yesterday were more than realized. The morning dawned without a cloud, and the atmosphere was that of a pleasant spring day. As I entered the sanctuary, I found a large congregation assembled, to whom I endeavored to improve the occasion for their good. At times the house was perfectly still. All our young people who are spending the winter in Denmark, were over, also Mr. Sturges,* his sister and two other young ladies. Hurlburt and Douglass Jaggar came and stayed all day. Hurlburt attended the evening meeting. At the close of the forenoon services we took up a collection for incidental expenses. The amount is sufficient to pay all arrearages and meet expenses for the remainder of the winter. It was gratifying to me. The afternoon was devoted to communion services. Almost the whole

* Mr. Sturges subsequently went on a mission to Micronesia.

congregation remained. It was interesting to see Hiram come out from his former companions and confess Christ before them all. How my dear mother would have enjoyed the scene! I took occasion before the meeting closed to make some remarks upon the duty of mothers and the power which God had given them over their children. Several wept freely. The monthly concert at evening was well attended, and the contribution for foreign missions a good one for us. It encourages me to know that H. and E. W. and one or two of Mr. Cady's sons meet every Friday evening for prayer by themselves. They seem to have a growing interest. I leave about noon to-day for Davenport.

So many of our people are away this winter that it sometimes seems lonely—Mr. Porter, Thomas Hurlburt, Mr. Snow, I. Hitchcock, Sarah Miner, F. Jaggar, Mrs. McClung and J. H. Wolcott.

JANUARY 8.—As you are aware, my journey to Davenport was to attend a meeting of the trustees of Iowa College. I left home at one P. M., on Monday, January 3, and rode twenty miles that afternoon to Virginia grove. Stayed all night with my old friends, the "Brown family," where I was most cordially received. The mud was so deep I had to go on horseback. It turned cold and froze during the night, and in the morning I rode on over a rough road toward Bloomington, which I reached about sunset. Stayed with Bro. Robbins over night, and the next day had a cold ride to Davenport. Found Brothers Reed and Adams well. As not enough of the trustees came together to make a quorum, we transacted no business, but adjourned to meet in the same place on the 16th of March. The college building we are erecting will be a very substantial one, and will look well. It is 36 by 55 feet. We are anxious to have it completed and ready for occupancy by October or November next. If we had the requisite funds we might soon make this institution a center of influence. I promised to send up $10 toward meeting present emergencies. The obligations of benevolence expand in importance daily. Have come back to Bloomington, and am now writing in Bro. Robbins' study. As I cannot get

home by Saturday night, shall stay over till Monday. But I have a strong desire to be at home and put forth new efforts for the salvation of my people.

DANVILLE, January 20, 1848.—My trip to Davenport was a tiresome one. I spent the Sabbath at Bloomington, and preached for Bro. Robbins. The day was cold and blustering. Left B. in the morning and rode to the Iowa river against a most severe south wind. The river, which I crossed in a boat in going up, was closed, and in attempting to cross on the ice my horse went through and stood on the bottom in nearly three feet of water. She immediately raised herself on to the ice, which broke a few times, but contrary to my expectations she finally came out on the same side I entered without injury. I was compelled to go back two miles to find a place to stay over night. The horse, saddle, and myself began to have an uncomfortable coating of ice, but a lively gallop over the two miles warmed us a little. Thus again I have occasion to adore the goodness of God. The next day I crossed the river safely at another point, and came down and spent the night with George D. He has relinquished his hope of heaven, and seems indifferent and somewhat skeptical. I tried to be faithful with him. Came on to Mt. Pleasant, but did not tarry.

Reached home on Wednesday and found that some changes had taken place in my absence. Death had invaded our people, and I found two families clad in the habiliments of mourning. On Wednesday morning, January 5, as Mrs. Luther Jaggar went up stairs, she was shocked to find her daughter, Mrs. Burnham, lying dead. She had left her but an hour before sleeping quietly and, apparently, as well as usual. The family seem to feel it deeply. Mrs. Jaggar spoke with so much feeling of my being away at the time and of your absence, that it touched a tender chord in my heart. Mr. Burnham stayed over the following Sabbath and preached for our people. He remained till the next Thursday evening, and I spent Wednesday night with the family. Bro. Salter attended the funeral. Last week a son of Jonathan Roberts, twenty-one years of age, died. Lewis Hannah's wife has been at death's

dark door with winter fever, but is a little better. I have visited her twice. Have suffered from a severe cold taken on my journey, and still feel the effects of it. There is no particular interest among us at this time. Oh, that dreadful stupidity; how it palsies our hearts! The devil works while we sleep.

I always feel when writing that the sheet is not half large enough, and when I have finished reading your letters, there is a longing for more that can hardly be satisfied. I have never longed for your society so much as for a few days past. Oh, when will the hour arrive when we shall see each other again? "God speed the day!" And yet shall we wish our precious time to fly? God grant that we may improve it to His glory! The Lord ever be with you and give you peace and constant joy.

DANVILLE, IA., February 4, 1848.—I have finally decided to make the necessary sacrifice and go east in the spring. The chief difficulties in the way were my unwillingness to be in debt, and to jeopardize the interests of our people by my absence. After giving the subject a very serious consideration, I called at Mr. Booth's, Mr. Jaggar's and Dr. Hall's, also on Mr. Hitchcock's and Mr. Miner's people and some others. I was much pleased with the expression of kind feeling which I met everywhere; for while they are sorry to have me absent, they are willing to forego their privileges for a time to gratify us. My arrangements are such that I shall not be able to leave until some time in April. H. will remain at Mr. Porter's. I have to-day sold my place to Mr. Matthews, a New England man, born in New Hartford.

FEBRUARY 16.—This is Wednesday afternoon, and early to-morrow morning I go to Denmark to assist in a protracted meeting. Mrs. Miner goes over with me. How truly our letters, written at various times, show the lights and shadows of every day life! When I wrote the 1st of January I was greatly encouraged. My mind was in a cheerful state and my health good. But I have not been well since that cold and tedious ride to Davenport. Am weary and nervous, and suffer constantly

from nervous debility. I sleep but little nights, and anything of an exciting character unnerves me; but think I am a little better. It is my intention to leave home the 6th of April, and spend the Sabbath in St. Louis with my old friend, Prof. Post, of Jacksonville, now settled there. The next Sabbath I shall probably be with Mrs. Porter's friends in Cincinnati. I have a strong desire to visit Washington city on my way. Should there be time before attending the May anniversaries in New York, I shall go to Norfolk and visit my dear mother and other friends. Shall wish to tarry a few days in New Haven, attend the meetings of associations in Massachusetts and Connecticut, spend a week or two in Boston, Andover and Amherst, and be ready to return sometime in July. I wish to make the trip as profitable intellectually, spiritually and physically as possible. How I wish we could procure a communion set and lamps for our church! I expect Bro. Waters to preach for me half the time in my absence.

DANVILLE, March 2, 1848.—I spent four days at Denmark and preached eight times. It rained two of the four days and the frost all came out of the ground. This operated against the meeting. It was quite interesting, but no decided conversions had occurred when I left. There has been deep interest at Farmington and a revival at Burlington. Spent last Sabbath at Brighton in exchange with Bro. Burnham at his urgent request. To-morrow we have our preparatory lecture, and the church are to choose a deacon in the place of Dr. Hall. His profession interrupts him so much that he feels he ought to resign. The choice will fall, I think, upon Mr. Booth, with great unanimity. Mrs. Hall's niece, Miss Thompson, is coming out this spring, the wife of a Galena merchant. Miss Corning is recovering from her long illness. Mrs. Pinto will unite with the church to-morrow. Our people have a literary club which meets once in two weeks, and there is also a debate at the school-house every Saturday night. The question as to the propriety of our farmers' selling their grain to the distillers has been argued in our temperance society.

We have started a movement for a select school at the

Center, and propose to erect a neat building, into which we wish to put a female teacher of the best qualifications. The movement originated with four of us, three besides myself, and there seems to be so much unanimity, such a readiness to take hold of the work, that I regard it as the leadings of a kind Providence. In two weeks I go to Davenport again to attend a meeting of the trustees of Iowa College, and hope there will not be another failure.

April 3.—Mrs. R. wishes to go east with me, and I shall send her word to-morrow when to meet me in Burlington. She will take her children with her. Mrs. Hall has been very sick, but I trust is now out of danger. Mr. John Hitchcock's little son died a month since. It was a great affliction to them.

Burlington, Iowa, April 15, 1848.—I expected at this hour to be in or near St. Louis. Sent word to Bro. R. to have his family here on Thursday, and accordingly came down on Wednesday to be in readiness. I stretched my eyes, and I fear my patience too, looking for a boat, yet none came till this morning. And as there was no probability of getting much below the rapids before Sunday, Mrs. R. and *suite* concluded to wait until Monday. I am trying to bear with fortitude the severe disappointment caused by this delay. I shall start about the same time with this letter, and expect to give it a good chase. The day after I came down there was a celebration here by the Sons of Temperance. There were four hundred in the procession and they made a fine appearance. An address was delivered by Mr. Grimes. I shall spend the Sabbath with Bro. Salter. I called on all my congregation in Danville the days before I left home, and as I gave them the parting hand saw not a few turn away with tears in their eyes. Sabbath evening at the prayer meeting the brethren offered fervent supplications for my protection on the journey, and for my safe return, and that I may long live to be a blessing to my people. My anticipated absence is already showing me more fully than ever before the strength of attachment which I feel for them.

Mr. Gaylord's eastern visit at this time was productive of much pleasure and profit to himself and many others. The May anniversaries in New York, his visits at the Home Missionary Rooms and to his Alma Mater at New Haven, were sources of heartfelt enjoyment. And his social and affectionate nature found rich satisfaction in the companionship of his beloved mother and other friends in Norfolk, his native town, and in mingling with newer friends in Newington and Hartford. Some of these still refer with much pleasure to that visit in the summer of 1848. But wherever he went the interests of his adopted state and of the great west were made paramount to all others, and their needs and attractions presented in a manner to convey much useful information. The knowledge thus imparted was the more valuable because it carried with it the weight of his own personal observation and experience.

The following lines were composed by one of the young ladies of his church on the occasion of his return:

Friend and Pastor, all the greeting
Hearts in union can express,
We would offer, while entreating
That our Father thee may bless
In thy labor,
May He be thy strength and shield,
In thy reaping;
May He life and glory yield.

Brother, Teacher, Friend and Pastor,
Thee again we welcome here,
Servant of our chosen Master,
Thou to us art ever dear.
Gladly welcome,
While we breathe the warmest prayer,
That our Father
Now will keep thee in His care.

From quarterly report:

DANVILLE, October 17, 1848.—I am truly grateful that my commission from the Executive Committee covers the time of my absence of more than three and one-half months from my

usual work. At this time I can speak of the mercy and goodness which preserved myself and family, and permitted us again to resume our labors among this people. We reached home the 10th of August in good health, and the next Sabbath I found a large congregation assembled to hear the word from my lips. From that time to the present I have preached regularly without interruption.

During my absence a very neat and pleasant school-house has been built near our church for a select school. It was projected before I left for the east, and was nearly finished on my return. I obtained a teacher, Miss Wakefield, from the Ladies' Society in Boston, who came out with us. She commenced school in September with good prospects, and seems well fitted for her position. There is a very commendable degree of interest among the people on the subject of education. The greatest difficulty in the way is the scarcity of money, and this operates as a hindrance and discouragement to every undertaking. Owing to the rapids in the river above Keokuk, there is a difference in the price of a bushel of wheat of twenty-five or thirty cents between Burlington and Chicago. This will be obviated whenever we have an outlet to the lakes by a railroad from the east to the Mississippi. I was much benefitted by my journey and the relaxation from care and labor for a season.

After a few years of successful teaching, Miss Wakefield was married to Rev. Mr. Blakeslee, and went with him to California. Her help and influence were much valued by the Ladies' Missionary Societies in the city which was her adopted home. She passed away in 1881, leaving a husband and two daughters to mourn her loss.

Miss Wilson of New Ipswich, New Hampshire, a sister of Mrs. Taylor of Denmark, was obtained to fill her place in the school. This lady possessed in an eminent degree those qualifications needful for such a position. She was thoroughly competent and efficient as a teacher, and as a devoted and active Christian lady was an invaluable aid to the church and pastor.

To the Society:

JANUARY 25, 1849.—How rapidly time wings its way, showing us that we may soon be borne on its flowing tide from the scenes of earth! Our church has sustained a severe loss during the last week in the death of Mr. L. Jaggar, who was its oldest member. He was sixty-five years of age, has been a constant attendant on the varied means of grace, and a generous supporter of the gospel. Thus far, the winter has been the most severe of any I have ever experienced in the west. Yet the regular ministrations of the word have not been interrupted and we have had meetings every Sabbath. I have been looking anxiously for my draft for the quarter ending October 16. Am sorry to learn that you are out of funds. My store bills have accumulated for things needful, and all I have to pay them with is promises.

FEBRUARY 28.—Present number of members in the church fifty. Contributions to the Home Missionary Society during the year, $50; Bible Society in all, $25; foreign missions, $17; American Moral Reform, $15.

MAY 7.—Spring has again opened upon us, and our congregation is filling up. Our church and society are making vigorous efforts to pay off a debt incurred in building our meeting house. I long to have this little band strong enough to sustain the gospel without aid from others, and to see this beautiful prairie given to Christ.

JULY 25.—I acknowledge with gratitude the renewal of my commission, and I desire so to labor as to fulfill the obligations of a higher commission than that which cometh from man. I have endeavored to preach the word in the sanctuary, in the circle of prayer, from house to house and by the sick bed.

WARREN, Iowa, January 8, 1850.—MY DEAR WIFE: I have been very busy since I came here, and yet am at a loss to know whether I am doing much good. There seems to be an unusual degree of solemnity in the whole of Bro. Nichols' field. I hope at least to break up some of the fallow ground and cast in the

seed. This is a community in which there must be a great deal of preparatory work before the fruits will fully appear. Saturday afternoon we had a sacramental lecture, and Sunday forenoon preaching and communion. It was a deeply interesting occasion. It did me good to speak words of encouragement to the little church, and to hold up a brother's hands. Sunday evening we went to the other settlement, and I preached to a crowded house of attentive listeners. Mr. S. Millard invited me to go home with him. His mind is much interested and I pressed him to a decision. I feel my own unworthiness more than ever, and if God does anything through me, surely He will have all the glory. I went over to Farmington yesterday and got some copies of "The Catechism Tested by the Bible" of Bro. Adams. I hope the Lord will visit my dear people.

DANVILLE, January 16, 1850.—During the last quarter I have preached once in four weeks on Sabbath evening at Augusta, a little town seven miles from Danville. It has been a very wicked place. They have recently started a division of the Sons of Temperance, and most of the men have joined. I think there is some hope for the place.

APRIL 16.—This has been a quarter of more religious interest than we have experienced for a long time. The minds of some became interested to seek salvation, and two or three expressed a decided hope of an interest in Christ previous to my March report. Since that time we have held meetings for nearly two weeks, having preaching evenings and a prayer-meeting in the afternoon. I was assisted in these meetings by Rev. Harvey Adams, of Farmington. His preaching was a most plain and forcible exhibition of great Bible truths. There was no effort to stir the passions, or in any way to produce undue excitement. Some eight or ten in all, are thought to have passed from death unto life.

JULY 24.—You have seen notices of our meeting of General Association at Dubuque. I have seldom attended one of the kind so full of interest. It was worth a year of toil to be permitted to go up to Jerusalem and attend such a feast.

Mr. Gaylord greatly prized these annual convocations of his Congregational brethren. They were not strictly a rest, but a change from working alone to working and planning together for the great cause. The interchange of thought, the contact of mind with mind and heart with heart *did* give some rest to the weary spirit. Then the reports from the various fields—the mutual consultations and prayers were always stimulating and helpful, and the cheering words spoken, the knowledge that others experienced similar trials with themselves, inspired patience and with it courage and hope. Mr. Gaylord often returned from these gatherings with a stronger faith, and fresh zeal to gird on the armor anew and never again yield to weariness or discouragement in his work.

DANVILLE, August 24, 1850.—Obloquy, cast upon the church or any of its members, does not seem to move it except to more prayer and greater watchfulness, and I have never felt a stronger confidence that God would appear for Zion than I do now.

OCTOBER 16.—A Baptist church has been built near ours, so that at present our congregation is somewhat reduced. A plank road is being built directly through our place.

DANVILLE, March 3, 1851.—I regard the church as in a better state of religious prosperity than it has been, and the prospect before us brighter. Early in February I proposed to the brethren to commence a protracted prayer-meeting. They approved of the suggestion and we held meetings every evening for one week. There was one decided case of conversion and others became interested. Rev. Asa Turner came and assisted me for ten days. A few came out on the Lord's side among the adults, and of quite a number of the children we have considerable hope. I have formed a class, which I meet weekly for religious instruction.

JULY, 1851.—Of five that go from here to Oregon, four made a profession of religion in this church, and they go

determined to plant the standard of the cross where they make a final settlement. At first I felt sad that any should leave this feeble band. But I now feel that the hand of God is in it, and that our farewell meeting with them may be the means of laying the foundation of a true Christian church in that new country. Many prayers were offered up in their behalf, and they left for Oregon in a most delightful state of religious feeling.

DANVILLE, March, 1852.—During the winter there seemed to be a growing spirituality in the church. Prayer-meetings were attended with interest, and I felt that we ought to make some special effort for the salvation of the people. I made two ineffectual attempts to get a brother to assist me. In the meantime a Baptist brother came unexpectedly to labor with the Baptist church, and they extended a cordial invitation to me and my people to come in with them and hold a union meeting. Our brethren were ripe for the work and we accepted the invitation. The meeting continued for three weeks, and was one of great interest. The results thus far are good and good only. Some of the converts have united with us, some with the Baptists, and some with the Methodists. The best feeling continues between the churches. Yesterday, with us, was a day of great interest. Nine came forward and entered into covenant with this church. There are others who, we trust, will soon profess Christ with us, and four will unite by letter.

JANUARY, 1853.—We have in this place at present a large class of youth from the age of fifteen to twenty-one, who have not received the benefit of a religious education, but who are in the habit of attending meeting somewhere almost constantly. They are influenced partly by the love of novelty, and will go to hear any new preacher. They frequently attend with us in the morning, and quite regularly at night. We hope to do them good. I feel that now is the seed time for them, and trust that some precious fruit will yet be gathered from amongst their number.

Note from the editor of *Home Missionary:* "How suggestive to a benevolent mind is this short communication! There is

hope for the young, even from the vivacity and curiosity natural to their period of life. The Sabbath and the Christian assembly have an interest to their minds through the intellectual and social excitement they awaken, if for nothing more. How important that the home missionary at the west should be able to gather the young of every class into his congregation, and offer to them instructions which will profitably gain their attention! How important everywhere!"

FARMINGTON, Iowa, February 18, 1853.—MY DEAR WIFE: I reached here about dusk after a rough and fatiguing ride over very bad roads. I did not stop more than twenty minutes, and hurried all the way. Bro. Turner went home on Monday, but I found Rev. Mr. Holt here from Montrose. He preached that night, for which I was very thankful. Next day I had a headache, but preached that evening and again last evening. I can hardly tell you what is the state of things here. There has been trouble in the church, which causes a part of the members to stand aloof from the work, and yet God has come and converted souls. Bro. Adams thinks the interest seems to be spreading and growing deeper. New cases have manifested themselves since I came. I feel that if anything is to be done for the salvation of this people, it will not do to relax effort now. I do hope the Lord will make me useful here. Tell Ralph papa thinks about him and wants to see him and hear his little musical voice, and tell the little girls that father wants them to think much about Jesus Christ. May the Lord keep you and ours, and use all for His glory.

FARMINGTON, February 22.—I had expected to go home by this time, but the brethren and Bro. Adams think they cannot spare me at present. The work seems to be going forward gradually. Bro. A. thinks there is as much interest now as at any time. We conversed yesterday with some who seem on the verge of the kingdom or have just entered. One of these has been profane and a Sabbath-breaker. He has had deep and pungent convictions, and seems truly humble. There are other interesting cases. I have preached seven times since I came. I selected my sermon on The Judgment for Sabbath morning. A

solemn stillness pervaded the assembly, and numbers wept profusely. When the congregation was dismissed they left the house as if feeling that God was there. * * * I feel my weakness and unfitness for the work, but trust the Lord is, notwithstanding, owning my labors for good. Oh, for true humility and lowliness of mind! I know I am remembered daily by you at the mercy seat. I am surely needed at home, but believe you will be taken care of. Trust in the Lord—confide wholly in Him and all shall be well.

In April, 1853, Mr. Gaylord writes:

You will remember that several members of this church left us last year for Oregon and California. As they were about to leave we had a very interesting farewell meeting. We then commended them to God and His protecting care, and promised not to forget them. Often since that time have we remembered them when worshiping together, praying that God would be around about them a wall of defense by night and by day. We are now permitted to record the faithfulness of the Hearer of Prayer. There was great mortality among the overland emigrants, and sickness and suffering enough to make the strongest tremble. Yet all who were the special subjects of our prayers were carried safely through, with but little sickness and no death, although in one family there were five children from two to twelve years of age. Other families who were not members of the church and did not come into this circle of prayer were greatly afflicted. From one, death removed a father and child—from another, a mother and two children. Surely God does hear his people when they call upon Him. We hope the influence of this church will yet be felt in the extreme west.

In a sermon of Mr. Gaylord's, delivered at an association in Denmark in 1853, he shows the very encouraging growth of Congregationalism in Iowa by a backward glance over the years of his ministry. He says:

One great obstacle which we encountered at first was ignorance on the part of the people of our faith and polity. We

were liable to be misrepresented, because our views and practice were not understood. Our system was then new in the west, and there was a doubt in the minds of those who loved it, as to whether on the whole it was best to insist upon it here. Another obstacle was in the religious habits of the people. Their love of excitement was opposed to a permanent ministry, and the fixed uniform custom of ordinary Sabbath worship, by which the most valuable traits of character are wrought into the man. But time and the power of example have helped the thinking and considerate to a better way—even the good old paths. Our principles have also made themselves known and difficulties have been overcome by educating a generation under their influence.

As a denomination we have not been without evident tokens of God's blessing. Our meetings of association have ever been of a harmonious and deeply interesting character. Nothing has occurred to mar the peace or cool the love of the brethren. While we have thought freely, and spoken as freely as we have thought, there has been before us one great object, and to that we have given our efforts and our best energies. We felt that we were occupying a position of no small importance at the fountain-head of influence for what was to be a great and prosperous state, and were one of the elements that must be felt in marking out its future character. The favor of God has also been shown in preserving the lives and health of our ministers. Since 1838 but two have fallen by death while connected with us. But let us remember that best of all, through the divine favor the gospel has made its way where error had planted itself to bid defiance to the truth. Mormonism, though still alive and flourishing, has left this fertile valley, and settled down in the wilderness beyond the Rocky Mountains, while the gray-headed blasphemer lived to see a Christian church, vigorous and flourishing, established in his immediate vicinity, and his own private schemes overshadowed by an influence stronger than they. That brother was right who said, "Congregationalism is the rising wave." The leaven has been working in other denominations, and will work

still more by its own inherent worth. A bright day is dawning. Our principles will stand the Bible test, "By their fruits ye shall know them." And in laboring for Christ's cause in connection with our polity, we feel assured that we are laboring for God, and that we may rest fully upon him for guidance and direction.

Let us stop a moment on the mount of observation, and look at our present position. We have now between forty and fifty ministers in active service, and fifty-two churches associated, with several others not connected with our ecclesiastical bodies. We have an institution of learning in successful operation, with several academies and schools of a higher order. Connected with these churches are between 1,800 and 1,900 members, many of whom are laboring with true Christian devotion to bring this land under the power of the gospel.

AUGUST 1, 1853.—During the past three months our hearts have been made glad by witnessing the self-denial and devotion to the service of Christ of a youthful member of this flock. One who was trained here, converted here, and here gave herself away in covenant to God and with His people, has left us for a mission among the Ojibway Indians. She was a young lady of devoted piety, and sometime since gave herself to the missionary work. On the last Sabbath in May, we bade her and her husband farewell, and commended them to the protection and blessing of the God of missions.

Miss Miner, the young lady here referred to, had studied in Oberlin, and went with her husband to Cass Lake, near the head waters of the Mississippi, where this tribe was located. Her talents were of a high order, and were faithfully used during a life of constant cross-bearing and self-denial for the cause of Christ. After a lingering illness she died in York, Nebraska, in the summer of 1880, leaving behind her the fragrance of a lovely and useful Christian life.

HILLSBORO, September 23.—MY DEAR WIFE: I reached here Tuesday evening, a little before six, and found the people glad

to see me. I was very much chilled, and did not get warm till next day. * * * * It is pleasant to labor in the cause of my Master. The people turn out well and listen with fixed attention. Last night there was an appointment for Mr. Shinn to preach. Some thought best to give up our meeting and go and meet with them. We carried the whole matter before the Lord and asked him to direct us. Yesterday it was decided to go on with our meeting, and to send an invitation to Mr. Shinn to come and preach, but he did not come. We had a full house, more than on any other evening, and I spoke to a congregation of wicked men, who listened with great apparent interest. We are in Satan's seat, but we feel that the Lord is here. We are in His hands and it may yet be seen "that our labor is not in vain." I never felt a deeper interest or less anxiety, and enjoy a good degree of the Divine Presence. Pray for me that I may do *God's* work, not *mine*. Tell the dear children I love them and desire their salvation. Shall we meet, an unbroken family in heaven?

To the Society:

DANVILLE, October, 1853.—After preaching twice at home, I have once in two or three weeks held a third service ten miles north. It is new ground and I am endeavoring to break it up so as to cast in the good seed of the kingdom. Was solicited to preach at two other places in the vicinity, and left an appointment for one of them. Two weeks since I held a meeting at Salem, where there is a small church, and also at a school-house five miles from there.

The closing weeks of 1853 and the beginning of 1854 witnessed a deep and growing religious interest on the part of both church and people. We take the following account of it from the *Home Missionary:*

Note by the Editor: "For a considerable time previous to the effort mentioned below, the missionary had been anxiously desirous for a revival of God's work among his people. This desire became apparent in his preaching, rendering that more earnest and therefore more effective. The way was thus pre-

pared for the work that followed. So it usually is. Would that all missionaries and ministers were mindful of it—that the reviving of religion which moves a whole community, has its secret beginning in the minister's own soul."

We held a series of meetings which continued five weeks. The preaching was plain, pointed and faithful. These exercises have been of great service to the church, not only as a present refreshing, but in preparing them for future labor. There have been some very interesting cases of conversion. * * I feel that we have reason to bless God for the meeting and the blessing which attended it. The good seed sown I trust will yet bring forth much fruit. God's dealings with this church have been such as to call for lively emotions of gratitude. For five winters in succession we have enjoyed seasons of refreshing, in which souls have been born into the kingdom. For more than two years there has been no death in the church and but little sickness. How long these mercies will continue God only knows. To Him be all the praise.

It is a fact of interest that the children of this church, as they grew up, almost without exception became Christians and united with the church. A few cases of marked conversion in connection with Mr. Gaylord's labors in Danville are here given: A young and talented physician, a native of New Hampshire, with a Christian wife from New York city, located in the settlement in the spring of 1838. The doctor was an unbeliever, and, although he often accompanied his wife to the place of worship, he had a decided aversion to the humbling doctrines of the cross. Increasing practice frequently afforded a plausible excuse for being absent from meeting on the Sabbath. Then the time came when it was noticed that he was often present, and had become anxious for his own spiritual welfare. It was not long before his wife and numerous friends together with his pastor had the great joy of seeing him become a decided follower of Christ. He proved an invaluable and constant helper to the church and pastor, and after

more than forty years of a consistent and active Christian life, in August, 1887, he went home to his reward. Four years earlier his beloved wife, having spent long years in loving service for Christ, preceded him to the heavenly world. Four of their children are still living to cherish hallowed memories of these faithful and devoted parents. One of the daughters is at present a most efficient helper in the Danville church.

A few years after the doctor's conversion, during a revival, one of the converts was an interesting young man who resided with his parents in Danville. He was engaged to a young lady in an eastern state who was a favorite in society, petted and flattered by the gay circle in which she moved. After the wedding, as she was about to leave for her new home, some of her friends, knowing the character of the social and religious society in which she would mingle in Danville, said to her: "You will be as stiff an old Puritan as any of them in six months." She replied, "No; not I! You need not be troubled, for I am in no danger." The first Sabbath after her arrival, she naturally accompanied her husband to the house of God. There she was met by the Holy Spirit, and before the service closed became anxious and troubled about her own state. During the week which followed she gladly welcomed the minister to converse and pray with her, and soon found peace and joy in believing. She now gave herself to the service of Christ with that same decision of character which had marked her course as a devotee of pleasure, and soon developed into a noble and gifted Christian woman, "full of good works and alms deeds" for the Master. After a beautiful and consecrated life in the city of Burlington, which became their chosen home, she was called away from earth in the autumn of 1885. A very large company of those who knew her worth joined with the bereaved husband in mourning the loss of one so greatly beloved.

Another interesting case was that of a lady who had

lost a lovely child in the city of ——, and, almost overwhelmed by her affliction, had come to Danville to visit her husband's parents. She, too, with a heart made very tender, by her great sorrow, came to the house of God. There she was met by the Divine Spirit, and although she had been for some years a member of a church, felt that she was not a Christian. She was assailed by the most terrible temptations, and endured several weeks of intense suffering before she could sit like a child at the feet of Jesus. She now delighted to spend much of her time in the pastor's family, and although too delicately reared to understand household employments, was anxious to help perform the daily tasks so that she might enjoy the company of those with whom she could talk of her newly found hopes and joys. In all the years that have followed, it is believed that her life has been that of a devout and humble Christian.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, March 8, 1854.—MY DEAR WIFE: I am still here waiting for a boat going up the river, which is now hourly expected. Have tried telegraphing to Davenport, but the line will not work owing to dampness. It is possible the trustees may have a quorum and get the business done before I get there, and yet if I should not go, they might fail and great injury result. Last night, after committing the whole matter to God, I was led to feel that if I could not get word by telegraph, it was my duty to go. So I leave it. Have seen Bro. Winchell, and promised to go to Warren and help him sometime next week. Have visited at Mr. Jaggar's, Mr. Starr's, Mr. Hedge's and Mr. Ruby's, and attended meetings both evenings. There is much interest in Bro. Salter's church and congregation. Last Sabbath five united with the church by profession and two by letter.

WARREN, IOWA, March 18, 1854.—MY DEAR WIFE: This will introduce to you Rev. Mr. Johnson and wife from La Harpe, Illinois, who will spend the Sabbath with you. Bro. Johnson will preach for our people in my place. I find the condition of things here such that there seems but little prospect of

accomplishing immediate results in the conversion of the impenitent, but hope to do the church some good and prepare the way for a better state of things in the future. There are but few working bees here to gather honey. Was quite ill on Wednesday, but have preached nine times since I came.

Mr. Gaylord was often sent for to assist disheartened or weakened churches, to encourage and strengthen them, and to aid the pastors in special efforts for revival.

To the Home Missionary Society:

DANVILLE, May, 1854.—I will state clearly a point in regard to which the members of this church are troubled. It is not that the Society has not spoken against slavery, or failed to condemn it as a heinous sin, but they feel that in granting aid to churches, the condition ought to be, that slaveholding should be a disciplinable offense, or in other words, a bar to membership in those churches. * * * * I have been more full in this statement, regarding it as the index of a deep and growing feeling of a similar character all through the northwest. The recent movements in congress have tended greatly to strengthen this sentiment. In view of this state of feeling, it was decided to be our duty to ask no further aid of your Society. Such was the decision at our annual business meeting. The question excited a great degree of interest, and I had serious fears lest it might cause division and thus paralyze our efforts, but such was not the case. And now having cut loose from the great fountain of Christian charity, from which we have obtained help so long, we decided to raise the $400 among ourselves, if possible. By the blessing of God upon their united effort, they have succeeded and the subscription is made up.

It is nearly sixteen years since, young and inexperienced, just entering upon the arduous work of the gospel ministry, I first received a commission from your Society. During all this time my relations with you have been of the most pleasing character. I now take my leave with the liveliest emotions of gratitude for all your Christian sympathy and support. In four weeks we expect to leave for a visit east.

This visit proved most helpful and refreshing, and Mr. Gaylord returned in October greatly strengthened for future labors.

The views spoken of in the foregoing letter in regard to the position of the Society on this subject, continued to "gain volume and strength, and were strongest in those portions of the country from which the largest contributions were received." In the autumn of 1856 a Memorial was sent to the Society from the General Association of Iowa, embodying their views as to the line of policy upon which the Society should decide to act. The following resolution, adopted by the Executive Committee without a dissenting vote, was sent in reply to this Memorial:

Resolved, That in the disbursement of funds committed to their trust, the Committee will not grant aid to churches containing slave-holding members, unless evidence be furnished that the relation is such as, in the judgment of the Committee, is justifiable, for the time being, in the peculiar circumstances in which it exists.

This resolution made it necessary to ascertain the position of each church seeking aid, and grant or withhold assistance as the facts furnished might suggest.

To Miss Martha Gaylord, Norfolk, Connecticut:

DANVILLE, Iowa, May 7, 1855.—MY DEAR NIECE: At the time your letter was received I was fully occupied with the care of Mrs. Gaylord and our little son, and I have been more than usually busy ever since. Then, I had written to Bro. Rice, and hoped to hear from him again that I might be able to communicate something in reference to your brother. But I have heard nothing, and improve a leisure moment this morning to answer your letter. * * * I feel deeply for you in your accumulated trials, and hope and believe they will be so sanctified to you that they will yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. I preached yesterday from these words, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." How sweet

the rest of heaven after all our toils and trials here! We are all in comfortable health. Mrs. Gaylord is better than for years. Our two youngest children have been nearly sick with colds, but are much better. Your Uncle A. is quite poorly again this spring. We seem now not far from Connecticut, as the railroad is finished to Burlington, twelve miles from us. It would give us great pleasure to have a visit from you if you could come.

I trust you are living for another world, and that at no distant day we may meet in heaven, and there see our Savior and beloved friends who have gone before. I feel more and more that this world is not worth living for.

In the autumn of 1855 Mr. Gaylord planned a tour across the state of Iowa. One object of his journey was to invest in government lands some money left to his eldest daughter from her grandfather's estate, and another, to enjoy a short period of much needed rest. He left home early in September, and at Ottumwa he was joined by Mr. Norris, a brother-in-law of Rev. Mr. Spaulding. The two journeyed on together, and at Lewis, Cass county, Mr. Gaylord succeeded in making the necessary investment. Thence impelled by a desire to see the Missouri valley and to learn the particulars of the sickness and death of a nephew in Omaha, for the benefit of eastern friends, he drove to Council Bluffs, and on Saturday crossed over to the Nebraska shore. This nephew, Mr. Myron Gaylord, was the son of Mr. Gaylord's oldest brother. He had come out from Norfolk, Connecticut, and built the second house in Omaha city in 1854. It was then on the side of a hill overlooking a plateau and the river, with a long stretch of bottom land and the distant bluffs on the Iowa side. But hills have been leveled and valleys raised until the old land marks are fast being obliterated. The location of this house was near where Burt street is now crossed by Twenty-second street. The first house erected in Omaha city was a good-sized log cabin, built at Twelfth and Jackson streets,

early in the summer of 1854. It was used for a boarding house, and several times a Methodist minister named Cooper came over from Council Bluffs and held religious services on the Sabbath.†

Mr. Gaylord's nephew had married a wife from a Mormon family—herself a Mormon, but after a year or so he sickened and died. His parents had been unable to learn anything satisfactory of these last days of their son. Mr. Gaylord found Dr. Miller, who was his physician, and from him learned particulars of the sad event.

Being invited to preach the next day he consented, but returned to Council Bluffs and officiated for Rev. Mr. Rice on Sabbath morning, as he had promised. In the afternoon he recrossed the river and preached in the old State House.

Of that first Sunday in Omaha and subsequent events Mr. Gaylord wrote:

In my congregation was Gov. Richardson, to whom I had been introduced the day before. At the close of the meeting he gave me an earnest invitation to come and make my home in the city that was to be. Without giving him a direct answer the seed lodged in my mind as a seed drops into the ground. That seed germinated—that thought grew in my mind all the way home. I was deeply impressed from what I had seen, with the feeling that Omaha was a point of great importance and that the Lord had a great work there for some one of his servants to do.

On arriving at home I laid the matter before my wife. She had always said, "If we ever move, let it be *toward* the east." But when this new work was presented for her to think over, she laid aside her preferences and raised no objections. After conferring with some of my brethren, they expressed their uniform conviction that the point should be occupied at once, and gave some reasons why I could go better than any other one

†It is believed that this cabin was built for the convenience of the public, and not for a private residence. But in a short time two others were put up which were designed for family dwellings. One of these homes was erected by Mr. Snowden, on Tenth street near Jackson; the other by Messrs. W. and S. E. Rogers on Douglas street near Tenth.

of our number. These reasons were—a small family, a good constitution, and large western experience. Thus the decision was reached, and a council called to dissolve my pastoral relation to a dear church. An application to the A. H. M. S. for a commission to labor in Nebraska was drawn up and endorsed by members of the council before they dispersed.

Winter was near at hand, and so clear was the call of God to go forward that we decided to do so without waiting to hear from the application.

In a letter written by Dr. Salter as a tribute to the memory of Mr. Gaylord, the doctor says: "At the prospect of the opening of Nebraska and Kansas to settlement in 1854, I well remember how his heart was stirred with the importance of planting the gospel on the western bank of the Missouri; and Iowa is certainly honored that one from her own churches should have gone forth with valor and courage, and borne such a noble part in laying good foundations there."

The closing year of Mr. Gaylord's life in Iowa was a bright and cheerful one, a year of good work and a strengthening of the bonds which existed between pastor and people. We give a few extracts from his farewell sermon:

A relation that has devolved upon me a mighty responsibility, and been the cause of much true happiness has just ceased to exist, and I stand before you in this sacred desk for the last time as your spiritual instructor and guide.

After giving a summary of events, of admissions to the church, baptisms, etc., he says:

This church was one of the three represented by pastor and delegate in the formation of the first association in this state in 1840. Fifteen years have passed since, and that small beginning has grown to five associations, with probably more than eighty churches and fifty ministers. [Seven years later Mr. Gaylord wrote, Iowa reports 157 Congregational churches, with over

5,000 members and 111 ministers.] * * * The future, my dear hearers, we cannot penetrate. I trust the Great Shepherd of the sheep will soon send you another under shepherd—the right one, faithful and true, whom you will receive as from the Lord. Let me say, do not expect too much of him who may be placed over you as your spiritual guide. Ministers are at the best but imperfect men, and you will need to exercise that charity which covers many faults. Gather around him, sustain him by your presence and prayers. Show him that you feel a deep interest in his work, and in all proper ways let him feel that he has your sympathy and confidence. Be prompt and cheerful in meeting your pecuniary engagements to him who may serve you in spiritual things. Ministers work at a lower rate according to their qualifications than any other class of men, and they should be relieved from anxiety by suitable forethought in providing for them a needful pecuniary support. * * * It is now nearly seventeen years since I began with all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth, to cultivate this new field. The great desire of my heart at all times has been the prosperity of Zion, especially of this church and people more particularly committed to my care. I have honestly sought to know the truth, and what I believed to be the truth I have not shunned to declare. But I am not insensible to the great defects of my ministerial life. * * * It has been my pleasure to make sacrifices for your prosperity and to bear my part in that which might prove a public benefit, hoping by example to encourage others to do more than I had the ability to do. For all your sympathies in times of trial and affliction, for all the substantial tokens of your affection and regard I feel truly grateful and may God reward you. Follow me with your prayers as I go to this new field, and may the God of love abide with and keep you all in His own perfect peace.

VII.

TRANSPLANTED.

1855–1859.

I hear the tread of pioneers
  Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves, where soon
  Shall roll a human sea.

—*Whittier.*

Take the pilgrim's staff again,
  Grasp by faith the pilgrim's God;
Through the sunshine and the rain
  Be thy journey bravely trod.
Angel guards thy steps attend
Christ shall keep thee to the end.

—*Selected.*

Haste, haste with the water of life! for men die
For a draught of your own overflowing supply;
  And heaven is waiting to see
    Whether you, for whom I
    Heaven's glory laid by
  Will arise to this service for me.

—*Life and Light.*

"Behold God himself is with us for our Captain."

The only pleasure that never wears out is the pleasure of doing good.

—*Dr. Goodell.*

CHAPTER VII.

NEBRASKA.

KANSAS-NEBRASKA BILL—NEBRASKA—AN APPEAL FOR A MAN—REMOVAL TO OMAHA—COLD AND PRIVATION—SICKNESS AND DEATH—ORGANIZATION OF CHURCHES AT OMAHA, FONTANELLE AND OTHER PLACES—CHURCH BUILDING—MRS. GAYLORD'S VISIT EAST—LETTERS—HARD TIMES—VISIT TO DANVILLE—FROM DANVILLE TO OMAHA AGAIN—GOLD EXCITEMENT.

From a historical paper prepared by Mr. Gaylord we take some notes:

What is now the Territory of Nebraska was embraced in the original Louisiana purchase, made in 1803. The states of Louisiana, Missouri and Iowa, with a large portion of Minnesota, were carved out of that purchase. The territories of Kansas and Nebraska were organized out of a portion of the remainder, by act of congress approved May 30, 1854, and widely known as the Kansas-Nebraska bill. In that enactment the great barrier to the introduction of slavery in this vast region, covered by the Missouri compromise, was removed.

In 1853 began the memorable, intense and exciting controversy in Congress upon this Kansas-Nebraska bill. To fully understand and appreciate this discussion, its results, and the effect of them upon the subsequent history of our country, one or two previous acts of congress need to be briefly mentioned. In 1818 commenced the struggle in congress over the admission of Missouri as a slave state. The representatives in congress of the north eloquently and strongly opposed the admission of Missouri with its constitution permitting slavery. The discussion was long and violent, and finally resulted in 1820, in the celebrated "Missouri compromise," advocated by Henry Clay, which

was that slavery should be prohibited in all other territory west of the Mississippi, and north of parallel 36° 30'. When, in 1849, California made application for admission to the Union, with a constitution excluding slavery from her territory, agitation of the slavery question was once more revived in Congress. Again Henry Clay, by his burning eloquence, did much to allay the strife, and the "Compromise of 1850" was effected, by which California was admitted as a free state; New Mexico and Utah were organized as territories; the slave trade was abolished in the District of Columbia, and the infamous "Fugitive Slave Law," which provided for the return to their owners of slaves escaping to a free state, was passed. Thus was the excitement between the two sections of country allayed for a time.

In 1854 the agitation of the slavery question was again revived. Mr. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years of Congress," says: "To the westward and northwestward of Missouri and Iowa, lay a vast territory, which, in 1854, was not only unsettled, but had no form of civil government whatever. By the Missouri Compromise every sqare mile of this domain had been honorably devoted to freedom. At the period named, Indian tribes * * * lighted their campfires on the very borders of Missouri and Iowa. But the tide of emigration which had filled Iowa and Wisconsin, and been drawn for a time to the Pacific slope, now set again more strongly than ever to the Mississippi valley, demanding and needing new lands for settlement and cultivation. To answer this requirement a movement was made during the closing weeks of Fillmore's administration." Mr. Douglass took the lead in this movement by bringing forward a measure to organize Kansas and Nebraska. This was known as the "Kansas-Nebraska bill," and in one of its sections the Missouri Compromise of 1820 was declared to be inoperative and void, and "Popular Sovereignty," the right of the people in each territory to

decide whether or not they would have slaves, was substituted therefor. The north was fairly stunned by this proposition, and the excitement was intense. This Kansas-Nebraska bill, after a severe and prolonged contest of four months, was finally forced through, to the utter destruction of good faith between the north and south. The north, resolute to win Kansas for freedom, poured a steady stream of emigration into the territory. Civil war ensued, and Kansas became a scene of lawlessness and bloodshed. But in the end "bleeding Kansas" was won for freedom, and it and Nebraska have ever been free states.

There are men and women now in active life who remember when there was not a foot of soil under the American flag, where a slave, fleeing from slavery, could not be arrested and sent back to his master. And they remember, too, for possibly they were eye-witnesses, some thrilling incidents of their escape, or attempted escape, to the only land of freedom for them — a land under the British flag. Many of these were as strange and wonderful as any romance ever written. But they now exist only in the memories of those dark years—thanks to Abraham Lincoln and the declaration of peace in 1865.

We quote still further from Mr. Gaylord's paper:

The Territory of Nebraska as first organized embraced about 330,000 square miles, and extended from latitude 40° to British America, and from the Missouri river on the east to the summit of the Rocky mountains on the west. New territories were constituted, which cut off portions of Nebraska for Dakota on the north, Wyoming and Montana on the west and Colorado on the southwest. The present limits extend from 40° to 43° north latitude, and from 95° to 104° west longitude, being not far from 200 miles from north to south, and 450 from east to west. At the Missouri river, its height above the sea is nearly 1,000 feet. It continues to rise with gentle ascent, until, at the western boundary, it attains a height of 5,000 feet.

It has a fertile, apparently inexhaustible soil, needing no irrigation, and a clear, bracing atmosphere, beneficial to invalids. Nebraska is well watered by living streams flowing east and southeast until they unite with the Missouri. It also abounds in living springs. The streams are generally bordered with timber, which often extends a long way back with little groves running up into ravines and hollows. The Platte river, rising in the Rocky mountains, flows for a long distance in two main branches, uniting in one stream 300 miles from its mouth. It divides Nebraska into two nearly equal portions, called North and South Platte.

In the *Home Missionary* of July, 1855, there appeared, from the pen of Rev. George G. Rice, of Council Bluffs, the following "Appeal for Nebraska":

Yesterday I spent in Omaha City, and preached in the hall of the House of Representatives, having arranged to exchange with the chaplain. Omaha City has been made the capital of Nebraska by the Legislature. It is growing very rapidly, and seems destined to be a place of much importance. There are in the town about forty houses, and, probably, from 150 to 200 inhabitants. A desire is expressed there that your Society furnish them a minister. Two eligible lots have been donated for a church edifice, and I hold the deeds for them. Mr. Richardson, former governor of Michigan and now a member of the Council of Nebraska, is a member of the Congregational church, and probably would do what he could to aid and sustain the minister you may send them. He intends bringing his family out this spring, and thinks some of the members of his own church in Michigan will come. But, whether a church can be formed there at once, or not, they ought to have a minister soon. They need to have a man of decided ability and earnest piety. The congregations that such a minister would have would be attentive and intelligent. No minister of Calvinistic faith has been designated, so far as I know, for any field in Nebraska.

Toward this then unexplored region in the beginning of the winter of 1855–6, Mr. Gaylord, taking his little household, four in number, turned his willing footsteps. Though somewhat oppressed with a feeling of sadness and his heart filled with tender memories, he did not allow himself to cast any lingering looks behind, and there was no shrinking from any path of duty or hardship which might lie before him.

How shall we explain or describe the strong affection which a faithful pastor cherishes toward the members of his flock? Other love—that of husband and wife, parents and children—can more easily be understood, for though down deep in the heart it also comes so near the surface as to be witnessed and felt in every day life. It is nature's strong bond, given by God to bind families together. But a pastor's love in its sacredness bears some resemblance to that which Christ expressed toward His disciples in that memorable prayer recorded in St. John, and his yearnings over those who have not embraced the truth are akin to those of Christ when He wept over Jerusalem, saying, "O that thou hadst known" "the things which belong to thy peace." The pastor's wife, if she is a true helpmeet, feels that they also belong to her as a part of her own family. She weeps and rejoices with them—pleads on their behalf at the mercy seat, and takes them all, in love and sympathy, into her heart of hearts.

A letter written by Mr. Gaylord to the *Home Missionary* tells unassumingly the story of this journey.

To tear away from our people amid the earnest expressions of regret on their part, to preach a farewell sermon and administer the sacrament for the last time, to dispose of a pleasant home with all the comforts and conveniences that in a course of years we had gathered around us, mainly by our own labor, and to say the parting word to so many warm friends, was what we could not have done except at what seemed the plain

indications of Providence. But the act is done; and we have bid adieu to all the friends made in a seventeen years' ministry, and now stand on the frontier where I stood seventeen years ago as your missionary, except that the frontier is three hundred miles further west, on the Missouri instead of the Mississippi, and that I bring to my aid the experience of all these years of labor in the new regions of the west. I feel that I carry with me the prayers and sympathies of my people, of my brethren in the ministry, and of a large circle of Christian friends.

I was dismissed November 7; the next Sabbath preached my farewell sermon, and then bent my energies to preparation for my journey. I disposed of household furniture and the provisions laid up for the family for the winter, and closed up my business so that we were ready to leave on the 6th of December. We stopped to dine with an aged father and mother in our church, who, with several other members of the family, were original members of the Danville church. There was quite a circle of friends present; and as we said the mournful good-bye and gave the parting hand, it was well calculated to remind one of the scene at Miletus, when Paul met the elders of Ephesus.

From there we went on our way, but soon experienced unpleasant weather, a cold change, and very rough and bad traveling. We were detained two days at the Des Moines river in consequence of ice, and finally crossed it with considerable danger by going several miles out of our way. When about six miles from Indianola our carriage broke, and we had a stream to ford, which fortunately was not very deep. We got over safely, reached Indianola and stopped for repairs. Here I was solicited to preach at night, and in the morning left with the regrets of the people that I was not going to stop with them. It is an important and most inviting field, and they ought to have a good minister without delay. Thence our road was through open prairie; the weather was very cold and we suffered much. Sometimes we had to press through snow drifts, and when night set in the hungry prairie wolves would

follow the carriage, but we knew they would not dare to attack us. There were some streams difficult to cross, one of which we were told we *could not* get over, as the stage had been fast in it for two days. But I was determined to look the difficulty in the face, and the result was that we got through safely, though not without considerable danger. The family crossed upon the ice some distance above the ford, and procuring help, I carried the baggage over by hand. At Council Bluffs we spent three days at the hotel and then came here. Since that our great effort has been to keep from freezing. Nearly all the time water has frozen *within a foot of the stove* with all the fire I could make. I have felt most keenly for my companion and children in these trying circumstances. The weather has exceeded in severity anything I ever before experienced. The thermometer has ranged from twenty-five to thirty-two degrees below zero.

In later years, to read at a family reunion on Christmas, Mrs. Gaylord wrote the following account of those trying times:

Early in December, 1855, we set out on our journey of three hundred miles across the state of Iowa. Mr. Gaylord proposed leaving his family till spring, but they preferred to come with him and help bear the burdens which would fall to his lot in a new and untried field of labor. Railroads were not very plenty in those days. We traveled in a two-seated carriage with a span of horses—five of us in all. The youngest was the little boy, who afterward died in Omaha, then only ten months old. We had been told the roads were usually good in December and the weather mild. That winter and the next proved to be exceptions. After the first day we encountered rain and mud, then snow and intense cold. It was often difficult to find any place to stay at night—sometimes seven or eight o'clock before we could get entertainment for ourselves and horses. In the timber, on South river, one of the carriage wheels suddenly dropped into a deep rut and the axletree broke. There was no house near, but Mr. Gaylord cut a hickory sapling, bent it around

and secured it with a rope, so that we forded the river and came on to Indianola. There we remained until the carriage was mended, and then pursued our journey. Days of severe cold, our slow and difficult progress, often through almost "untrodden snow," to human view was very disheartening. But knowing the watchful care of our Almighty Father was over us continually, we were not discouraged. We *expected* to be kept and carried safely through every difficulty, and we *were*. Little R. sat bravely on the front seat, rarely saying that he was cold, but when we knew that he *must* be, if the road permitted he was set out, and ran by the side of the carriage until warmed by the exercise.

In western Iowa were unbridged streams with high, steep, icy banks. These were frozen at the sides, but water running in the channel. Twenty miles before reaching the Nodaway river, Mr. Gaylord was warned that it was useless to proceed, as there was no possibility of crossing it, but we kept on. We found a man and two boys living in a shanty near the river bank. Their services were secured, and a place was found up the stream where the family could walk over on the ice. Returning to the ford we sat down upon a log with our faces turned away, unwilling to look upon the dangerous exploit. Rails and branches of trees were laid down the side of the steep, icy descent to prevent the carriage from sliding around and being wrecked on a stage coach, which had been fast in the middle of the stream for three days. Mr. Gaylord succeeded in driving across without accident, and we pressed on our way.

We reached Council Bluffs on December 21, riding against a piercing northwest wind the last half day. The hotel was full to overflowing, and Mr. Gaylord and Mr. Rice walked the streets until eleven o'clock to find a lodging place. But in those days private houses were small and crowded with their own occupants. We stayed at Mr. Rice's that night, and the next day found a vacant place in the hotel. Then Mr. Gaylord came over to see if the house promised us was ready. Winter had come on with so much severity that work was suspended, and it could not be occupied. It was the small house until

recently standing north of Donaghue's floral establishment on Sixteenth street. The Douglas house, the only hotel, on the corner of Fourteenth and Harney streets, was more than full. A part of the dwelling where Dr. Wood now has his office was secured, and on the afternoon of Christmas day Mr. Gaylord brought his family from the Bluffs to find a shelter there. We crossed the Missouri on the ice at a point then quite north of town. The cold was so intense that we were nearly paralyzed on our arrival, and had to be helped into the house. Mr. Milton Rogers had himself brought a stove from the Bluffs, and a fire was soon kindled.

What there was of the dwelling stood on four blocks at the corners, with no other foundation, and the floor was not *remarkably tight*. Of course there was no plastering, and for five weeks no thawing sufficient for water to drop from the eaves, excepting one day in February. A sod stable some distance to the southwest afforded shelter for the tired horses. Across Fifteenth street, where the Exposition building now stands, was a house owned by Mr. Poppleton, and occupied by a family named Tucker. Mr. Goodwill's family were not far away. Subsequently additions were made to this house by Mr. Samuel Brown, who transformed it into a very cozy and pleasant home for his own family. After about six weeks we moved to a more comfortable place, on the south side of Harney street, west of the Douglas house and near Fifteenth street. This dwelling was owned by Mr. Shoemaker. The Douglas House was kept by Mr. and Mrs. Mills, who were among the early residents of Omaha. Governor Richardson and family lived a short distance west on the north side of Harney street. From them, from Mrs. A. D. Jones and her mother, and many others we received frequent tokens of kindness, which can only be fully appreciated by those in similar circumstances.

The following extracts from letters written by members of his flock in Danville, show something of their affectionate regard for one who was for so many years their spiritual guide.

DANVILLE, February 6, 1856.—REVEREND AND DEAR PASTOR: It was with pleasure that we read the letter we received from you. I am very sorry you have such a poor dwelling, but hope you will all live through the cold winter, and before another comes will be better situated. I am glad you have such a prospect for usefulness, and hope the Lord will bless your labors, and give you "many souls as seals of your faithfulness and your crown of rejoicing." The prospect before us is rather dark. I cannot find out that the committee to supply the pulpit are making any effort to provide us with regular preaching, and if things go on in this way for a year to come, I shall try to find some place where there is preaching and a church. The weather for the last five weeks has been very cold, the thermometer ranging from about 20° above to 28° below zero. I understand that in Burlington on the south hill it was down to 33°. The snow is sixteen inches deep on the level.

From Mrs. Miner:

DANVILLE, Iowa, February, 1856.—I well know how to sympathize with you, while suffering from severe cold in a comfortless house. Many a twenty-four hours have I spent in our old cabin, where I could only get warm in bed. Those scenes now come before my mind with new vividness, and I feel truly as if I could weep with you. But you have a glorious consolation that I did not have, for you have followed the steps of Him, "who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." He left His home in His Father's bosom to suffer here thirty-three years and then die, that He might save fallen man—*you* have left a comfortable home and loving friends, that you might be the means of saving precious souls for whom He bled and died. "If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together." I feel more for home and foreign missionaries than I once did. You and dear Mr. Gaylord seem *especially near* to me, and in all your trials and afflictions I feel afflicted. While in Denmark a few days ago, Mrs. Tuttle inquired about your leaving, and I told her I wished she would not name Mr. Gaylord again, because it

made me so nervously distressed. Not that I wished to forget you, for as soon would I forget my own sister, but our destitution as a church and the prospect of a dark future would loom up before my mind, and sink like lead into my heart. Rev. Mr. Leonard has preached three Sabbaths, the only Congregational preaching since you left. Our people often go to Baptist meeting. Oh, how I long to "sit under our own vine and fig tree" once more!

Of this period Mr. Gaylord said in a memorial sermon delivered years afterward:

On my arrival I found at the postoffice a commission, sent me by Rev. Milton Badger, D. D., Senior Secretary of the A. H. M. S., giving me words of cheer. In that commission I was guaranteed $600 for my support for one year, which was not one-half of what it actually cost me to maintain my family. I at once commenced preaching in the Council Chamber of the old State House. I found Rev. Mr. Collins of the M. E. church and Rev. Mr. Leach, a Baptist clergyman, on the ground. They had appointments, one in the morning and the other in the evening, and I took the afternoon. There was a Presbyterian minister at Nebraska City and another at Bellevue. These were the beginnings, the germ of what was to be. There was no church organization in Omaha, except a Methodist class of six members. We soon organized a Union Sunday School, of which B. H. Chapman, Esq., was superintendent.

The editor of the *Home Missionary* noted Mr. Gaylord's advent in Nebraska in the following words:

We have the greatest reason to be encouraged with the success which has attended the efforts of the churches to keep up with the immense progress of our population; but the *half* has not been done which ought to be done. One missionary of the Cross has gone to Nebraska. How many emissaries of Mammon have the churches sent to counterwork him? Another name has now been added to the list of the states and territories occupied by this Society. The home missionary standard has

been planted in *Nebraska*. At Omaha City, opposite Council Bluffs, the banner of the Cross is already unfurled, and other posts await the advance of that peaceful army, whose triumphs are for freedom, and for what makes freedom good.

This account of Omaha City in 1856 is from Mr. Gaylord's pen:

I see unmistakable evidence of energy and enterprise in this place that give promise of progress and a season of activity in business and improvements. Already stone is drawn for numerous foundations. All expect a large emigration, and preparations are made accordingly. Property is advancing, and in business the prospects are very flattering. When we consider that only one year and a half since there was but one log house in Omaha City, and that now it has a population of 600 or 800 souls, the place gives evidence of a spirit on the part of its inhabitants that will cause it to increase and develop very rapidly. For beauty the situation is unsurpassed. It is on the great thoroughfare westward, and will, beyond all doubt, be the first point on the Missouri river reached by a railroad. This place and Council Bluffs City will then occupy the same position on this river that Davenport and Rock Island do on the Mississippi. You can thus see at a glance the relative and future importance of this point, and the necessity of the vigorous prosecution of the work of evangelization. When the spring is fairly inaugurated, and I can leave home, I shall be happy to explore, somewhat, up and down the river. Most of the settlements, as yet, are near the Missouri. In the interest felt in Kansas, Nebraska has been in a great measure overlooked, and it is not as well known abroad as it will be. * * * You must prepare for a great work here at no distant day.

As yet we have no houses of worship and no school house. Many begin to feel that this state of things must not continue. There is far too little moral restraint. Sabbath-breaking, profanity and drinking are quite common; and altogether the minds of the people are occupied mostly with other things than the concerns of the soul. Still there is a conscience among the

people in favor of religion, and the truth held before that conscience will have its effect.

I have preached once every Sabbath since I commenced my labors, and have been gratified with the serious and thoughtful attention that has been given to plain, searching truth by those who compose my congregation. We have but one place of meeting, and that is in the building used by the Legislature. The conviction is forced upon me that we must build a house of worship, and we are beginning to move in that matter. As a preparatory step to erecting a house and organizing a church, I have deemed it expedient to form a religious society, and seek to enlist the sympathy and interest of those who do not belong to the church. I have drawn up a constitution, and yesterday, in company with Gov. Richardson, visited a number of the leading men of the place, several of whom readily gave their names to our articles of incorporation, and all promised help in building a house. Mrs. Gaylord is about taking steps to form a Ladies' Society, which is important to give us acquaintance with each other. I hope to form a church soon, and trust that it will become a vigorous and efficient agency for good. I am well satisfied that I did not come a day too soon, and although able to do but little owing to the severity of the winter, yet I am putting things in form so that we shall soon be prepared to prosecute our work vigorously.

A few words in reference to our situation and expenses. For six weeks we were obliged to remain in the house which we at first occupied, and such intense cold we never experienced. We thought of what we had left, but felt that the Lord had called us here and we did not desire to return. I have now secured a more comfortable dwelling. It has two rooms, one of good size, the other small—no cellar, well, or other conveniences. For this we pay $21 a month. Superfine flour is from $8 to $8.50 a hundred pounds, but we have used an inferior article which we get for $7. We have denied ourselves the luxury of butter. Sugar is 12½ cents a pound, and other groceries in proportion. You will readily see that with the most rigid economy our expenses have been heavy.

But winter is passing away, and spring with its cheering influences is drawing near. The ice bridge across the Missouri is becoming unsafe except for footmen, and soon this highway of commerce will be open for the rush of business and travel. My prayer is that the Lord will gird me with strength and wisdom for the work that must soon crowd upon me.

Society is necessarily in a forming state, and there is more or less of strife and contention; yet I have heard of less than is common in settlements of so recent origin and such rapid development. We have been forcibly reminded within the last month that we are really on the "frontier." The town has been thronged with the native Indians, the former lords of this soil. There were, at one time for nearly two weeks, 800 or 900 of the Omaha Indians encamped about two miles from this place. One day they were all in town at once, and received from the government agent 600 sacks of flour and several hogsheads of sugar.

May, 1856:

The work to be done here is to lay the foundation of society and of gospel institutions, for what is soon to become a great center of influence—a place where multitudes will form their characters for eternity. The pressing necessity of this arises from the fact, first, that no community can enjoy permanent prosperity without the gospel; and, secondly, that everything here is to advance with unprecedented rapidity. It is evident that in and about this place is to be gathered, at no distant day, a vast amount of enterprise, wealth and population. The growth of many years, in the eastern part of Iowa, will here be crowded into a comparatively small compass. Our work is beset with difficulties, owing to a spirit of worldliness strongly excited by the great increase in the value of property, caused by the rapid growth of the place. Men think and labor for the objects of the present life, and it is hard to interest them in anything else.

A large proportion of the citizens are from New England, and yet a smaller proportion are professors of religion than in

any community I have ever known. The Sabbath, to a great extent, is a day of pleasure or business. The first boat from St. Louis reached here on Sunday, and, in consequence, the day seemed more like a week day than the Sabbath. A correct moral sentiment is yet to be created, and there are but few to aid in doing it. Did we not feel that the Lord is on our side, we might well give up in despair. But, trusting in Him for success, we are seeking to put in operation those gospel influences that, when brought constantly to bear, never fail to secure good results. We have established a weekly prayer-meeting, and it is attended with a good degree of interest. We have already secured a subscription of over $1,000 toward building a house of worship, and think we can raise $1,500 on the ground. Last Sabbath, May 4, I organized a Congregational church in this place, the first fruits of the home missionary enterprise in Nebraska. Nine of us entered into covenant with each other and with God, and were constituted a church of Christ. As we sat together around the table of our Lord, it carried me back to the time when, nearly seventeen years ago, I enjoyed the privilege of meeting with my beloved church in Danville, for the first time, to remember Christ at his table. It brought also afresh to mind the scene when, six months since, I last joined with that church in commemorating the death of Christ, and bade them farewell. There were others with us on this deeply interesting occasion. At the close of the service two brethren from Connecticut introduced themselves, one of whom rose from a sick bed in order to be with us. They expressed much interest, left a small contribution for our new church, and gave us kind words of encouragement in our work.

Since I last wrote you I have purchased a small house, in an unfinished state, with two rooms. This is so fitted up that we are now more comfortable than we have been hitherto.

The week following the organization of the church at Omaha, Mr. Gaylord visited Fontanelle and formed a church there. The people were expecting him, and received him most gladly. He thus tells the story:

Reaching there on Friday I preached in the evening and at eleven o'clock on Saturday, and in the afternoon held a meeting preparatory to the organization of the church. There were quite a number of persons from the First Congregational church in Quincy, Illinois. They had received some valuable contributions in money, (over $200,) Sabbath school books, and a communion service, from that church, which greatly encouraged them in their feebleness. In the afternoon of the Sabbath, after preaching in the morning, I had the privilege of leading twenty-three individuals into covenant with God and with one another, and constituting them a church of Christ. This is the second Congregational church in Nebraska. Three of these persons had never before made a profession of religion. The occasion was one of great interest to me—preaching to those who were so eager to hear and gathering a church in the wilderness with so many to surround the table of our Lord. I am to spend the next Sabbath with them, after which I hope they will soon be supplied with regular preaching. I regard this church as one of great promise.

The settlement of this place was begun in the autumn of 1854 by a colony from Quincy. It was named for Logan Fontenelle, a chief of the Omaha tribe of Indians, from whom the land was purchased.

Mrs. Gaylord has been very sick, and for several weeks my principal business has been watching and caring for her. I am happy to say that, though very weak and feeble, she is beginning at length to recover.

The quarter has been one of excitement and activity in the outer world. Strangers have been pouring in upon us continually. Property has doubled, and, in some cases, quadrupled in value. Although a number of buildings go up every week, yet many have to live in tents. There are now eight store-houses going up on one street, five of them of brick.

An appeal from the Editor of the *Home Missionary:*

Rev. Mr. Gaylord is nobly improving his opportunities for exploring the Nebraska frontier. It is evident that missionary

fields are already fast developing themselves along the line of the Missouri, and that the immigration has begun to penetrate into the fertile regions that are more remote. The United States engineers are engaged in laying out a military road, connecting New Fort Kearney with the settlements, and there can be no doubt that farm lands will be promptly occupied and village centers found all along its course so soon as it is open for travel.

If now there are any young men of energy, courage, and devotion, who are eager to grapple with difficulties, and who would rejoice to subdue the wilderness into a garden of the Lord, the two territories, Kansas and Nebraska, both hold out to them most charming opportunities. And if there are any ministers at the east conscious of undeveloped or unused resources of body and of mind, and who long for more toil, exposure, exaction, accomplishment, who are impatient to "see things moving about them," and are earnest to throw their whole life and soul into a noble enterprise, we point them to these prairies of Kansas and Nebraska, now bursting out into population, coming thickly as forest buds in spring time. Whoso longs to labor for God and for freedom, and believes that he has strength to endure, let him gird his whole armor on and hasten to those silent prairies or those noisy little villages and do there the work of a true evangelist and an apostle. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it."

Near the close of the first year Mr. Gaylord was able to write:

Through the favor of a kind Providence liberally disposing the hearts of this people, we have been able to erect our house of worship, enclose it, and finish the basement ready for use. The upper room cannot be completed for want of material until next spring. The house is 27 by 36 feet, of brick, substantially built in good style, with a basement room 19 by 24 feet in the inside. This is in every way pleasant and inviting, and will seat a very good congregation, perhaps as many as we shall have during the winter. It has cost your missionary much labor and anxiety to raise the funds, make the contracts and attend to

the general superintendence of the building. This has been done, too, when sickness in the family needed his personal attention at home, and when also the time might have been profitably spent in other destitute places.

During the last six or eight weeks our youngest child has been sick, so that he has been a great care, and at times we have feared that he would not be spared to us. Thus the quarter now closing has been one of severe toil and anxiety.

One week ago last Sabbath we met for the first time in the basement of our new house. Then we gathered around the Lord's table, and six were added to our little church, one of them a recent convert. Quite a number have come among us who are church members, sympathizing with us, and who promise to be a help. For a few Sabbaths I have had evening appointments, and the congregation is larger and every way more interesting. We have commenced a Sabbath school with encouraging prospects. This year has been one of exposure and hardship, yet we have borne all, feeling that it was for the good of the cause.

It was unusual for Mr. Gaylord to speak of his own privations as freely as he seems to have done in some of these communications to the Society. For if himself or family were destitute of what was needful for their comfort, it was his practice in the exercise of faith and patience, to put forth strenuous efforts of his own to make this state of things better; but here in addition to such privations were sufferings caused by the sickness and death of loved ones in his little family, and the disclosures he makes show how real and intense were the afflictions, and that he was enduring the keenest anguish on account of them.

Three months later:

I wish sometimes that I could place before you the scenes of the last year. A beloved companion prostrated by sickness, as the result of overtaxed energies, because our means would not warrant the hire of a servant girl at $4 a week; and then, as a consequence, the sickness and death of a very dear child are

some of its experiences. I say not this to complain. Far from it, for I love my work, and desire to do all I can to lay here the foundations of our beloved Zion. There can not be any material diminution in prices for the next twelve months, at least. The greater part of our supplies, till after another harvest, must come from a distance: and another harvest will not create a surplus, so as to affect materially the price of agricultural products—such is likely to be the influx of people for the coming season.

During the last quarter, I have preached every Sabbath at eleven o'clock, and have had a very interesting Bible class of young gentlemen and ladies in connection with the Sabbath school at half past two. We have sustained our weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening, and the Sabbath school has been held regularly, although the season has been most unpropitious. This winter has, on the whole, been more severe than the last. From the first day of December to the tenth of the present month it scarcely thawed. There has been a snow storm almost every week, usually on Friday or Saturday, accompanied with high wind, so that often on Sunday it has been nearly impracticable to gather a congregation. We have had in all probability not less than four feet of snow, and for weeks from two to two and a half feet on the level when not drifted. The thermometer one Sabbath indicated thirty degrees below zero. On that day there were thirty hearers, the smallest number we have ever had. My congregations have been good, deeply solemn and attentive. One young man has been hopefully converted.

We have just organized a temperance society on the basis of the old pledge, and are determined to raise a breakwater against the fearful tide of intemperance that has been setting in upon us. I am glad to know that my church, as a body, are a light in this place. One year since I stood alone on the extreme frontier. There was no church, no Sabbath school, and no church building. Now I report a church of twenty-six members, a flourishing Sabbath school and a house of worship enclosed. We expect to finish the house just as early as we

can get materials. I confidently believe we shall see it all completed, *paid* for, and dedicated by the first of June next.

The month of December, 1856, ushered in a winter which proved to be one of even greater severity than the preceding. A series of snow storms, commencing with the very beginning of the month, kept the ground covered until March. The snow often fell to the depth of four feet—was much of the time from two to three feet on a level, and accompanied by an intense cold, which seemed to know no abatement for days and weeks together. But hardships and privations were for a time forgotten in the great *sorrow* which had recently come upon the little family. On the 23d of November the youngest son, the pride and pet of the household, after a few weeks' illness, had been laid away in the lonely spot which those early settlers had selected for the resting place of their dead. The mother wandered about the house aimlessly, not knowing what to do with the care and love which had been given to the lost one, or sat down dazed with grief and folded her hands in silence. But some of these sad thoughts were destined to be soon diverted into another channel.

It was in the afternoon of one of those severe days early in this month that Dr. Miller, a young physician who had made his home in Omaha two years before, called to tell of a case of suffering which had just been discovered by him. In one room of an unfinished house on Harney street a father was lying very ill with inflammatory rheumatism, and in the bed with him were his two little girls, one two and the other four years of age. During a heavy fall of snow the wind had burst open the door and fastened it open with a snow drift, so that the little girl of four had tried in vain to close it. For more than twenty-four hours they had been without food or fire or care of any kind, and had not relief come must soon have perished. A few weeks previous the wife and mother had died, and a little babe a few days

old soon followed. Mr. Gaylord at once accompanied the doctor to the dwelling of the stricken family. A nurse was found, provision made for the supply of their wants, and their sufferings relieved as far as possible. Mr. Gaylord took the youngest child home and Mrs. A. D. Jones cared for the other, but in a short time this one was also taken by Mr. Gaylord. In the meantime Dr. Miller was constant in his attendance upon the sick man. For several months the little ones were very happy together in the shelter of their new home. Then the older one was taken by Dr. and Mrs. Miller, but afterward the failure of Mrs. Miller's health caused the transfer of this little girl to Mrs. Sahler, one of the early residents of Omaha. She is now living with her husband in Defiance, Ohio, in a pleasant home of their own. Little Georgia, the younger one, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord, and grew up to womanhood under their fostering care. She was married in 1880, and went with her husband to live in Marietta, Georgia. Her grief over her father's death could scarcely have been surpassed by an own daughter. On the next Christmas after this sorrowful event she thus wrote from her southern home: "This is the first year since my remembrance that I have had no Christmas greeting from my dear father. But it comforts me a little to think what a beautiful greeting the angels must have given him in his heavenly abode, for surely they always observe a glorious Christmas in heaven." And again: "I keep his picture hanging over my table, and it does me good to look up to his pleasant face and to remember how cheerful he was under all circumstances." But in a year and one month after her marriage she herself lay upon her dying bed. She sent for the Presbyterian minister and requested him to baptize her babe. He conversed and prayed with her—then *she* prayed very earnestly, remembering all her loved ones in a most affectionate manner. With perfect composure she expressed her wishes in regard to her burial and the care of the child,

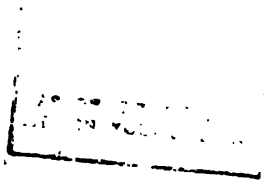
then gradually grew weaker, until, with her hand in that of her husband, she passed away without a struggle.

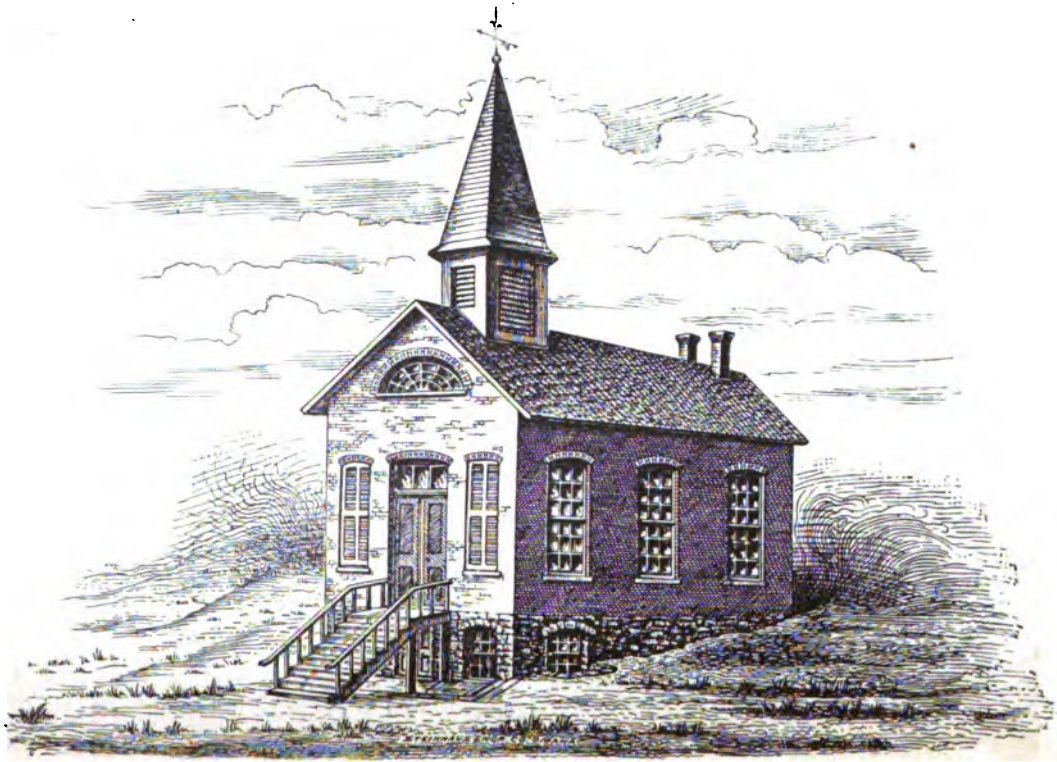
During this year, as well as those which followed, much of Mr. Gaylord's time was occupied with a very extensive correspondence. Extracts from his reports to the Society, published in the *Home Missionary*, drew the attention of large numbers to Nebraska, and he received numerous letters of inquiry about the country. Many young men came to him with letters of introduction—occasionally some from England, bringing letters from Elihu Burritt. Frequently he was able to exert an influence on these as they became members of his congregation, and often, as they were strangers in a strange land, he took them into his family, and gave them a home until they could find employment.

From the *Home Missionary* of July, 1857:

We have two new congregations established in Omaha City, Episcopal and Old School Presbyterian. Both will attempt to build this season.

Since we came to this new land, in obedience to what seemed the call of the Great Master, we have passed through many trials, of which the most severe was the death of our son. It did seem a mysterious providence, that the lamb of our little flock, a child *so* lovely, *so* promising, whom we had hoped to train for eminent usefulness in the service of Christ, should be removed by death. But we can see now some reasons why we were called to suffer affliction. Repeatedly since have we been called to mingle our sympathies with the afflicted, and to point the minds of those who feel the emptiness of earth to a more substantial and enduring portion, for support and consolation. Early in the winter we stood by the open grave of an only son, a lad of fifteen, the joy and the hope of his parents; and to-day the father of that youth is cold in death. A man of middle life, the stay of his family, who has mingled largely in our business circles, has passed from the activities of life to the solemn scenes of eternity. Frequently of late has death entered this





THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BUILT IN OMAHA. COMPLETED IN 1857.

community. In one family the first born and only child, of twelve months, has been cut down by death; in another an only daughter. Two interesting children, aged eleven and eight years, were buried in one grave, leaving their parents, who were strangers among us, childless and almost heartbroken.

Later in the same year:

The house is now entirely completed, and last Sabbath was dedicated with appropriate services to the worship of the Triune God. It was well filled with an interested congregation. There are forty-five pews, affording seats for 225 persons. All express themselves well pleased, and I have been able to submit a report which is quite satisfactory. The building has cost $4,500, exclusive of furnishings.

While I was laboring to secure its completion, Mrs. Gaylord and other ladies were busily employed for weeks in their sewing society in preparing for a fair to provide the means of furnishing the church. The fair was held on the 17th and 18th of June. It was the first in the place, and, I believe, in the territory. The ladies were anxious that it should leave *only* a good impression upon the public mind; and in this they were wholly successful. While they afforded much innocent amusement, they carefully guarded against those things that are, to say the least, of doubtful propriety. They provided generously, and all went away satisfied and pleased with the way in which it was conducted. They took in between $600 and $700, leaving about $400 after all expenses were paid. With this they have obtained blinds and the furniture complete for the church.

The calls from without have been frequent and urgent; and I have so far yielded to them as to be absent four Sabbaths during this quarter. Three of these have been spent at Fontanelle, and one at Plattford, on the Platte river, about twenty-five miles southwest from this. Two of our church members moved there in the spring. The Sabbath school library which you sent me last fall I gave to them, and it has been the means of setting in operation a flourishing Sabbath school. When I was there the school passed a vote of thanks for the books. I

preached to a congregation of thirty or forty, where a year since there was scarcely a beginning. This library will, in all probability, lead to the establishment of a church, which may prove a great blessing to the community. How much good ten dollars may do!

The first Sabbath I spent at Fontanelle was on a sacramental occasion. On the second I attended the funeral of a young lady, whose parents were not professors of religion. Again, a fortnight ago last Sabbath, in connection with a Methodist quarterly meeting, held two weeks previous, a religious interest had sprung up, which led to protracted services, and an urgent request that I should be present. I left home in the stage, and having no means of conveyance further than Elkhorn City, was compelled to walk ten or twelve miles in the hot sun, with the mercury at nearly 100° in the shade. I remained till Thursday morning, and witnessed some glorious manifestations of the divine presence in the work of salvation. God's people were engaged, back-sliders (of whom there was a large number) were reclaimed, and many sinners hopefully converted to God. Congregationalists, Baptists and Methodists all mingled in the work, and the Spirit of God rested upon the people. It is the first revival in Nebraska, and was truly a time of refreshing. One young man, a son of a praying mother in New Hampshire, who had sought happiness from Maine to California, said: "My life has been all a blank. I feel that I have been born again. I have just begun to live to some good purpose." The revival is the more remarkable, as occurring in mid-summer, in a very busy season of the year, and without any direct labor to produce such a state of things. God had worked by his providence, and the way was prepared.

Owing to the depression in money matters here in Omaha, the spirit of speculation has been checked; and this is having a healthful moral influence. Our growth as a city has been substantial, and sufficiently rapid to give assurance of future greatness. Two other church edifices are commenced; one by the Old School Presbyterians, and one by the Episcopalians.

The financial reverses which seized upon the prosperity of our country in 1857, and held it with such a mighty grasp, will not soon be forgotten. Some of the causes which led to it will more easily pass from memory than the sufferings which followed. We give a brief presentation of both of these. The reduction of duties on foreign importations under a revenue tariff, caused an increase of those importations to such an extent that a very large proportion of our own manufactories were compelled to shut down. Public improvements and private enterprises were either delayed or given up entirely, thus throwing thousands of laborers out of employment and reducing them and their families to want. Farmers were unable to sell their produce, for there was no money to buy it. Banks failed and railroad stocks almost ceased to yield dividends. Multitudes of the wealthy were reduced to poverty, and it seemed as if a commercial earthquake, almost in one short year, swallowed up the industries and prosperity of our fair land.

Mr. Gaylord thus speaks of its effects upon church interests at this time.

> The first year or two of my residence in Nebraska was a period of rapid growth. The church had increased from nine to fifty and they said, "Another year we shall support our minister without home missionary aid." Then came a crisis—a reaction—and the people scattered, some of them, especially the young men, never to return.

In 1856 Rev. Issac E. Heaton came with his family from Wisconsin to Nebraska and located in Fremont, then just beginning. He came to teach, but seeing the great need of ministers commenced preaching, and with the few others shared the trials and experiences of pioneer life on the frontier. Within a few months he succeeded in gathering a church. Then, the three churches of Omaha, Fontanelle and Fremont, met at Omaha by their representatives, and

on the 8th of August, 1857, organized the Congregational Association of Nebraska. The first regular meeting of this Association was held at Fremont on the first three days of the following November.

Early in September of this year, Mrs. Gaylord started for the east, going down the Missouri on the steamboat "Omaha" to St. Louis, thence eastward to Connecticut by rail. Mr. Gaylord's letters during her absence give an interesting chapter in the history of Omaha for those months.

OMAHA, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857.—I believe at St. Joseph you were over the worst part of the river, and I thought of you this morning as looking out upon St. Louis. Now, you may be flying behind the iron horse across the beautiful prairies of Illinois. Stillness and loneliness reign at home. Sarah has taken Lizzie to Dr. Miller's, and all the noise we hear is Georgia's prattle. While I write the rocking chair is in motion, and I hear her happy song. She is very well and seems to enjoy herself much. * * * Everybody is complaining of hard times. A. and B. have failed. B. has sold out to H. He did well for the church in getting the chandelier and other articles in St. Louis. The expected weddings came off on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Mr. Root was married by Mr. Skinner, and Mr. Jones by Mr. Watson. * * * You were very fortunate in taking the Omaha. The Hannibal did not leave until the next morning; the Asa Wilgus has gone above; the Alonzo Child and Watossa have just arrived and will leave to-morrow. Willie H— has been very sick and is still quite feeble. Mrs. Smith is encouraged by thirty-two pupils in her school. Tell Ralph his house stands as he left it. I trust he will be a good boy and a help to his dear mother. Do not give yourself any anxiety about us but enjoy your visit as much as you can.

SEPTEMBER 9.—On Saturday I went to Bellevue and preached twice on Sunday to very good congregations. Mr. Goss preached acceptably here. There is very little interest in religious things there. The Presbyterians have commenced building a church, but think they will not go on, owing to the

difficulty of collecting the subscriptions. An uncomfortable state of things exists in B. in regard to claims, and much injustice is done. Mr. Lovejoy has suffered considerably and met with some losses. I hope to organize a church there ere long, but do not feel very sanguine about it. Returned on Monday and found a draft for $100 from the A. H. M. S. With it I paid $50 borrowed of Mr. Kellom and some other bills. A good part of the quarter's salary is still due. In hard times you know the minister must wait. Was called yesterday to attend the funeral of a child about the age of our little Josie when he died. It was the only child of Mr. Pierce, a brother-in-law of Mr. VanCamp. They are deeply afflicted. If you have met with no hindrance, I suppose to-day you have exchanged greetings with old friends and kindred dear. May your pleasure be pure and unalloyed.

* * * The best men are getting their notes renewed. The recent heavy failures in New York awaken fear and apprehension here. Our crops are promising, although the grasshoppers are thick, thicker, thickest. The garden is literally alive with them.

Dr. H. bought A. & C.'s goods at sixty cents on the dollar and is selling them at eastern prices. Tell Ralph that his colt is growing finely. Does he not sometimes want to see his papa?

Mr. Parks has sent an urgent request for me to come and see him. Mr. Loveland thinks him in the last stages of consumption.

SEPTEMBER 15.—Had I known you would spend a Sabbath in St. Louis, I would have given you a letter of introduction to Dr. Post. Hope you heard him preach. Thought of you last Sabbath as sitting in the old church, and listening again to soul-stirring eloquence. We have to-day made arrangements for stoves to put in our church—two above, requiring 118 feet of pipe, and one in the basement. We get them at a reduction of $15, and the whole cost, including the setting up, will not exceed $70, so there will be money left in the treasury. Amongst the bills I obtained for you was $10 on the Reciprocity

Bank, which has temporarily suspended. I called at Dr. Miller's yesterday to see Lizzie. She was well and looked very nice. Mr. Bridges [the father of these little girls] is going down the river in a few days, hoping to improve his health in a warmer climate. Tell Ralph that Willie H. is better and calls for him. Willie's sister, Cornelia, is ill with the same fever. * * * Mrs. Richardson is at home and drops in occasionally to look after our welfare, but many are leaving for the winter.

Building goes on briskly. The third story of the hotel is rising and Dr. Lowe's house and the postoffice are going forward, but the court-house stands still. Mr. B. is building two store-houses opposite Mr. Megeath's and the State House is being roofed.

SEPTEMBER 24.—Tuesday morning I went down to see Mr. Parks, and found him more comfortable than I expected. His trouble is spasmodic asthma, now settling on the lungs in form of consumption. My visit seemed to be a great comfort to him and the family. He feels that it is good for him that he has been afflicted. I returned by way of Bellevue. Mr. Lovejoy is in danger of losing five or six thousand dollars in Chicago.

Well, my dear wife, we are some distance apart. Three weeks before we can write and receive an answer. How much may transpire in that time! * * * I know you will want to keep posted in regard to passing events. These are trying times for Omaha. As I went into Farnam street on Monday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, I saw a large company of men evidently much excited. I had not seen so much life and stir since election, and knew "something was in the wind." On inquiry, I was told, "The Western Exchange Bank is down." This was indeed a surprise, as the bank had stood high in the confidence of the people. There were eighty thousand dollars of deposits, all of which is lost. It is a severe blow to our community and will cause real distress. It shakes confidence in all banks, and men will grow more and more suspicious. Money is very scarce. Four and five per cent. a month is the current rate of interest. * * * The new hotel is advancing, but the hard times make their load a heavy

one. Mr. Woolworth is home again. Last Saturday Mr. Corkhill, a Bible agent, called and wanted to make arrangements for a general meeting for the purpose of organizing a County Bible Society. The meeting was held on Sabbath evening, and one hundred and seventy-five dollars pledged for the object. Dr. Monell subscribed fifty dollars of this amount. I forgot to say that the Fontanelle Bank of Bellevue collapsed on Monday in connection with the Western Exchange. I hardly know what to do in regard to sending you money. It is almost unsafe to buy a draft, lest the bank on which it is to be drawn should shut up before it could reach you. You can have little conception of the state of things just now. If I borrow here I must pay four per cent. per month.

There is no prevailing sickness, but many are complaining. Mrs. O. and S. O. have been quite ill, but the latter has recovered sufficiently to go to Indiana. Mr. Gant's family will move to Kenosha in two or three weeks. Mrs. Thayer and Major Armstrong's family are going east to spend the winter.

There has been much anxiety for the past few days in regard to city property outside the entered district. It is feared there are some who wish to crowd in and get a pre-emption on the land, and thus rob the real owners of their rights. But I learn that arrangements are being made to have different persons, living upon the several quarters, pre-empt them by common consent, and then deed over to the city council in trust for the owners, who will in this way get warranty deeds for their lots. I trust the crisis through which we are passing will do us good as a community. It will check a spirit of speculation and extravagance, promote industry, stimulate production, and prepare the way for greater and more substantial prosperity in the future.

October 6.—Think when you return I can go down to Danville by private conveyance and meet you there. It would be pleasant to see the dear people of my former charge and have a little change. A respite of three or four weeks would be refreshing to soul and body, and better fit me for the labors of the winter. Mr. Gridley has returned to Omaha and with him

a sister of Mr. Kellom. This is Sarah's birthday, and she is quite cheerful and happy. * * * The failures in Philadelphia have affected us very seriously. There is but little money in circulation except city scrip, and this cannot be used out of the place. Saratoga is resting with crushing weight upon some who have invested there. The O. S. have put off building until next year. * * * Mr. Seely was married last night to Mr. Hanscom's sister. You have doubtless read full accounts of that terrible calamity, the loss of the Central America with its precious cargo of human beings. How sad and solemn thus to be ushered into eternity!

We hear from Danville that Mr. and Mrs. Dudley have just buried their little son and are inconsolable. And we also hear from Denmark the sorrowful intelligence of the death of Miss Wilson. But oh, how enviable her condition! She has done with suffering, and is admitted to the joys of the blessed.

October 13.—We have no frost yet, and the weather is delightful—have scarcely needed a fire in my study for two weeks. But there is some sickness, mostly ague and intermittent fever. Mr. Hall, Mrs. Kellom, Mr. and Mrs. McAusland and Miss Graham are sick. Also Mrs. Byers and Mr. B.'s sister. Mrs. Miller was with them until nearly worn out. A Mr. Horbach, brother of the one who boarded at Mr. Goodwill's, was buried on Sabbath afternoon. He died at Mr. Shinn's after quite a long illness. Mr. and Mrs. Rice, of Council Bluffs, returned from the east two weeks since. They came up the Missouri on the Admiral, but she sank not far from Weston. Last Sabbath our congregation was reduced fully one-half by sickness. Mr. Caldwell united with us by letter. Mr. Rice went to Fontanelle and spent the Sabbath, returned on Tuesday and stayed over night. I received a letter from a gentleman in Fort Calhoun last week, asking me to pay them a visit. There are five Congregational members from Lowell, Illinois, who have their letters and are desirous of being organized into a church. I have sent an appointment to preach there to-morrow night. Shall explore the ground and perhaps form a church soon.

Received a letter from Rev. Mr. McEwen, of Enfield,

Massachusetts, saying that two or three months since he sent me a draft for $50, and asking if I had received it. Of course I was obliged to answer in the negative. [This draft, which had been stolen, was afterwards recovered.] I learn that Mr. Parks is better. Mr. Orchard has commenced building on the corner of Thirteenth and Howard streets, directly east of Mr. Homan's.

October 22.—Your constant trust in God I hope has not deserted you, as you have learned ere this of the utter impossibility of sending you any funds. Drafts are altogether unsafe, and gold is worth 25 per cent. Winter is approaching and it is important that you be on your way back by the second or third week in November. You will have to abandon the idea of coming up the river, as boats have almost stopped running. It rained on Wednesday evening, but I preached at Calhoun to a good congregation. Have promised to be with them next Sabbath. I found there a grandson of Cotton Mather. He is the father of Mrs. Stevens, and is between sixty and seventy years of age. If I drive down to Danville, shall endeavor to leave here November 10. Must be at Fremont at our first meeting of Association on November 1, and November 8 preach my home missionary sermon.

There is still much sickness among the people. It seems to be different from anything physicians have seen — is very obstinate, and does not yield readily to medicine. I long to have the time come when we will all be together again. Am trying to fix things for the winter, so as to be in readiness to go and meet you.

October 27.—I sit down this morning to write you, as I suppose, the last letter I shall direct to Newington, and hope it will reach you, as I think you will not be ready to leave for home before the 10th of November. Your last to me lifted a heavy burden of anxiety from my mind. I had an opportunity some days since to get a draft of $50 on the A. H. M. S. or one of $200 on Boston, but could get nothing to buy them with and had to let them go. I feared you would feel troubled because I could not send the money, but the manner in which you have

met the difficulty has entirely relieved me from those fears. Money is now worth here from four to six per cent. per month. I shall direct my next draft from the A. H. M. S. to be sent to Mr. Deming, to apply on what you borrow of him.

Expect to commence my journey on the 10th, and hope to be in Danville by the 20th. Perhaps you had better leave on the 12th—stop in Oberlin and visit at Mrs. Miner's over the Sabbath. I do not think it would be wrong for me to have a little vacation after two years of steady labor, and cannot see that any interest will materially suffer. I will take Sarah and place her in school in Danville or Denmark, if you think best. She is anxious to go. I believe Mrs. Orchard will take care of Georgia. Then I am not willing you and Ralph should endure the fatigue and exposure of crossing Iowa in the stage at this season of the year. I have never regretted that you have taken this journey, but have been glad all the time. Nothing will make me sorry, unless you are compelled to stay all winter. I cannot be sufficiently thankful that, hard as the times are, we have the prospect of going through without serious trouble, unless my salary should be cut off or greatly curtailed. You and I know how to practice economy, and that is not likely to hurt our influence for some time to come. Mrs. Byers continues very ill, but the Mr. Boyds are better, and Mr. Hall is at work again. Mrs. Sahler is quite sick with fever.

Now I have some very good news to tell you. Last Saturday I went to Fort Calhoun, preached in the evening and at half past ten on Sabbath morning, then organized a Congregational church of seven members, one of them being the grandson of Cotton Mather, spoken of in my last letter. Without stopping for refreshments I drove to Florence, to fulfill an appointment I had left there for half past two. I preached in the Methodist church, and at the close of service organized another church with seven members, viz: Messrs. Barrows, Goodrich and Jefferson with their wives, and Mrs. Lemon. I enjoyed much through the day, but was too weary to sleep at night. Yesterday it rained incessantly, but there were four assignments

in the city. How these hard times are weighing the financial standing of business men!

NOVEMBER 3.—I received yours last night on my return from Fremont. Wish I could leave this week, but cannot. I go to-morrow to Fontanelle to marry Mr. Holton to Mrs. Corliss' sister. I can agree with Mr. Burt, when he says of the meeting of Association at Fremont, "It was a blessed meeting." How I would love to meet you at Burlington, when the old iron horse comes rushing up to the "Father of Waters"! But as we have no railroad from the "big muddy," I must take Dolly, and will get another horse, and a light, easy-running wagon of Mr. Gibson, which I shall take home on my return from the wedding. The Lord keep us all, and unite us again at the place so long called *home*.

This journey of three hundred miles across Iowa, from the Missouri to the Mississippi, was a tedious one, owing to an abundance of rain. The family met and passed a delightful Thanksgiving amongst the people they had loved so well.

A little incident will be related here to show that, while we should never give for the sake of having it returned, yet very often even in this life, "a cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple," does not "lose its reward." A beloved Christian family had removed from Danville to place a daughter in the college at Oberlin and to aid a son soon to graduate there. One fatal night after all but one had retired to rest, their dwelling was discovered to be on fire. The family, five in number, escaped with their lives but saved nothing, for the house with all its contents was soon a mass of ruins. On the way from New England west, a short visit was made to these friends, and on leaving, a small sum of money was *urged* upon them. On arriving at Burlington, Iowa, Mr. Hedge, a long-time friend, presented Mr. G. with a twenty-dollar gold piece. At Danville, a note supposed to be worthless was purchased for its full value

by one who had been a bitter opposer of the gospel, and other gifts were received. On reaching Lewis, Cass county, a Sabbath was spent in the hospitable family of Mr. Mills. Mr. M. facetiously inquired if *ministers* ever had any use for money. On being told that they did *sometimes* need a little, money and valuable family supplies were freely bestowed, bringing to mind the words of Christ, "Give and it shall be given you, good measure pressed down and running over."

But to return to our narrative. After some days spent in this pleasant reunion, they again set forward toward their western home. As there was no other way for them to reach Omaha they were once more under the necessity of crossing Iowa in the month of December, leaving Sarah, the eldest daughter, to continue her studies in the school at Danville. At Mt. Pleasant they found Mrs. Booth, another of their former beloved Danville parishioners, dying of cancer. On entering her room she welcomed them by saying, "I am almost in heaven"!

Here they were told the river could not be crossed on the direct route westward on account of the high water. The only alternative was to go north ten or twelve miles, where they might possibly be taken over on a flat boat. A tiresome ride, much of the way through mud thick and soft, brought them to this place, but the boat was sunk. A mill and a half dozen little tenements composed the town. Here they decided to remain over night, hoping that in the morning a kind Providence would throw some light on the difficulties that environed them; and a kind Providence, as is often the case, instead of removing obstacles, or making an easy way through them, seemed to direct that they themselves should make the most persevering efforts to go forward. Daylight showed that the only way was to attempt fording the river. So the horses were harnessed and Mr. G. drove into the broad and swollen stream. Several men stood on the shore with a skiff at hand, ready to afford

help, almost expecting the deep water and strong current would overwhelm them, but the other side was reached in safety. Several times as they went on their way—once in the streets of Pella—the mud was so deep that the faithful horses could not proceed until help was obtained, and when at last the Missouri was reached, the ice was running so as to make crossing both difficult and dangerous. But this trouble was surmounted and the little family were once more safe at home. Here a pleasant surprise awaited them. In their absence Mrs. Richardson, always intent on doing good, assisted by a few ladies of kindred spirit, had furnished the little study, making it both convenient and attractive. It is doubtful if the owner of a stately mansion could have placed a higher value upon its most beautiful apartment, than did the worker upon this quiet and pleasant room. Again the threads of daily life were taken up, and the work resumed which had already grown to gigantic proportions.

VIII.

A GROWING FIELD.

1859–1864.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."

God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word He speeds,
And truth, at His requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds.

—*Whittier.*

Intent on Him, we do not mark or see
The hard things by the way.
It is enough that we are led, and He
Whose guidance we obey
Has gone before and knows how rough it is.

—*Selected.*

Over the Rocky Mountains' height,
Like ocean in its tided might,
The living sea rolls onward, on!

—*Mrs. Hale.*

Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds.

—*Somerville.*

Who dies in vain
Upon his country's warfields, and within
The shadow of her altars?

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

CHAPTER VIII.

A Growing Field.

Church Organization—Pike's Peak Excitement—Emigration—A Trip East to Secure Funds for Fontanelle College—St. Joseph—Quincy—Illinois Association—New York City—Henry Ward Beecher—Large Sympathy But Little Money—Commencement at New Haven—Class Meeting—A Cold Summer—Return Home—An Anniversary—The War—Nebraska Troops—Busy Days—"Home Missionary Box"—The Bell—Organization of Church at Nebraska City—Donation Party—Union Pacific Railroad.

We quote from Mr. Gaylord's historical paper of October, 1878, read before a State Association:

Seeing the land all unoccupied I continued to act the part of a bishop for the territory of my adoption, and at the same time cared for the church at Omaha until November, 1864. During the year 1856, I extended my labors to Bellevue, ten miles south, and Florence and Calhoun on the north. In the last two named places I formed churches by special request of the people, which at the time seemed very promising. Afterwards I visited Decatur, sixty miles north, and Brownville, seventy-five miles south, and organized churches in both places. But being unsupplied with Congregational ministers to watch over and strengthen them, they were abandoned to the Presbyterians, and now both are prosperous and efficient Presbyterian churches.

This brief account is only one instance among similar ones which might be cited, showing how many Congregational churches through the home missionary fields of the west have been lost to the denomination for want of pastors. Why it should be so is a problem the writer of this is unable to solve. Is it because they have less of an aggressive sectarian spirit than their Presbyterian brethren? Or

are they lacking in self-denial for Christ's sake—more unwilling to go into difficult places, where there is hard work and small pay, and use their time and talents to save lost men and look up stray sheep? Is the famine—the dearth of ministers greater and more constant in the Congregational body than any other? Or have all these combined to produce the result here spoken of? One thing we *do* know to be true—they have more means at command than their Congregational brethren, for there is more wealth represented in their membership, and their benevolent societies have a richer constituency from which to draw to fill up their treasuries. This is *one* reason why they *can* send forth so many ministers to supply vacant fields.

Mr. Gaylord occasionally took the long ride to Decatur to look after the spiritual interests of that church and people. Once in winter, face and ears were frost bitten, and at another time in returning a slough was to be crossed. The mud was thick and deep, and when about half way over the horse decided that he could proceed no further. Mr. Gaylord released the buggy, and then by dint of much coaxing, persuaded the animal to flounder through to the other side. Then procuring a long rope he fastened one end to the horse, and wading back secured the other end to the buggy, which was thus drawn out upon solid ground. In 1858 Rev. Mr. Page went to labor there, but advancing age and poor health required him to return to Ohio at the close of one year.

In 1858 gold was discovered in Colorado, and the Pike's Peak excitement began to move the country. The population of Omaha materially diminished during this period. In 1856 the government had ordered the construction of a military road from the Missouri river at Omaha to new Fort Kearney, 200 miles west. This helped to make Omaha a point of attraction to the thousands who were leaving their homes in all parts of the country for the newly found gold

fields of Colorado. Multitudes stopped here for rest and to lay in supplies for the remainder of the journey. This greatly stimulated business and increased trade to an extent which helped Omaha to tide over the hardest period of the "hard times." In the spring of 1859 the emigration was still greater, and for many months the city looked like a military encampment, tents covering the vacant lots, and covered wagons everywhere, drawn by oxen, mules and horses. The great thoroughfare, of which Omaha was the gateway, was lined with pilgrims to the new Eldorado. Small companies of men, taking their little all on their backs, commenced the long pilgrimage on foot. Of the multitudes who went to the land of gold at this time, numbers had only sufficient to get there, and had nothing left to live upon while prospecting. Hundreds of these started back and many, who could not beg their way, became so desperate as to steal from those they met, taking from emigrants provisions, clothing, and even horses and mules, if they were strong enough. To set against this, one man took out $40,000 within one week, and nearly lost his reason in consequence.

December, 1858:

The close of this year leads me to review the three years of missionary labor in Nebraska, in connection with the American Home Missionary Society. When I came here, all was a moral waste; I stood alone at the gateway of this important Territory; upon me devolved the solemn responsibility of setting in operation a train of influences that are to flow on with growing strength after my work on earth is done. There was no church to look to for aid and encouragement; I was a stranger among strangers, without a house of worship, a Sabbath school, or a meeting for social prayer. Now, from Sabbath to Sabbath I meet in a Christian temple an intelligent and attentive congregation. Here is a church of fifty members, an interesting Sabbath school and Bible class, and from week to week we meet

in the social circle of prayer to supplicate God's rich blessing. Now I look out upon six other churches of like faith. Most of these I have been permitted to gather in places which, three years since, were almost without inhabitants.

In the providence of God, the foundations of an important literary institution have been laid, and the work of instruction is now to be commenced. Times have been, and still are, very hard. While money abounds in New York, here we have almost none of it. Many of the people have left temporarily and there are probably not more than half as many people in Omaha now as there were twelve months since.

April, 1859:

This city has been my only *regular* place of preaching, although a large amount of labor has been performed outside this particular field. We are cheerful and happy in our work, and though it has its trials, yet in it we desire to spend so much of life as still remains. Regularly as the Sabbath has returned, has the sanctuary been opened, morning and evening, for worship, and the word of God has been preached by your missionary. * * * Two or three classes of Danish children attend the Sabbath school constantly. They are taught to read our language, and instructed in the first principles of religion; and the interest they manifest is truly encouraging.

One of our prominent citizens, an early settler, an able and successful lawyer, is brought apparently near to the verge of eternity. A little less than one year since, all his prospects were exceedingly flattering. With ample means, in the full vigor of early manhood, temperate and correct in his habits, he was looking forward to many years on earth. But last July he was laid aside from the activities of life by illness, and from that time has seemed to be slowly declining. For the last two months I have visited him regularly as often as once, and frequently twice, in a week, and in my visits have sought to turn his mind to the consideration of another world. Prayer and reading of the Scriptures are a pleasure to him.

The great subject of thought and conversation among our

citizens is the discovery of gold at the base of the Rocky mountains. In those regions where it is found, it is diffused every where through the soil in the form of scale gold, furnishing ground for the conclusion that farther up in the mountains it will be found in larger quantities. Already some discoveries of shot gold and gold bearing quartz are reported. The result is that a great number of our citizens, both good and bad, are preparing to leave for the mines. A large company will start from here, in which will be one of the active members of my church, two Sabbath school teachers, the leader of the choir, and others whom we shall miss. They go, expecting to return in the fall. It will do much to unsettle the work of the church this season.

Within two years after Mr. Gaylord's advent on Nebraska soil an institution of learning had been established by the Congregationalists at Fontanelle, which was to develop into a college as soon as the wants of the country should require. The school was opened December, 1857. A complete history of this undertaking is given in the closing chapter of this book.

In May, 1859, he went east to solicit funds for this college enterprise. He also wished to convey information of the comparatively new home missionary field of Nebraska, as well as to awaken an interest in the institution among eastern friends. The trustees had assumed responsibilities in erecting a building which, in consequence of the commercial reverses, proved embarrassing. It was to meet this pressure that Mr. Gaylord, at their request, undertook this work. He was most kindly received, and met everywhere with a generous sympathy and entire approval of the object of his mission. But the response in material aid was small. Enough, however, was given to enable them to hold the ground and save the building. It must be remembered that thirty years ago large sums were seldom donated to benevolent enterprises. It is the easy and rapid accumulation of wealth in later years that has enabled

generous men and women of the last two decades to give munificent sums to educational institutions, and to insure success in utilizing some of the wonderful discoveries and inventions of the present day. And what cause for rejoicing, that money is given more and more freely for the establishment of Christ's kingdom among all the nations of the earth! When the time comes, as it will, that the gifts keep step with the need, we shall then know that the redemption of the world is at hand.

At the time this mission to the east was undertaken, the Baptist brethren of Omaha had no house of worship. Before Mr. Gaylord left, he requested the trustees of the Congregational church to invite Rev. Mr. Barnes, the Baptist clergyman, to unite the two congregations and occupy his pulpit during his absence. Mr. Barnes did this very acceptably, it is believed, to both churches.

Mr. Gaylord's letters, written while absent on this trip, make an instructive passage in this history.

MAY 17.—STEAMER ST. MARY.—7 P. M.—I found it harder to part with my dear family than I had anticipated, and could scarcely regain entire composure before reaching the boat. We were off in less than half an hour after going on board. The sail down the river was delightful. We tarried a few moments at Council Bluffs Landing, and then passed on to Plattsmouth. Here were a large number of teams waiting to cross the river. The view up the Weeping Water valley from this point is very fine. Mr. Hoadley and I have taken a room together. Gov. Black is on board, and I have found him a very agreeable traveling companion. He has given me an excellent letter of introduction of a general character. Mr. Richards, of Omaha, is also on board, bound for St. Joseph. I am passing the time pleasantly, and already begin to feel rested—I thought this my first duty. Have paid my fare—$42.50—first-class ticket to New York.

I suppose ere this, you have looked inside the box and given thanks for its safe arrival. Mr. Horbach told me it had come,

and that he would send it up to the house this afternoon. I am glad you have this to help divert your mind from the pain of separation. Please give me a particular account of its contents. What does the only son say to the grey suit? How good our Heavenly Father is! Bless the Lord, O my soul! How my heart goes out to the dear ones from whom I am being borne further and further away! Now you must all get well, and be as happy as you can. Love to Sarah, Ralph and little Georgia.

WEDNESDAY, 11 A. M.—NEAR KANSAS LINE.—Our boat stopped at Nebraska City. We left there at 9 P. M.; ran a while, and tied up till morning; passed Brownville about half-past eight this morning and left Brother Hoadley. Mr. Gulick was on board and stopped at Brownville to look. He is an interesting man—a lawyer from Michigan—but he thinks the profession is full in Omaha. We are having a pleasant sail, and will be in St. Joseph this evening. The river is very high, which gives us a fine view of the country and bluffs, which are indeed lovely.

Now I must tell you what Mr. Hoadley has done. Last evening he was speaking of his affairs, and remarked that some time since, he had written a letter to send me, saying he would donate the half of a twenty-six acre lot he owns in Fontanelle, to the college. He did not send it, as he expected to see me soon. I replied, that if he felt inclined to do that, I should be much pleased to have him head the subscription list with donating that property, and I would use it as a stimulus with holders of Fontanelle property residing in Quincy. He said he would do this, then make the deed to the trustees of the college and send it to you. This gives us thirteen acres near the college grounds, from one of the choicest of the twenty-six acre lots, and Mr. H. thinks it will be equal to a subscription of $1,000 five years hence. 4 O'CLOCK.—We are now within one hour's run of St. Joseph. The river scenery is not as interesting below the Kansas line as above it. * * * * * *

We reached St. Joseph at 5 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, and took lodgings at Allen's Hotel, where we had good accommodations. There is a vast amount of building there, and every

thing is active. But the streets—how narrow! Only from forty to sixty feet wide. I walked up onto the bluffs where I could overlook the city and the surrounding country. The view is extensive and fine, but not equal to that from Capitol Hill, Omaha. I passed the Catholic Seminary, which is pleasantly located. They are building an immense hotel called the "Rail Road House," which is not yet finished. St. Joseph promises to become a place of great importance, but evidently it was not laid out with this expectation.

I called on Mr. Woolworth, and was received in the kindest manner. After salutations were over, almost the first thing he said was, that he wished to continue his subscription for my support. He then gave me an order on A. S. Barnes & Co., in New York for $25. After bestowing other favors, he inquired if I had a subscription book for the college. I replied that I had, but had only one name in it as yet, and asked him if he would like to give. He replied that he would, but thought the amount would be too small to put his name in the book. I said to him, "Please say what you will give, for my encouragement." His answer was, "I will give $100—one half in cash and one half in books and stationery, which may be as good as cash." At my request he put his name down for that amount, then gave me letters to A. S. Barnes and Ivison & Phinney, publishers, in New York, commending the object in the highest degree—and also a letter to his father, who is president of the New York State Library at Albany. Thus the Lord helps me on.

Quincy, Illinois, Thursday, 6 a. m.—It was as lovely a morning as ever dawned when I took my seat in the cars, and started off toward the rising sun. There had been heavy rains, and the dust was all laid. Nature had on her loveliest robes, and most charming was the ride across the state of Missouri. Just before sunset we entered Hannibal. The Mississippi is so very high that we ran down to the boat with water on each side of the track. Hannibal is a fine city, well situated and must become a place of much importance. We reached this place between 10 and 11 p. m.—two days and nine

hours from Omaha to Quincy, and lay still about twenty hours of this time. In the morning I called on Mr. Foote, and told him my wishes. He entered heartily into my plans, and arranged to have a joint meeting of the two Congregational churches at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, when I am to present my object and take a collection. I am entertained at Deacon Keyes', a charming spot. Oh, how I wish you were here!

Have had a delightful ride about the city with Rev. Mr. Emery and Dr. McClure, an invalid clergyman. It will be twenty-four years next September since I first visited Quincy. There was then a log tavern on the square, kept by Rufus Brown, now of Fontanelle. A log house was used for a land office, and there were a few other buildings of a similar character. Mr. Asa Turner's house was an unpainted, frame building, and the Congregational meeting house a frame with no steeple, the bell being hung on the outside. The bluff from the river was precipitous, and all the buildings were above it. Now, a large part of the bluff is graded down, and covered with business houses and dwellings. The principal street is built compactly two miles out from the river, while several others extend nearly as far. The city extends up and down the river three or four miles. I noticed many costly and beautiful dwellings, ornamented with trees, shrubbery and gardens. An air of neatness and taste pervades the residence portion of the city, which reminds me forcibly of Hartford, Connecticut. We rode out three miles to the residence of Mr. Blatchford, a son of Dr. Blatchford, whom I knew in Jacksonville in 1836. Here I met a Mrs. Green, the wife of a Baptist clergyman in Chicago. She is a fine lady, expressed a deep interest in you and gathered some roses and other flowers for you, but as I could not send them, asked me to send her love and tell you of her kind wishes. The grounds of Mr. Blatchford contain one hundred and sixty acres, under the highest state of cultivation, with every variety of trees, fruit, forest and ornamental—a splendid garden and all that can please the eye or gratify the taste.

Returning, we came by the residence of John Wood, who,

when I first visited Quincy, lived in a log house quite out of town. We went to the observatory of a fine house he is building, which is of hewn stone, and commands a view of nearly the whole city. The streets are set with rows of trees on each side; the walks are paved, and several of the streets macadamized. There are twenty churches, two of them Congregational. I have given you a glimpse of Quincy as ten years old (1835), and as it is now (1859). You can look into the future and see what Omaha must become in a much shorter period.

Reports from Europe are very war-like, and there is little doubt but that blood will flow. But the Lord reigns, and will do all His pleasure. Pray for me. That the Good Shepherd may keep you and all the flock is my constant prayer.

QUINCY, Illinois, May 23.—I shall leave here on Tuesday morning, and think I will stop in Kewanee to see Mr. Little's people, and perhaps awaken some interest in our enterprise. Yesterday I presented a history of our work in Nebraska to an apparently interested audience. It was not judged best by Mr. Foote, Mr. Emery and Deacon Keyes to call for a public collection this time, lest they would not do justice to themselves and the object, on account of the severity of the times. Deacon Keyes has given me a subscription of $100.

I called to-day on a Mr. Rose, who used to live about fifteen miles from Burlington. He has been sick a year, and is near the grave. I had a most delightful Christian interview and season of prayer with them. Mrs. Rose is a sister of Mr. Brown, of Fontanelle. They have property, and will donate some to the institution. I called on three other Fontanelle stockholders, who live out of town, but secured no positive pledges, as some of them had already given. But I think I shall get property in Fontanelle worth from $150 to $300. Believe I have sowed some seed which will bring good fruit in the future, and feel sure I have made a good impression. Took tea at Rev. Mr. Emery's. Dr. McClure, who is stopping there, is greatly afflicted with asthma. He is a most excellent man. After tea we had prayers, and I led. Then he took me by the

hand and with tears said, "I thank you for that prayer." While engaged in this work I wish to do some good in other directions. * * * * Christian ministerial intercourse—how sweet, how refreshing!

And now good night to you, and good night to Sarah, Ralph and Georgia.

KEWANEE, Illinois, May 25.—I found Mr. Little's place without any trouble. They are living in a fine house, one-fourth of a mile from the depot, and about the same distance from Wethersfield. Kewanee is a thriving town of nearly two thousand people, surrounded by a beautiful and fertile section of country. This region is transformed since we were here with Mr. and Mrs. Deming eight years ago. Mr. Little says: "I am *glad* to see you." He enters with the deepest interest into all my plans.

They have just settled a minister here, a Mr. Salter, son of Mr. Salter of Waverly. His sister was the wife of Charles Welles, my classmate and your cousin. I think I shall awaken an interest among our friends that will result in something substantial for the cause in the future. At present men of means in this region are straitened, but there are some noble souls who feel that they and theirs belong to God. I am glad I stopped here, for my visit has been most refreshing. Am sorry you could not be with me; you would enjoy it so much.

CHICAGO, May 31.—Am not making very rapid progress towards the east, but feel that I am accomplishing one object of my tour, for I am gaining important information in relation to the great field of Christian effort in the northwest. Am also making acquaintances and renewing old ones that may be of important service to our enterprise in the future. At present it is impossible to raise money in the west. Those who have the most property are under the necessity of borrowing money to pay their taxes. All eyes are turned to the coming crop. This shows that farmers are the bone and sinew of the land. I came into Chicago last night, and was most agreeably surprised to find a letter from you at the Herald office. * * *

I found at Kewanee that a special car was attached to a

freight train, to accommodate those who were going to the General Association at Bloomington, and thought best to take this, as I could have the opportunity to see many of the brethren on their way, and thus accomplish much for my object. I reached Bloomington on Thursday afternoon, and on going to the Association found so many subjects of importance and general interest before that body, that I decided to stay over the Sabbath, and am glad I did. It was a great and good meeting, and finding so many old friends was indeed most refreshing. Mr. Bascom preached a good opening sermon, holding up Paul as a model minister. Friday morning at the 8 o'clock prayer meeting there were nearly two hundred in attendance from abroad, among them President Sturtevant, Dr. Barker, Dr. Blanchard, Mr. Kilbourn, Joel Grant, Mr. Merritt, wife and sister, the latter daughters of Mr. Earlie, of Perry. I send to-day, to Sarah, a sermon preached at the funeral of Brother Kilbourn's daughter, by Mr. Grant. These brethren are both from Litchfield county, and I knew them well in college. My home was with Mr. Taylor, Congregational minister of Bloomington. His wife is from New Ipswich, N. H., and an intimate friend of Miss Wilson.

We had an able report on Knox College, from Rev. Mr. Patton, chairman of a committee on investigation appointed last year. The home missionary relations with Presbyterians came up and Rev. Mr. Jenny, the agent, made a statement which I was glad to hear. We are approaching an entire separation of the two denominations in that society. It may not come this year, but it *will* come. I know not how it will affect us, but can leave that with God. I occupied about fifteen minutes in a report from Nebraska. The whole time was taken up with important business, and I listened to all with deep interest. On the Sabbath I assisted in the communion service, and afterwards made an address of about twenty minutes. Spoke to the Sabbath school at noon. In the afternoon there was a gathering of children and teachers, numbering about one thousand.

Yesterday, I came to this city, stopped at the Briggs House and called on Mr. Goodman. He insisted on my staying with him and I shall do so. Sarah Porter is here attending school;

she is getting to be a large girl. I shall stay over to-day to see some of the friends, and prepare the way to accomplish something when I return.

At Bloomington I saw Rev. Joseph Emerson, nephew of the Professor, and cousin of the Ralph Emerson that we saw at Andover. He is an able and interesting man. He wishes me to come to Rockford on my return, and gives encouragement of help. Ralph is there in business, and says, if it had not been for the hard times he would now be worth a hundred thousand dollars. I also saw a daughter of Prof. Emerson, who is the wife of Prof. Haven of Chicago Theological Seminary. I shall go to Oberlin to-morrow.

OBERLIN, OHIO, June 2.—I arrived here last evening, and was most heartily welcomed by Mr. Miner and family. Irenaeus and wife left the day before I came, for a mission among the Ojibways on Lake Superior in Wisconsin. I have visited several of the professors, and gained much knowledge in regard to the workings of the institution, and shall remain over the Sabbath, if Prof. Morgan, who has charge of the church, is willing I should present my cause and take a collection. Otherwise, I must go forward to New York. * * * Have had a very pleasant interview with Prof. Morgan. He tells me that large demands are being made upon them for their brethren in prison, (under the fugitive slave law), and it did not seem advisable to call for a contribution now, but said that when I should return the way might be open. So I shall leave to-morrow and reach New York on Saturday. Have some fears that I shall not find as much encouragement east as I anticipated.

NEW YORK, June 6.—I went to a hotel on arriving here and then to the Home Missionary rooms to see if there were letters. I was most cordially received by the Secretaries, and Dr. Badger brought me your welcome letter, also one from Bro. Hurlburt. I sit at the table by the side of Bro. Morris of West Hartford, who is here for surgical treatment.

Sabbath morning Bro. Morris and I went over to Brooklyn to hear Henry Ward Beecher. The house was packed to the very doors, but we succeeded in getting in and a gentleman

gave us seats. Every corner was filled. After the voluntary he implored the Divine blessing, then read a portion of Scripture and gave out the hymn, "How blest the sacred tie that binds," in the Plymouth Collection. The whole congregation joined in the song. But such a prayer as followed! He led us right into the Divine Presence, and seemed to pour out the fullness of the wants of all classes into the ear of Jehovah. Then another hymn, the 397th:

O, Lord! how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee—
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

He gave out several notices, among them two strawberry festivals with music, and remarked, if men could not be benevolent, when paid for it in strawberries and music, they must be given up as hopeless. Text, Hebrews 13:5. Subject, Christian Contentment. Does contentment mean that we are to like *every* thing, because it happens? No such thing. It is the opposite of a complaining disposition—a disposition to see *some* good in every thing and *seize* upon that good. The bee can find honey in every flower, but *I* can't. That's the difference between him and me.

Some are not contented because others are better off than they. He illustrated this by a beggar: I give him in his rags a whole suit, but coarse and plain. He looks around and sees another with a little better suit, and says it is not much of a gift after all. Then I give him a suit of broadcloth, but he sees one with a *finer* suit, and is ungrateful still. Place him on a throne, and if there is one a little higher, he is fretful and unhappy. Christian contentment looks on the bright side—sees God ordering and dispensing everything in love. Contentment is not inconsistent with aspiration. Christian character grows. Contentment is not inconsistent with a thirst for knowledge, or a spirit of enterprise. Original endowments are often subjects for complaining. One frets because he was not born a genius —an orator—a philosopher—a musician. He said the world

had produced but about two first-class men in a thousand years. We should say, "Since it did not please God to make *me* anything but *me*, I'll *take me*." We should try to be faithful in our sphere, and this is the way to rise when God opens the Providential door.

Applied to sickness—He says to one, "You love me, don't you?" "Yes." "Then lie upon this bed of pain, and suffer twenty years, and show how My grace can sustain you." But you can get no impression of the sermon from these brief extracts. It reminded me of a fountain fully pressed, overflowing at every opening. And it was so rich I have been feasting upon it ever since. The closing hymn was:

> Be still my heart! These anxious cares
> To thee are burdens, thorns and snares;
> They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
> And contradict His gracious word.
>
> Brought safely by His hand thus far,
> Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
> How can'st thou want if He provide,
> Or lose thy way with such a guide?

In the afternoon I went to hear Dr. Asa D. Smith, whose Sabbath school pays the salary of Rev. Mr. Goos in Nebraska, and in the evening I heard Dr. Cheever.

O, that precious letter! How I thank you for it. It seemed so long not to hear from the dear ones, where my heart centers. Received the draft all safe. How generous, how good the Lord is! "Cast all your cares on Him who careth for you." I want to commit all my work into His hands and leave the result with Him. We know not what is in the future, but let us follow where our Great Master leads, and soon we may hear his voice saying, "Come up higher."

The days are cool and pleasant. The scenery on the Hudson was enchanting—delightful! Two weeks from to-morrow the General Association of Connecticut meets at Norwich.

New York, June 8.—Many thanks to you and Sarah for those kind letters. Was glad to look upon the face of the dear boy, and think the picture in the case an excellent one.

I spent Monday forenoon in the Home Missionary rooms, and had a most interesting time with Dr. Badger and the other secretaries. They are ready to do what they can for our Territory, but have a great deal of feeling upon this question of the relations of Presbyterians and Congregationalists in the society. They think the separation *inevitable*, though when it will take place they cannot tell.

In the afternoon I called on Mr. Baldwin, who was very glad to see me, but was preparing to leave for a two or three weeks' absence. We talked till the time of his leaving. The regulations of the College Society do not contemplate helping till the college department is inaugurated. He manifested great interest in our work. If the division takes place in the Home Missionary Society, it will in the College Society also. Went to the *Independent* office and had a chat with Dr. Leavitt, the editor. In the afternoon went over to Brooklyn and saw my classmate, Budington. Have been presenting my letters of introduction and making acquaintances. It takes time to begin, and it costs much time to find those I wish to see. I called on my classmate, Prof. Thompson, but did not find him in. I then went in search of Dr. B. Found him in his drug store, and was received with open arms and heart.

New York is indeed a great and busy city. I attended a meeting of the Historical Society last evening and heard a very excellent lecture from Bancroft, the historian, on the life and character of Jonathan Edwards. I hope to get access to congregations on the Sabbath, and think I shall have some measure of success, but there are a great many objects pressing, especially just now. I have a very pleasant boarding place, and a quiet room where I can write undisturbed, and where I can commend my loved ones to our Father's care and myself to His guidance. I hope you will enjoy yourselves as well as you can. I believe it is right to be happy.

BROOKLYN, June 13.—Called on Miss West, and had a most delightful interview. She seems like a whole-souled Christian. Saw Dr. Adams a moment, and found I knew his father in

Jacksonville. Am unable to get an opportunity to present our field publicly at present, except in Dr. Budington's church yesterday afternoon. Have had five hundred circulars printed, setting forth in brief my object and wishes. Have visited my classmates, Spencer, Benedict and Thompson, and had most interesting interviews. Mr. Thompson insisted on my stopping with him, so I moved there Saturday evening. Sabbath morning heard Dr. Adams preach from the text, "But he was a leper." Interesting discourse, splendid church, large and wealthy congregation. In the afternoon presented Nebraska in Dr. Budington's church. He introduced me as an old classmate, twenty years a home missionary. At the close he spoke a few minutes in a way to greatly strengthen my hands, and help me to make a beginning. I think impressions were made which will not be effaced. A. S. Barnes, the publisher, is one of Dr. Budington's leading members.

Your cousin, S. Camp, wished me to go home with him; Dr. B. also invited me, but I thought it might help my cause to go with Mr. Barnes. I make everything subservient to that, for I believe it is the Lord's cause. Expect to occupy some time in Dr. Cheever's prayer meeting this week. Ivison & Phinney, to whom I had letters of introduction from Mr. Woolworth, said, without solicitation, that I might put them down for fifty dollars in books, and they would do more from time to time. They belong to the Old School Presbyterian church. I spent the night with my classmate Benedict. They have nine children. Mrs. B. gave me a fine likeness of Beecher in a gilt frame. I have so many mercies that my heart overflows with gratitude. Oh, if you could only be here to enjoy with me! But I forget; happiness is to be found only in the way of duty. My daily prayer is that the Divine Redeemer will keep and bless you, and fill your heart with joy and peace.

NEWINGTON, CONNECTICUT, June 21.—I left New York Saturday morning. Stopped in New Haven a few hours; saw John Mills, and came to Newington at 5:30 p. m. Found the friends here all well. * * * I am received everywhere with the warmest interest, and am forming many new acquaintances of

value. Find my work rather an up-hill business, but have the satisfaction of knowing that it is approved. In New York the churches had been pressed with numerous urgent applications, and this, taken with the fact that many have left and others are preparing to leave for the summer, led me to feel that, in accordance with the advice of friends, it was better to defer the work of collections until September. You will see Dr. Budington's commendation in the *Independent* of June 16. The greatness and importance of the work undertaken impresses me more and more, daily, and I feel that I am where the Lord will have me to be at present. If I have to stay longer than till the first of September can you say, "Yes"? I *know* you will if it seems to be *duty*.

Deacon Seymour has been very ill, but has so far recovered that he was at church in the afternoon. I forgot to say I spent a very pleasant evening in New York with Mrs. Lyons and family. At New Haven I called on Mr. R., and, although I had not seen him for many years, he knew me at once, and entered with lively interest into my mission. How many associations of college life were stirred in my mind by a walk up Chapel street! Prof. Olmstead is gone. His work is done. Blessed man! He was faithful. * * *

And here I am, where you were born and where I first formed your acquaintance. How it brought up the past, as I entered the room where long ago we knelt together to supplicate God's blessing upon us and upon our work.

NORFOLK, CONNECTICUT, June 25.—The meeting of the Association at Norwich was crowded with business, and the celebration intensely interesting. I had a delightful place to stay and met many old friends. Norwich is a lovely city. I left there yesterday morning, stayed over night at Winsted, and called on the Cones and other friends. Reached here at 10 o'clock this morning, and found dear mother well and very glad to see me. She was knitting as usual, and has several pairs of stockings already finished for the boy and his father. * * *

A few words about my work. Business is beginning to recover, but numbers are still more or less embarrassed, and

very many objects of benevolence that have fallen behind, during the hard times, are now pressing for relief. Mr. Sturtevant told me he would rather try to raise money in Illinois, than in the east. I meet with sympathy and approbation, but whether I shall obtain the needful, is a problem yet to be solved. But I believe our work is of God, and my trust is in Him. If He gives a trial of our faith, or even permits us to almost fail, we must not murmur.

CANAAN, CONNECTICUT, June 28.—I am here waiting to take the cars to Pittsfield, and improve the time to write, for the purpose of enclosing a couple of drafts, as the first tangible evidence of the fruit of my mission. They will need this, and, I fear, several hundred dollars more to meet contracts, before I can get it to send them. I preached Sunday in Norfolk all day. In the afternoon my text was Nebraska and the West. I presented my cause, and at the close Mr. Eldridge made some very appropriate remarks, commending the object, and saying I would call upon individuals next day. The result is before you. More will be given by those I could not call upon. Is not this an endorsement of your humble servant, from his home, that is cheering?

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, June 30.—In the morning prayer-meeting of the Association, I rose to say a few words, and Mr. Langworthy, who was leading, introduced me as from Nebraska, and I asked a place in their sympathy and prayers for the brethren in our Territory. It produced an impression and fervent prayers were offered for us in our isolation. I took my seat as delegate, and when my turn came to make my report I spoke almost twenty minutes. Opened my large map of our country, and showed from it the position and importance of our region. Many who were strangers came and gathered around me, and seemed to appreciate in some measure the responsibility of my position. There were delegates from all the New England states, and from New York, Ohio, Illinois, Oregon, California, and the New School General Assembly. The delegate from New York is Dr. Budington; he introduced me to Dr. Todd, Dr. Blagden of Boston, and Dr. Sweetzer of Worcester, in a

way to inspire confidence in me and my work. The co-operation of Presbyterians and Congregationalists in the Home Missionary Society was a topic of deep interest, and elicited full discussion. The Congregationalists of New England will stand by the Society, and the resolutions saying this were passed unanimously. One thing is certain, separation is inevitable, and if it comes it will not be an unmixed evil. The Boston Tract Society has the sympathy of almost the entire Congregational family. I do feel that this has been a good meeting for me. God is with me all the time, and I am happy. It is my earnest desire to lay myself on His altar for Nebraska with new consecration. Dr. Todd has invited me to stay at his house while here. Father Brace is there, smart, active and cheerful. Pittsfield is a pleasant place. I expect to speak to a large congregation on the Sabbath. * * * The Association passed a resolution approving of our action as timely and wise; commending the object to the aid of the churches and to the friends of Christian education. It is no small gratification to me, that not one to whom I have laid open the object has spoken a word of disapprobation. I have been invited to address the young ladies in the Female Seminary here.

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS, July 11.—I had no conception of the difficulties in the way of raising money at the present time. The giving ones have been called upon so often that their power to give is nearly exhausted. The President of the Pacific University of Oregon is here, and has pretty much preoccupied the ground in this region. President Chapin, of Beloit spent three or four weeks in Boston for that college, with the aid of the college society; and the American Board is in debt seventy thousand dollars. So I was constrained to feel that it would be unwise to exhaust time and strength on so unpromising a field. Hence, I came to Andover, and here the ministers thought it would not do to have a collection taken. But I sowed good seed by preaching in two large congregations. One old gentleman was so interested that he gave me twenty dollars on the spot. On the way to Boston I met Mr. Hoadley on the cars going to Amherst. He wished me to stop and attend

a ministers' meeting to be held in Springfield, and I did so. Spent a night at Belchertown, and rode over to Enfield to call on Rev. Mr. McEwen, the good friend who sent us that draft for fifty dollars. After addressing the Andover students on Friday evening several of them told me I had interested them more than any missionary from the foreign or home field, of which several had addressed them at different periods. I called on Prof. Stowe, who said he would give me *something* this year, but he thought *more* next.

You may tell Mr. Gilbert I have seen both his brothers, and they are well.

I shall get some help here in Newburyport, for Prof. Emerson will interest himself in the object. I am having a most delightful visit—they were so glad to see me. Prof. Haven, their son-in-law, arrived Saturday from Chicago. I am doing what I can, but fear we shall fail to realize what we need to pay for our building. I feel that I am doing a most important work in awakening the churches to our new region, and I am gaining strength for the great responsibilities of life. You will be glad to hear that I have a cheerful and growing trust in God. I returned to Boston Thursday, and spent Friday night at Deacon McIntyre's. It was the evening of their prayer-meeting, and there were about one hundred present. Mr. McIntyre wished me to speak, and after being introduced, I gave them a history of missionary work in Nebraska. I think they will apply the contributions of their Sabbath school for books to send out to me to aid our schools. * * Deacon and Mrs. McIntyre and other friends presented me with several very nice and acceptable books, some of them especially for you.

Mr. Gaylord speaks further of gifts of books and papers from these and other friends, as follows:

At Boston I obtained, through Mr. McIntyre, a donation of sixty copies of the *Well Spring* and ten dollars worth of books for the Sunday school. Mrs. McIntyre has given me the "Suffering Savior" for you. I have also received gifts of books from Mr. Emerson, Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Harding, and several from the Congregational Board of Publication. I had

a pleasant visit with Bro. Burnham, and attended a meeting of their local Association. He gave me "Higher Life" for you, and his boy Charles a book for Ralph. In the bundle with these you will find one for Sarah, and a picture book for Georgia from papa. I have purchased Olshausen's Commentary, and hope to get other books for my library, in Hartford and New York.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, July 19.—I came to this place on Saturday evening, and am stopping with Rev. Mr. Richardson, who was my classmate in the Seminary one year. There are two Sabbath schools connected with his church. Once a month they bring them together and have addresses. This was done yesterday, and I was invited to speak to them. There was a very large attendance. In the evening I presented my cause, but the response in material aid was small. The people have been called upon so much that ministers are afraid to have a new object presented. Another thing, the sympathy of this portion of New England has been exhausted upon Kansas.

I conferred with some members of the Senior class in Andover in regard to going west. One gives some encouragement, but is not certain. He is just the right sort of a man. And I tried to influence another to take hold of the work of instruction in our institution; he is well qualified for such work, and looks favorably upon the matter. I do want to secure enough, if possible, to relieve ourselves from debt. Then we must go along as we can, till we have better times in the west and more ability to help ourselves. I have taken hold of this work, not for the present merely, but with views embracing a large scope of country, expecting when I leave the world, others will enter in and enjoy the fruits of my labors. I do not feel like spending a dollar to gratify myself in any way.

* * * The follies and vanities of life seem very trifling to me, and the solid, substantial joys of domestic peace and love more and more valuable. We must not expect to find a Paradise below, but be content to take the world as we find it, and do what we can to make it better. Here *our* responsibility

ceases. Our God will take care that *His* counsel shall stand and He will do all His pleasure. Oh, if we could only look into the inner life of some of the rich, and see all their heart burdens, we would not desire to change places with them! Two of the wealthiest men in this region have committed suicide within four days, one of them this very morning. Am glad to hear that cousin Joseph Camp is visiting you, for it will help to relieve your loneliness.

NEWINGTON, CONNECTICUT, July 26.—Once more in this retired spot, this upper room, I seat myself to converse with you. Saturday morning I went to Springfield; walked to West Springfield and back; then to Chicopee and called on Bro. Cones, the minister; then over to Chicopee street, where Rev. E. B. Clark is settled. He was two years after me in college. I preached for him Sabbath morning, and a contribution was taken up amounting to $34.50. It was arranged that there should be a joint meeting of the three churches in the afternoon to hear my story. One man in Bro. Cones' congregation proposed to dispense with the Sabbath school that day, so that he and others could go over and take their families. This was readily acceded to, and we had a very interesting congregation. In the evening we had a united meeting of the churches in Springfield, and there were four ministers in the pulpit with me. The venerable Dr. Osgood was one of the number. When I was through speaking Mr. Drummond, one of the pastors in Springfield, made a few remarks, and a collection was taken up amounting to $54. After meeting was dismissed a friend came up the aisle and took me by the hand. He was one of my old pupils in Jacksonville, a native of Manchester, and now a settled pastor at Agawam. Hearing that I was to be there he had come over to see me. He went with me to Dr. Buckingham's, and we talked over the memories of twenty-three and twenty-four years ago till ten o'clock. Dr. Buckingham is a son-in-law of Dr. Taylor. He gave me a copy of the Doctor's "Practical Sermons," also a line to the publishers of Webster's Unabriged Dictionary, which secures for me a copy of that

valuable work as a gift from them. It is the new edition of this year.

I left for Hartford at 10:30 Monday. Met Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hebard on the train. Found two letters in the post-office at Hartford, one from the dear son, and one from yourself, forwarded from Boston. I want to thank you a thousand times for the long, precious letter. At one o'clock came out to Newington. Stopped at Mrs. Hepsie Stoddard's a little while and called at Deacon Seymour's. Toward night the Deacon brought me down here to Mr. Deming's. This afternoon Mr. Deming and I have been into Hartford. I obtained a draft for $84, made payable to the order of S. S. G., of Fontanelle, which I send you for him. Saw Mr. and Mrs. Willard a few moments, then attended a funeral at the Pearl Street Church.

Last Thursday, Mr. Bunce, a merchant, came out to Newington for a ride. There were with him a young man and two young ladies. They came out over the mountain, and as they were descending the hill, near where Deacon Wells now lives, the horse ran, and Mr. Bunce was thrown out, and so badly hurt as to render him insensible. He was taken into Deacon Wells' house, where he lay unconscious till Sunday night at one o'clock, when his spirit went home. He was fifty-three years of age, and an active member of the Pearl Street Church. He leaves a wife and nine children to mourn his sudden death. The church was filled with citizens, and the services were deeply impressive.

You must have had a pleasant visit with Cousin Joseph, and *you* must be having *all* the warm weather, for we have very little here. It is called a cold summer. Soon I shall be where the refreshing sea-breezes lifted you up from weakness, so that you could go forth again to your work.

LYME, CONNECTICUT, July 30, 1859.—In this letter I will give you some account of our class meeting and of commencement. I came to New Haven Wednesday, and on my way up from the depot was happy to receive a letter from home. I went up to John Mills' room and read it, then went in to the meeting of the alumni. Gov. Chase, of Ohio, was present,

and made some remarks. Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, was also called on for a speech.

At night was our class meeting. We met at eight o'clock, at the house of Mr. Atwater, one of our number, who had provided for us a bountiful entertainment. He has lost three of his ten children, the eldest son at sea. After familiar conversation for more than an hour, the folding doors were thrown open, and we sat down to a rich repast. After this letters were read from absent members, and statements made concerning the others. We thus learned something in regard to all. Eighteen were present, and each of us related at some length our personal history. One who was a wild, skeptical youth in college, but now pastor of a Congregational church in New York, told us of the change in his feelings and course of life. It was a meeting long to be remembered. The deep interest and sympathy of the members in and for each other was most gratifying. It was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning before we finished our narratives. I then proposed that we should unite in singing a hymn and have prayer before we separated. There was a subdued feeling at the thought of parting, and as we joined in singing, "Blest be the tie that binds," and united in prayer, all felt it to be a fitting conclusion of a most precious meeting. Of the eighteen present, ten are clergymen, one has been Governor of Connecticut, three are lawyers, two are teachers, one an author and one a physician. Of the sixty-five, twelve only have died. We find on review that the class as a whole has made active and useful men, beyond what is common. We have furnished three members of congress, two judges, one governor, twenty-two preachers of the gospel and several useful business men. We voted to have another meeting in five years from this time. How impressively are we admonished of the swift flight of time! Twenty-five years have passed since I stood at the point of departure from the place where, for four years, I had been undergoing the delightful discipline of study, and yet how short! It seems almost like a dream.

Thursday was commencement and I met many old acquaintances. In the morning I heard the graduating class speak.

Will send you the order of exercises with my notes. We took dinner as usual in Alumni Hall, and toward evening I came home with Bro. Brainard to spend the Sabbath, where I am enjoying the luxury of a little rest, which I very much needed. Shall present my cause on Sabbath morning, and instead of taking up a collection, think I will spend a day or two in calling upon the people.

A college class is one of the best and truest examples of a "United Brotherhood" that is ever found in a Christian or civilized land. The members come together more often than otherwise as entire strangers from distant places. They gather from city and country—some from abodes of luxury, others from plainer homes, where there is only the means of a comfortable subsistence, seasoned however with the wealth of love and refinement. Some come from the dwellings of poverty, urged on by an ambition which cannot be put to sleep, and a hunger for knowledge that makes the youth almost willing to go hungry for food and with poor clothing, if this is the price that must be paid for going to college. But the day arrives when they are gathered under their first class name of Freshman. They carry similar books, pursue like studies, and the same lessons are apportioned to each. They meet every day in the same class room, where mind acts on mind, and a little of each one's individuality is imparted to the others. While this is taking place, some tendrils of esteem and good will are thrown out from each to his companions, which cling to them with a tenacity that is seldom weakened by the lapse of years.

Mr. Gaylord was one of those students who ever felt a deep and sympathetic interest in the members of his class—deeper, possibly, because when the life work began he was in a measure isolated from them. Only one—Mr. William H. Starr of Burlington, Iowa—was within easy visiting distance; and whenever he could attend one of the class meetings, held every five years, it was a source of heartfelt enjoyment.

The description given above shows a little of the pleasure experienced by him in such gatherings. One more of these meetings, and only one, was he ever permitted to attend. In the summer of 1864 he was again in New Haven—took his place and exchanged greetings with those of the class who were present. Afterwards, when the invitation came, want of means for the journey, or work he could not well leave, or both, detained him at home. In 1879, the last summer of his life, this invitation was received from Mr. Henry C. Kingsley, for many years the honored treasurer of Yale College: "The Yale Class of 1834 at their meeting in 1874 voted to meet again this year. All the surviving members of the class are invited to take tea at my house on Wednesday, June 25, at six P. M." This was the forty-fifth anniversary. Had Mr. Gaylord known it would be his last opportunity he could scarcely have had a greater longing to be present. But circumstances seemed to render it so difficult that with much reluctance, and a feeling of sadness, he relinquished the idea.

NEWINGTON, CONNECTICUT, August 5.—I came here from Lyme, coming up to Middletown by boat. There I took the cars, and walked the last part of the way. I found a letter from my dear wife and daughter, one from Mr. Kellom, and one from Bro. Leonard. Those days at Lyme were very pleasant. After the Sabbath I went over the parish, calling on such as Mr. Brainard thought best. I collected for the college eighty-four dollars. Business is much depressed in Lyme at present. A kind lady, Mrs. Mather, gave me a five dollar gold piece for you, and her little grand-daughter a gold dollar for my little boy. The people feel a deep interest in us. Mrs. Chadwick gave me a very interesting book for you. I expect to leave Newington this afternoon. They had a serious occurrence at Mrs. Cornelia Wells' this week. Their little boy, eight years old, fell into the well. Another boy, who was with him, made such an outcry that some men who were working near ran and rescued him. Had there not been help at hand he must

have perished. Rev. Mr. Aiken, the pastor here, has much trouble with his throat, and fears he will have to give up preaching.

BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT, August 11.—As I carried my letter to the office in N. I found two more from you. One of them came in seven days. I was so glad to get them, and read them over and over again. Came down to New Britain, and from there to this place, where I spent the night with my old friend and tutor, Rev. Mr. Griggs. He was exceedingly glad to see me, and I could not get away until afternoon. Then he carried me over to Terryville. I made my way to Plymouth Hollow, and stopped by invitation with my classmate, Bradstreet. Made arrangements to address the congregations on the hill and in Terryville. Spoke in the latter place in the morning, and in the Hollow at 1:30. Attended monthly concert at five, and preached on the hill in the evening. This made a laborious day, and I found it necessary to stop and rest. I had a most quiet home with my classmate, B., and was made very welcome. Dr. Hawes' son is the minister on the hill, and he was very glad to have me speak to his people. I made my collections, amounting to $125.75, and came back here. Found my mind soactive last night that sleep fled in a measure, and I feel the effects of it this morning.

In regard to Mr. Hascall and other matters trying to the spirit, our course is plain. Seek Divine guidance—try to do present duty, and cast our burdens upon the One who is ready to bear them for us. And while He shows us our duty, let us be cheerful and happy in performing it.

NEWINGTON, August 12.—I came from Bristol to New Britain, and Rev. Mr. Rockwell brought me here. Went into Hartford and procured a draft of $200, which I send you for our treasurer. Did not find Dr. Hawes at home. Collected $40 in B. and F., and went to New Haven on Tuesday, but those I wished to see were out of the city. I called on Mrs. Larned, and had a delightful visit. From there I came to Meriden, and spent the night with a classmate; then to Hartford, but did not try to collect anything in either place. You can have no idea how the

ground is run over with applications for help. But I am not sorry I came and have spent the summer as I have. I am surely learning some excellent lessons in the school in which I am being trained.

Many of us remember, possibly too well, that the financial reverses of 1857, which brought such disaster to our land, ran on, with but little relief, through '58 into '59, and it was not till 1860 that extensive and permanent help came to our suffering country. The shipping interest, which had been a source of large income to many eastern states, had of late brought debts to be paid instead of profit to the owners. But in this summer of 1859 New England was beginning to feel some pulsations of returning financial health, and her generous hand was ready to go down as deep as it could into purses, which were still far from being full. Knowing this, those benevolent enterprises, which had been compelled to wait, rushed in, crowding one upon the other, each holding out its hand anxious to get as large a share as possible, for there was real need and the objects were altogether praiseworthy and good. Some of the lessons which Mr. Gaylord speaks of learning at this time were these: Patient waiting on God for success; patience with some who had the means to give, but did not see it to be their duty; sympathy for those who *would* give liberally, but *could not*, and submission in the face of grievous disappointments. But his letters will continue to speak for him.

I shall spend the Sabbath at West Hartford, by special reguest of Bro. Morris—present my cause and ask for a collection, but he does not encourage me to expect much.

Did you see the aurora last Sunday night and last night? Splendid! Wonderful! How glorious are the works of God!

NORFOLK, August 18.—I wrote you from Newington one week ago, and on mailing the letter found your precious epistle, also one from Sarah which I read with pleasure, and one from

Ralph. I think R. has improved very much in writing and in composition.

Friday evening I went to Waterbury. Was in the prayer meeting, and met Mr. Bushnell, pastor of the First Church, a brother of Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford. He was one of my pupils at New Preston. After consultation with him and with Mr. Magill of the Second Church, I decided to spend the Sabbath in Waterbury, where I received $54. They have lost heavily by the reverses, and the Second Church is $20,000 in debt. The First Church is very kindly helping them pay the debt by raising $4,000 towards it. Deacon Carter, who gave $5,000 to Iowa College has been removed by death. I must relate an incident which was interesting to me and I know will be to you. Saturday morning a young lady called at Rev. Mr. Bushnell's to see me—and who do you think she was? She was the same lady who wrote me that letter from New York last year, Miss Georgiana Miller. She was delighted to see me, and I had a precious interview, which did my soul good. Tuesday noon I went to Litchfield where a meeting of the South Litchfield County Association was being held, and Wednesday morning walked five miles to Wolcottville—called on the minister and visited the grave of one who was a student in my school in New Preston. At one P. M. took the cars for Winsted, and rode up from the depot with Deacon Grant to his house. After tea walked to Capt. Hiram Gaylord's—spent the night, and in the morning came here for a final visit to my dear mother. I feel sad at the thought, but was glad to find her well. Mrs. Hedge, a sister of Dr. Eldridge, is visiting in Norfolk, and I shall be glad to meet her. I feel quite wearied and have little time to rest.

During the summer many of Mr. Gaylord's letters were written at Newington, for this quiet and beautiful village was a place to which he loved often to resort. Wherever he was, all roads, for him, led to this pleasant retreat. Here, at the home of his sister-in-law and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Deming, he ever received a most cordial welcome. The loving care and kind attentions, the sympathy and helpful-

ness which always met him here, were most acceptable, especially when weary or discouraged in his work. And how restful were those rides up and down the beautiful shaded streets, lined on either side by such grand old trees as the hard maple and elm, with occasionally a stately evergreen—each of these too aristocratic to find congenial homes in Iowa or Nebraska. We believe they never *voluntarily* strike their roots into the soil of a western prairie. His next letter is dated at this place.

NEWINGTON, August 24.—Here I am again in this "upper room," where I have indited several epistles within the last two months. I wrote you from Norfolk, after collecting enough to make $207 in all. Precious were the hours I spent there—mother seemed so glad to see me. Then, too, I had a most refreshing visit with Mrs. Hedge. She had two children with her, and has two in Heaven, as we have. Mother loaded me down with stockings of her own knitting—eight pairs in all. Mary and Ellen Gaylord gave me a little box done up nicely, and asked me to take it to you. I replied, "I suppose there is *nothing in it?*" They said I might look and see. I did, when I got back to mother's, and found two pairs of nice kid gloves, and some other choice things which I shall have the pleasure of bringing to you. They are fine girls. I left Norfolk on Saturday morning, stopped at Plymouth, and went over to Watertown, where I found the minister, who is an old acquaintance, greatly afflicted with asthma. He was truly glad to see me, and I preached for him all day, and talked to the people at night. They were greatly interested in what I told them. The minister thought I might get $50, but on Monday I collected $175, and left on Tuesday morning thankful for what had been given me.

Mr. Gaylord subsequently received a very kind letter from a lady in this church enclosing another small donation. She assured him of the deep interest awakened among their people by his communications on that Sabbath evening—

not only in the college enterprise, but in the whole of Nebraska.

I look at all efforts in connection with this institution not simply in the light of the present, but of the far distant future. My first and great object now is to secure enough to fulfill obligations which *must* be met this season, so that those who have helped put up our building may not be injured. This I hope to accomplish.

NEWINGTON, AUGUST 27.—There is not much prospect of help for the west by way of emigration. There seems no disposition on the part of good people to go—at least as far as Nebraska, and I fear we shall not secure any ministers. *I* cannot work miracles. The cause is God's and He will take care of it. But our country! The Lord reigns—blessed be His name! . Yesterday we had a pleasant visit from Mr. Atwood's and Mr. Gridley's families, and Mr. Deming's children. Am glad to know that the titles to those lots are secured, but the cost is so much greater to Mr. H. and Mr. S. than was expected, and Mr. H. is in Europe. I shall be pained at the thought of any personal wrong to him, and cannot bear that any injustice should exert its influence upon the future prosperity of our fair city.

NEWINGTON, SEPTEMBER 3.—I am here once more writing and getting a little rest. Mr. Deming's family are in excellent health, but Mr. William Welles is quite feeble. I shall take the train for New York on Monday morning, and see what I can do there. Think now that I shall be at home by the 1st of October. Pleasant indeed is the thought of turning my face toward the setting sun. How sweet the rest of heaven must be after all the storms and tossings of life!

But what shall I say of the weather? Cold! Cold! Oh, how cold! We have had but two hot days this summer. It is almost too bad for you to keep all the hot weather in Nebraska. Really, I cannot account for the great and long continued difference between here and there. I long to have the time come when I can sit down and talk with you of all the way in which

God hath led us and cared for us, unworthy as we are. Tell Sarah I could not get time to write to her this week.

NEW YORK, September 8.—In accordance with your suggestion, I have this day purchased for the dear son a present, which I hope to place in his hands by and by as a birthday gift. It is a box of neat drawing instruments, which I trust will please him and be a means of instruction, and with some money from Ellen Deming I have bought for him a box of paints and brushes. I collected about $60 in my visits among friends in Newington.

None of the Congregational ministers are at home except my classmate Budington. This will delay me some in my work, but I am attending to other matters and filling up my time fully. Had a pleasant evening at the social gathering in Clinton Avenue Church. Dr. Budington will refresh the minds of his people with the matter I presented before them in June, next Sabbath, and ask them to bring in a liberal collection on the Sabbath following. Mr. A. S. Barnes has kindly presented me with a copy of the Plymouth Collection for the pulpit, with a full index, and I hope to purchase a few more books.

The right kind of Christianity is that which so permeates the whole character as to be carried into every day life, and which is seen to be consistent and lovely under all circumstances. We think Mr. Gaylord's was of this kind. It was his anchor, keeping him steadfast and hopeful amid all the trials and vicissitudes which met him in his work—a beam from heaven shedding light upon the hindrances and perplexities which sometimes rise up before the Christian minister like a wall of rock, showing him how to surmount this wall, or to find a way through it, and then go on his way rejoicing. He was the fortunate possessor of one of those cheerful and chastened natures which are quick to *see* such a light and get help from it. And to the last year of his life his happy spirit often found expression in that joyous laughter which those around him loved so well to hear. His motto was, "Never give up,"

but work and trust, and *keep on* working and trusting to the end.

NEW YORK, September 12.—Although the sun has not risen I have read a portion of God's word, and sought the Divine blessing upon my own soul, upon the labors of the day, and a Father's care and protection for loved ones yet far distant. * * *

All last week my way was blocked up because those I wished to see were not in the city. Two weeks later would have been better. Saturday morning I saw Dr. Storrs, but he was unable to tell me whether I could address his people the next day, or not until another Sabbath. I arranged to go over in the morning and speak if the way was open, if not, I would hear *him*. The day began with rain and I felt a little depressed, but was able to cast all upon superior wisdom. It rained until nine o'clock, then the clouds broke away and the sun came out. I went to Dr. Storrs' at ten, and he opened the way for me to address his people. A good congregation was present. He introduced me favorably to the audience, and at the close made some excellent remarks commending the object—telling his people it was a glorious privilege to live in this country, and *now*. He thought it better to call on individuals than take a collection, as more would be secured. After the congregation was dismissed, he introduced me to several of his leading men who expressed themselves gratified with the opportunity of hearing me, and said I must have help. One of the deacons, a lawyer, was to leave in the morning and might not see me again. He gave me $25. Dr. Storrs expressed a deep interest, and gave me a list of persons to call upon. When I thanked him for being permitted to address his people he said he wished to thank me for speaking to them. He is a fine Christian gentleman and has, I am told, a wealthy congregation. In the afternoon I went to hear Dr. Tyng, and in the evening to the Tabernacle, hoping to find Thompson. The General Association meets here next week, and a stranger from Maine is to preach. I shall occupy Thompson's lecture room on Friday evening, and reach as many as I can. Am to call on Dr. Asa D. Smith this evening

by appointment. The weather has been delightful since I came to the city and business is very active. Spencer, another of my classmates, is a good Christian business man. Prof. Thompson, Benedict, Spencer, how much I have enjoyed seeing them here, and how ready they have been to bestow favors.

NEW YORK, September 19.—Again I seize a moment to indite an epistle, probably the last one, for my time is fixed to start day after to-morrow. Joyfully shall I welcome the hour. Think I will stop one night in Oberlin at Mr. Miner's, and then push on to Quincy. Some time next week I hope to see your face once more. I saw Mrs. Van Nostrand on Friday. She told me there was a great deal of sickness in Omaha. This makes me anxious, but He who has mercifully spared us so far, I trust will keep us to the end of this separation. On Friday afternoon it began to rain, a regular equinoctial, and became a furious storm, doing much damage. There have been severe frosts in some parts of the state. The attendance at the lecture on Friday evening was not large, owing to the heavy rain. This evening I take tea with Dr. Adams by invitation.

Home! Home! How it dwells upon my thoughts when I ought to be asleep. What sweetness those four letters express! How pleasant they look, and what associations they excite! A pleasant home I have—loving hearts to wait for and welcome my return. For this I *do* and *will* bless God. And if our earthly home has such attractions, what must be the heavenly mansion where, life's labors over, cares all removed, we shall rest in God, in Christ and in each other! Love, full, constant, to you, to Sarah, to Ralph and Georgia. And now good-bye. The Lord bless and keep you all.

Mr. Gaylord reached home early in October and found the family in good health, but the horse, a valuable animal, to which all were much attached, had been stolen and was never recovered. Being at home on the 8th of November, the anniversary of his marriage, he wrote a letter and handed to his wife, from which we make some extracts:

My Beloved Wife: Eighteen years ago this day we entered into the most sacred and endearing of all earthly relations. Hitherto the Great Pilot has guided our frail bark safely over the stormy ocean of life, and to-day we spread our sail for another voyage. Whether we live to see the close of this year is known only to Him with whom is all knowledge. My earnest desire for our future is that it may be marked by larger measures of the Divine love, and that in "seeking first the kingdom of God" we may find the fulfillment of the Savior's gracious promise. If we seek our all in God, and rest content with such things as His love bestows, the world by all its treachery cannot rob us of the blessedness He will constantly impart. Let me crave an interest in your prayers that God will teach me my *whole* duty, and enable me faithfully to meet the responsibilities of all the relations which I sustain in life.

We fail to understand the true character of a friend, unless that character is delineated in all the varied relations which make up the sum of human life. The subject of this memoir possessed strong affections which were constantly manifested in his love for and confidence in those around him, not only intimate friends, but others with whom he mingled in his work as a minister or in business transactions. And although these were sometimes misplaced, it did not make him too cold or too cautious toward others. His love for children unfolded and expanded so naturally in their presence, that they seemed to understand it, and loved to follow and flock around him. Often he had only to reach his hands toward a little one to make it leave its mother's arms and spring toward him. It is plainly seen from this last series of letters that this affectionate nature developed and shone with a bright and clear luster in the midst of the home circle, and in all the domestic relations of life.

On his return from the east he wrote to the Society:

Through the great mercy of my Heavenly Father, I was permitted after so long an absence, to meet my family again in

health. I found it pleasant to stand before my people and speak to them of the things pertaining to eternity. My visit at the east was refreshing, for while I was laboring earnestly to accomplish the great object which called me there, I enjoyed many opportunities of intercourse with my brethren in the ministry, both in public meetings and private interviews. Of this I had greatly felt the need during the years in which I stood almost alone on this frontier. Very highly, also, did I prize the liberty of hearing preaching, a favor not often enjoyed at home.

On my return I was pained to learn that in my absence death had entered our little church. It was the first case of mortality in the church since its organization—now three and a half years. The person who had died was a young man who came here from Massachusetts, about one year since. He was an active and devoted Christian, was always found at the prayer meeting ready to take part in its exercises, was a teacher in our Sabbath school, and known by all as a decided friend of the Redeemer. He united with this church on the last Sabbath before I left for the east. Sometime in the summer he went about seventy miles farther west, to take charge of a ferry on the Platte River, where many persons crossed on their way to the mines. He made his home on an island in the river, and there he was taken sick and died among strangers.

Only twenty-eight years have passed since the date of the next number of the *Home Missionary* that contains anything that bears upon this history. Prophecy is here attempted, and to-day one can scarcely restrain his impatience, much less amazement, at the short-sightedness of the prophet, who, it is needless to say, was *not* Mr. Gaylord.

All the Missouri slope of Iowa, where we passed, and I believe it is generally the same, is very destitute of timber. It never can be settled, except in small localities, till timber is raised. Nebraska is worse yet. Land, in a large portion of Western Iowa and Nebraska is worth just about as much, for all present use, as it is in the Atlantic Ocean. It is good for

nothing; and *will* be good for nothing, only as the slow growth of timber shall give it value, or railroads shall bring in fencing and building materials. This is the only possible way of settling any considerable portion of this section. As to Nebraska, the gold mines, hastening up a railroad to bring down timber, are its only hope. According to these views, your *great* work as a Home Missionary Society, this side of the Rocky Mountains, *must be* in cultivating the ground you have already gone over. The wave of emigration has spread about as far as it can. It must now turn to the work of filling up the ground already gone over. This will not make your work less hopeful, but more so. Our western population will be obliged, for the next twenty-five years, to consolidate; and this will give a new impulse to Sabbath schools and day schools, and afford facilities for the work of home evangelization. It is utterly impossible that our population should spread over as much territory in the northwest, during the twenty-five years to come, as in the twenty-five years past. There is no place for them. Those who are there, and the few, comparatively, who may go thither, must be cared for; but, for the present, there can be only a limited population in these regions. The work of missions in the northwest, for the next twenty-five years, is to be what the work of finishing a map is after the outlines are drawn.

About the same time Mr. Gaylord wrote:

There is a very good body of timber along the Missouri river which will supply settlers on each side for a considerable distance. There is much more timber off from the river than a stranger would suppose, if merely passing through the country. I believe this valley of the Missouri is destined to a very *rapid* development, and will yet become the Garden of the West—I speak from actual knowledge, after a residence in the Territory of between three and four years. Already, for two hundred miles west of us there is a weekly line of stage coaches through a settled region. There is little doubt now but that a heavy population will be scattered along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains within the opening season, and that permanent settle-

ments will be made there. Towns and cities will spring up, and a new demand will be made upon your Society to extend its operations with every advancing tide of emigration. A large number of professing Christians of different denominations have passed through Omaha on their way thither, embodying a great deal of energy and enterprise.

Mr. Gaylord was naturally patriotic, an ardent lover of his country. Perhaps it was an inherited trait. His aged mother's last work was knitting for the soldiers, and her father had laid down his life in the Revolutionary army. However that may be, he was deeply moved when our civil war rent the heart of the nation. And although so far from the scenes of the conflict, his sermons received a coloring from the smoke of the battlefield, and his public prayers were noticed for their fervor, as he poured out his soul in behalf of his country and the soldiers who were giving their lives to save it. Nebraska was not so far away but that she was ready to take her part in service, and Omaha shared in the excitement and enthusiasm which prevailed everywhere. Two regiments were raised. The First Nebraska, recruited mainly at Omaha, left for the south in July, 1861, under command of Col. J. M. Thayer, and distinguished itself at Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing and other places. Col. Thayer afterwards became a major-general. We give a short account of experiences at Donelson in his own words:

"At break of day the troops were all landed when Grant joined us. He immediately brigaded them and assigned the brigades to divisions, giving me the command of six regiments. It was then that the First Nebraska came under fire of a real battle for the first time. * * * * My brigade was formed across the road, battery *in* the road, the First Nebraska supporting it on the right, the Fifty-eighth Ohio on the left, and the other regiments on the right and left. Then that brigade received and met the onset of the whole rebel army. In three-quarters of an hour that same rebel army was

on a hasty retreat back into its works. And this was the last attempt it made to break through our lines and escape."

Seven companies of cavalry were also sent to the front. Mr. Gaylord's sympathies and prayers followed all the soldiers as they went forth in the service of their country.

But in those terrible days the terror and bloodshed were not all at the south. Away to the north the Indians had been bearing in silence the invasion of Minnesota by the whites and the false faith of the government and government officials. Meanwhile this state had, like other states, been sending away her young men at the call of her country. Yet there seemed to have been no deliberately planned movement when the fearful massacre of the 18th of August, 1862, burst upon southern Minnesota. One of our home missionaries thus wrote at that time: "History has seldom, if ever, recorded such diabolical acts of cruelty as have been perpetrated upon helpless women and inoffensive children. Even the 'Sepoy massacre' can scarcely exceed in fiendish barbarity the scenes that have just been enacted here." From this terrible slaughter the survivors fled in great numbers, until a region of more than one hundred square miles was almost wholly depopulated.

In November of this year, 1862, the first battalion of the Second Nebraska was mustered into service, and the regiment was filled up later. In 1863 Mr. Gaylord reported:

The Second Nebraska regiment, of twelve hundred men, cavalry, was raised expressly for home protection: yet with the exception of three companies, who manned the forts, thus releasing *regulars* to go south, it has been ordered out of the territory, and has gone with the expedition against the hostile Indians in Minnesota and Dakota.

Mr. Heaton, of Fremont, about the same time wrote of this regiment: "They have just given the Indians a severe defeat, one which, as we hope, will close the Indian war."

From Mr. Gaylord's letters—1861-1862:

We have had our full share of excitement, growing out of the state of the country and local influences. We noticed the gathering storm until it broke upon the country in the attack upon Fort Sumter, when the most lively feelings of patriotism were aroused, and the same spirit of union was manifested that characterizes the whole North. I endeavored to improve the state of feeling by two appropriate discourses which were listened to with deep interest by good congregations. My object was to lead the people to recognize the Lord's hand in this crisis, and to feel their dependence upon Him.

While the emigration to the mountains has been less than last year, that to the Pacific States has been greater. It has been a perfect flood. Our streets were full for several weeks. As that subsided, the Mormon tide began to flow. A large number of the "Saints" are now at Florence, preparing to depart on their pilgrimage to Salt Lake—"the promised land." I understand they are in quite a destitute and suffering condition. It is sad to think how they are deluded. Hundreds more are expected. The troubles in Missouri have caused many families to come to this place as permanent residents.

Mrs. Gaylord and myself enjoyed a very pleasant and refreshing tour of two weeks the latter part of May and first of June. We spent some time at Council Bluffs, Glenwood, Tabor, and Civil Bend, in Iowa, in each of which places is a Congregational church. At the last mentioned place we spent the Sabbath. There are quite a number of New England families, and, with only occasional preaching, they have kept up meetings on the Sabbath, reading one of Beecher's sermons, and having Sabbath school. I preached in the morning to a large congregation, who listened with apparently great relish to the word, and at the close administered the Lord's Supper. By request, I gave an appointment for preaching in the afternoon at a school-house, two miles from where the morning service was held. There they have a Sabbath school in the afternoon. Although the wind blew a gale, so that my way was obstructed by a large tree that had just been blown down, yet I found between sixty and seventy assembled, anxious to listen to the word of life.

From thence we passed over to Nebraska City, went to Brownville, and on our return visited Weeping Water Falls, where I spent the Sabbath.

Later:

The emigration, both to California and Utah has been very large. For several weeks, from twenty-five to one hundred teams crossed at one ferry daily, bound for the Pacific slope, while about five thousand Mormons have gone from this point and Florence to Salt Lake. Nearly two thousand of these were from Europe this year, and many of them were of a better class than usual. I conversed with some of those from England, and found them intelligent and well educated. They are firm in their belief in Mormonism, and openly defend the doctrine of polygamy. Their zeal and self-sacrifice for their faith are worthy of a better cause, and might well be imitated by the followers of Christ. They teach publicly, that this valley is their New Jerusalem, that they are to possess *this land* as theirs, and that Brigham Young will be the next president of the United States. A very large amount of materials for constructing the Pacific Telegraph has been landed at this point and transported in wagons up the Platte Valley.

Omaha for several weeks presented quite a military appearance. The regiment called for from Nebraska was quartered and drilled here until it was full, after which it was ordered south, and is at present in the midst of the conflict in southern Missouri. Rev. G. W. Tipton, of Brownville, is their chaplain.

It is *very* quiet here now, business is dull, and all are looking forward to a more severe pecuniary trial than we have yet experienced. We find, even now, a good deal of destitution and suffering an occasion for the dispensing of charity for the relief of those in want.

His last report for the year 1861, as published in the *Home Missionary*, is entitled "A Busy Man." He says:

Besides my service with my own church once each Sabbath, and the superintendence of the Sunday school, every alternate Sabbath afternoon, until the days became too short I went out

eight miles to preach. The last time I was there the congregation was the largest of the season, and the interest manifested made me sorry to suspend my appointments. The last Sabbath in October I was at Decatur. Preached three times, administered the sacrament, and preached also at De Soto, twenty miles north of Omaha, on my return. I have been twice this month to Fort Calhoun, fifteen miles north, and preached on Sabbath night. Good and attentive congregations always receive the word with gladness. I have also been to a settlement thirteen miles south, on the Platte river, where I am solicited to preach as often as practicable. They had a good house of worship, but two weeks ago it was destroyed by a prairie fire, driven through the settlement by a furious wind. It was a perilous time, and much other property was burned.

The following extracts tell of home missionary experiences that are being repeated in these later days:

After weeks of expectation our hearts were made glad by the reception of your draft for the quarter ending May 16. It came to hand October 7, and relieved for the time a burden of care and anxiety, enabling me to pay the debts that had been accumulating by its delay. Never was a draft received with so much pleasure and gratitude. When this report reaches you there will be six months' pay due from the Society.

Three weeks ago we received your notification of the shipment to us of a box of clothing, prepared by the "Ladies' Benevolent Society" and the "Juvenile Mite Society" of the "South Church, New Britain, Conn." In this we found new evidence of a Father's tender care over us. The season was so far advanced that we had come to the conclusion that our wardrobe would not be supplied in this way this winter. But, day before yesterday, the last boat of the season brought us the expected and welcome treasure. It was delivered at our door about the close of the day. After tea we repaired to the study, opened the box, and then knelt around it to offer up thanksgiving to God and to pray for His blessing upon the donors. We then proceeded to lay out the articles one by one. The

children were full of excitement, and as often as something of special interest to them came to light, shouts of joy would follow. The evening was one long to be remembered in our family. We found the various articles of excellent quality, and many of them, and those of the greatest value, *just* such as we *now need*. Those that we cannot use we shall put into other missionary families where they will be useful. This is a great blessing to us, and we feel grateful to you for sending it at this time.

I have now spent six years in Nebraska in the work of the ministry. They have been years of toil, exposure, trial. I have shrunk from no labor or hardship, that I might do the work of laying good foundations. I long to see the time of harvest when precious souls shall be gathered into the fold of Christ.

An early appeal for a bell had reached at least one interested family. A pastor in New Hampshire wrote to him: "After the reading of your report to my family, the question went around, What will you give, rather than *that bell* should not be furnished? The result of the answer was $10, $5, $5, $0.50—$20.50." The bell was at last secured—an amalgam. It was highly recommended, and came within our possibilities financially, while one of bell metal could not at that time have been secured. But it did not prove satisfactory, and was afterwards sold to a fire company.

The *Home Missionary* for May, 1863, contains an interesting account from Mr. Gaylord's pen of the organization of a most promising church at Nebraska City. The ministers present were: Mr. Gaylord, moderator of the council; Rev. John Todd, of Tabor, Iowa, and Rev. A. V. House. Mr. Gaylord says of the members of the new organization:

They came from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Wisconsin, and they felt, as several expressed with deep emotion, that they were coming home. Some said it was the best day they had seen for six years. There is among them a clear

understanding of our church-polity, and a true love of it. They showed a deep and rich religious experience, which was listened to with tearful interest; and there is also a large amount of executive ability and a remarkable spirit of unity that gives promise of a healthful and vigorous growth. They have come together to work for God, and they have the right idea of a church. They have appointed their weekly prayer meeting, and whether they have preaching or not, design to maintain regular Sabbath worship. I felt the occasion to be one of the most delightful seasons of my life. The church is located in a region where it will find scope to exert itself, and I have no doubt it will make its influence felt as a power for good. They are anti-slavery, and in hearty sympathy with the reform movements and missionary operations of the day.

In December, 1863, Mr. Gaylord preached his quarter-century sermon. He afterwards wrote:

Twenty-five years ago, on the first Sabbath in December, I commenced my ministerial work under commission from the American Home Missionary Society, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa. It has been an eventful period, effecting wonderful changes in the aspect of the Western field, and I could only say, in the review, What hath God wrought! And among the human instrumentalities employed in producing these changes for good your honored Society has taken the lead. What a history will be written of the quarter of a century now opening upon us! No human foresight can read the unwritten document, and I doubt not our present anticipations will fall as far short of the reality that time will reveal, as the visions of twenty-five years ago fell short of what we now see. What motives to Christian labor press upon us!

JANUARY, 1864.—The anxiety for an *increase of ministers* becomes more intense—amounting to pain—the longer the destitution continues. In my annual Home Missionary discourse I endeavored to set forth with plainness the great principles of duty which should guide the people of God in the use of property, after which I presented, briefly, the claims of the cause

upon us, and called for a thank offering, in view of God's mercies. The response has been gratifying to me—so free, cheerful, hearty. The church organized at Nebraska City, a bright spot in the history of last year, has called one minister, but he has gone south to the freedmen, and I have introduced another there.

Things have begun to wear a more cheerful aspect, and there is more material prosperity. Everybody is busy, and all that we seem to need now, to give a new face to everything, is a few more working men in the field, with the blessing of God to crown their labors with success. I am doing all I can, in connection with Rev. Mr. Reed, your agent, to find men to meet the present want, but thus far without success.

Seven hundred Mormons came up the other day on the boat. They came on the deck, furnishing their own provisions. But on their arrival their stores had failed them; they had exhausted the boat's supply, and scattered themselves over our town, begging food. What must they suffer before they reach the Mormon paradise—Salt Lake City! It is sad to think of what is before them. Many of those that have come over from Europe this year are without means. They are brought through by the church emigration fund. Wagons have been sent down from Salt Lake to take out their baggage, while men, women and children are compelled to walk the entire distance from here to Utah! Surely, it is a pilgrimage. Some have had their eyes open to see their error, and have concluded to go no farther.

The New England donation party made its way across the Missouri in 1864 and invaded the home of the faithful home missionary pastor. He gives this account of it:

Last Wednesday evening our hearts were made glad by a visit from our own people and others. They filled the house in every part; all seemed happy, and we found ourselves the richer, not only by the pleasure of the occasion, but by substantial gifts to the amount of more than $100. Of this $50 was in money, and the balance in provisions and a fine parlor

carpet. The ladies propose to substitute this for one that we have had in use for sixteen years, and to place the latter upon the floor of my study, which has been partly bare for some time. This was all planned without our knowledge, and executed in a manner calculated to bind us more strongly in love to them for their cheerful and generous gifts. Our earnest prayer is that God would bless the donors in temporal things, and send down upon them rich showers of divine grace.

Mr. Gaylord was greatly interested in all public improvements, and was especially happy over the advent of the Union Pacific railroad. It was what had been long desired, expected, and waited for. The very greatness of such a gigantic enterprise as this "world's highway" was uplifting and stimulating to thought and action. He had often said: "We shall *have* this road, and it will be located *here*"—indicating that part of the city where it did begin. He looked at it in its local bearings upon us, so isolated and needy, but much more as an inestimable boon to our beloved country; and, both higher and deeper than all, as helping forward the progress of that Christianity which he longed should be hastened on, until multitudes more would yield joyful allegiance to the Prince of Peace.

Mr. Gaylord wrote for the *Boston Recorder* an account of the beginnings of the Union Pacific railroad, which presents a most interesting passage in the history of Nebraska. He says:

The first idea of such a road was to connect the waters of the Mississippi with the Pacific Ocean. This measure was publicly advocated by Mr. Asa Whitney, as early as 1846, and from that time to 1850 he agitated the scheme in addresses to state Legislatures and at public meetings. Col. Benton, of Missouri, for a long period advocated it in the United States Senate and before the people. The explorations of Fremont advanced the project. It was a part of Whitney's proposal to build the road, if Congress would give to him and his heirs one-half of the land for thirty miles on either side of it, a measure

which forms a part of the bonus now actually offered as an encouragement to the building of the road. In 1853 Congress made an appropriation of $150,000 to defray the expenses of surveying routes across the Rocky Mountains, till that time an almost unknown region. Repeated attempts were made to obtain in Congress the passage of a bill providing for the construction of a railroad across the Continent. All these, however, failed through the opposition of the Southern members, until their retirement from their seats in the national council. As one of the first fruits of the rebellion, a liberal bill for a Pacific railroad was framed and enacted into a law. This was done at the extra session of Congress, held in the summer of 1861. It provided for a main trunk road to commence on the 100th parallel of longitude, somewhere between the north bluff of the Platte river and the south bluff of the Republican fork of the Kansas river. On that parallel the two streams are not over thirty miles from each other, and both in Nebraska. To connect this main trunk with the Missouri are three branches, one from the mouth of the Kansas river to run through the state of Kansas, a second from the west boundary of Iowa on the Missouri river, and a third from opposite Sioux City on the same river. The precise location of the initial point of the main trunk and also of the second branch was to be fixed, according to the terms of the bill, by the President of the United States. This location, so far as the second branch, or main trunk was concerned, was fixed in November, 1863, at Omaha City, by President Lincoln.

The announcement of this* was received in Omaha by telegram on the second day of December, 1863, and it was resolved to break ground the same day. In the afternoon a large concourse of people assembled to celebrate the event, and speeches were made by Hon. A. J. Poppleton, Mayor B. E. B. Kennedy, Mr. George B. Lake, and other prominent citizens. Mr. Poppleton read a congratulatory telegram from Gov. Yates, of Illinois, who was one of the first two graduates from Illinois

* The first telegraph line to Omaha was built from St. Louis and completed in October, 1860. Omaha was thus connected with all eastern cities.

College in 1837 [the last year of Mr. Gaylord's connection with that institution as tutor in the Preparatory Department.]

The distance from Omaha to the 100th parallel by the course of the road will be about 240 miles, though somewhat less on a direct line.

The grading upon this part of the work was commenced in the spring of 1864, but during that season only a small force of hands was employed, laborers were made so scarce by reason of the war. No material for the superstructure was brought to this place during that year. The first locomotive was landed at Omaha on the 9th day of July last, brought by boat from St. Joseph. All the material, iron, cars, etc., have to be brought in the same way, as there is no railroad east of us nearer than 140 miles. The ties are obtained along the river above us, and are rafted or boated down. A considerable quantity of iron and ties had been delivered previous to July, 1865, on the bank of the river at this place.

The laying of track commenced sometime in July. The route of the road is very circuitous till it enters the valley of the Platte, being nine or ten miles further than in a right line. This extra distance is run to obtain a more favorable grade. From its entrance into the Platte valley—by the road a distance of twenty-six miles—the course is so near a straight line that the curvatures, which are few, are very slight, and there is one section in the second hundred miles, of seventy-five miles without a curve. There is perhaps no other route in the world of equal length so favorable for the construction and running of a railroad as this valley affords. The road is definitely located for two hundred miles on the north side of the Platte. More than one hundred miles are graded and more than forty miles of track are laid. In the first three hundred miles, at least, there is but one expensive bridge to be built. That is over the Loup Fork of the Platte, and will be one thousand five hundred feet long. The grade in this valley, so far as the road is traveled, is about an average of seven feet to the mile. One hundred miles must be completed by the first of July next.

For the last four months the company has shown great

energy in prosecuting this work. They have a Burnetizer, which is worked by a steam engine, and consists of a large iron cylinder seventy-five feet long and five feet in diameter. The object of this is to harden soft and perishable timber and render it durable. Cars holding 300 cross-ties are run at a time into the cylinder, the doors are closed, the air exhausted by a pump, and the cells of the wood are thus cleared of sap. Chloride of lime is then allowed to fill up the vacuum, when it is forced into the pores of the wood by a pump driven by steam. A large proportion of our timber is cottonwood, and if by this process it can be rendered durable, it will be of great advantage, not only to the railroad company, but for many other purposes. This machine is capable of preparing 1200 ties in twenty-four hours. There is every indication that this great national work is to be pushed forward with vigor, and that the iron horse, now starting on his way from the waters of the Missouri, is at no distant day to meet the steed that comes from the Golden Gate of the Pacific.

Little, as yet, do we conceive of the wonderful changes that are to be wrought in the regions between us and the Pacific by this gigantic undertaking, or the work that is to be rolled upon the church, to give the Gospel to the future millions of the mighty West that is just springing into life.

I had the pleasure yesterday of meeting Maj. Gen. Curtis, one of the commissioners, whom I met on this spot nearly ten years since. The hardships of war and severe family affliction have left their mark visibly upon his manly form.

A company is now being organized to be incorporated by the Legislature of Nebraska, with its headquarters in New York, to be called the Pacific Cottage and Land Association, to encourage immigration and the settlement of the country. It will possess capital and character. A purchase of several hundred acres of choice land has just been made within and adjoining the limits of this city for this company.

IX.

WIDER USEFULNESS.

1864–1870.

Press bravely onward: not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind,
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

—*Whittier.*

I know not, and I do not care to know
Why; for eternity's great ends
God counted me as worthy of such trust.

—*Selected.*

Patience, my lord! Why, 'tis the soul of peace
Of all the virtues, nearest kin to heaven;
The best of men
That ere wore earth about him, did possess
A patient, humble, tranquil spirit.

—*Decker.*

"The way of the just is uprightness; Thou, most upright, dost weigh the path of the just."

"But the land whither ye go is a land of hills and valleys—a land which the Lord thy God careth for."

CHAPTER IX.

Home Missionary Superintendent.

Needed Rest—Appointment as "Agent" of the A. H. M. S.—Bushwhackers—Omaha Pastors—Revival at Glenwood—Delegate to National Council—Explorations—Organization of Churches at Greenwood, Oakfield, Bartlett, Camp Creek, Columbus, Schuyler, Elkhorn and Milford—Omaha Off the List—S. S. Work—Resignation—Trip to Utah—Touring in Colorado.

THE year 1864 opened with brightening prospects for our beloved country. Through the smiles of a kind Providence upon the valor and heroism of our soldiers the dark clouds of war were being lifted, and the people saw with prophetic vision, the sunshine of peace beginning to dawn upon them. Omaha, too, was feeling the inspiration of better times and of returning prosperity. The prospect of peace in the near future, and work begun on the Union Pacific Railroad, stimulated a revival of business and gave our citizens courage to undertake new enterprises for the general welfare. But early in the month of August this bow of promise was suddenly obscured, and Omaha intensely excited by a rumored invasion from guerrillas and Indians. Roving bands of Sioux, said to be led by rebel white men disguised as savages, had been committing depredations in the Platte and Elkhorn valleys. The remembrances of raids in Kansas by Quantrell's band, which had destroyed the city of Lawrence only a few months before, helped to increase the excitement. But those fears were not realized, and before winter came on, the city had again settled down to the peaceful pursuit of her wonted occupations.

The spring of 1864 found Mr. Gaylord with his nervous system so impaired by excessive labor that he could scarcely

control his hand to write a letter. Rest was imperative. The story of this time and of the change in his relations to the churches of Nebraska is thus told by himself:

In 1864 I found myself so worn down with the labor of all these years, pursued without cessation, that my church voted me a vacation of three months, or four, if necessary, for rest and travel. I went east, and on my way attended a meeting of the General Association of Illinois at Quincy. There I met Dr. Badger, Secretary of the A. H. M. S., and conferred with him in regard to the appointment of an agent for Nebraska, which the growing work demanded. He said he thought the state of the treasury would warrant appointing one at that time, and added, "If we make the appointment *you* must be the man." He gave me a letter to Mr. Noyes, who shared with him the labors of the Secretary's office, and the result was that I was sent back in the autumn to act in the capacity of agent of the A. H. M. S. for Nebraska, and two tiers of counties in Western Iowa.

The office of "agent" was that now known as superintendent. Of his visit to old friends and the old home he writes:

On the 23d of May last, Mrs. Gaylord and myself left Omaha for the east, and availed ourselves of the opportunity to mingle with Christian friends in a region where gospel institutions were established long ago. Very pleasant was the cordial greeting of old friends and their heartfelt sympathy in the pioneer home missionary work—and most refreshing to come in contact with, and feel the warm pulse-beat of Christian hearts. It was a rare privilege that I enjoyed, and one not soon to be forgotten, of listening to such men as Dr. Storrs, Dr. Budington and Rev. H. W. Beecher of Brooklyn, and Dr. Thompson and Dr. Adams of New York, as well as others, and of participating in the deliberations of the venerable ecclesiastical bodies of Connecticut and Massachusetts, with the more youthful one of New York, and

representing there the great and growing interests of Nebraska and the region beyond.

But the most precious and tender of all was my visit to Norfolk, my birth-place, the home of my mother, who still lives to pray and labor, at the advanced age of ninety. We wept and rejoiced, and prayed together. With memory perfect and faculties unimpaired, she waits joyfully the coming of her Savior to take her to Himself.

From a letter to the Congregational Sabbath school at Omaha, written while east:

JUNE 27.—DEAR CHILDREN: It is now five weeks since I last met with you, but you have not been forgotten for a single day. We reached Quincy on the Mississippi river, the third day after leaving Omaha, and there I attended the General Association of Illinois. There are four hospitals of wounded soldiers in Quincy. The ministers visited, talked and prayed with them, and the soldiers seemed much pleased. We had a lecture before a large congregation, by a chaplain who was five months in Libby prison in Richmond. He gave us many thrilling incidents of his prison experience. On Sunday afternoon all the Sabbath school children of Quincy were invited to come together in a large hall. Among those who addressed them was a missionary from the Micronesian islands in the Southern ocean. He showed their ornaments and some articles of dress, and told the children many things about them in their heathen state. I thought how highly favored our children are, who can attend Sabbath school, learn God's word, and the way of eternal life!

From Quincy we traveled about fifty-six hours to New York city, where I attended several Sabbath schools. In one of them are six hundred scholars. I made an address to them and told them about *my* Sabbath school, where it was, and how far away. It was pleasant to look upon so many happy faces, and to speak to them and see the interest they manifested. They sang some beautiful hymns, and were led in their music by a cabinet organ like ours. I also attended a mission school, where the children

are gathered from some part of the city in which there is no church or Sunday school, and taught to read the Bible and sing and learn about God. It is a work which I think the angels must love to look down upon. There is a multitude of interesting objects in the great city of New York. I went through the Bible House, and saw the steam presses where they print our Bibles and Testaments. It is a very large building, several stories high, and they make ten Bibles every minute. A great many of these are distributed among the soldiers. I also visited one of the iron-clad ships. It is a monitor and is called the "Dictator." It has two guns that will send a ball weighing 450 pounds. These balls are of solid iron, and are designed to aid in putting down the rebellion. I expect to go to Boston soon, where those beautiful papers are printed which you receive every Sabbath, and intend to see Mr. Sargent, who sends them to you, and Mr. Bullard, who prepares the material for the paper. I shall love to tell them about our Sabbath school in the far west. Now I want to know how many of you are present every Sabbath, and how many of the teachers are always there, for I have not forgotten the promise I made the last Sabbath I was with you. I love to pray for the dear lambs of my flock. I want to hear from you, and do hope you will all learn to love the dear Savior who died for you, and who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS, July 4, 1864.—This is the nation's birthday. It is a lovely morning, and all nature smiles. God be praised that the nation still lives. We had a very pleasant meeting of Association at Springfield, where I was the guest of Bro. Buckingham. His wife died about one year since. A very fine daughter did the honors of the table, and is a great comfort to the afflicted father. Mr. Langworthy was my room-mate. Besides making my report as delegate, I assisted at the communion and took part in the discussion of the convention question. The meeting seemed spirited, and a deep sense of responsibility evidently pervaded the minds of the ministers. I met Edwin Jaggar, and very glad he was to see

me. He is east on account of the health of his wife. I am stopping here in Andover with Bro. Taylor, of the class next after me in college, and enjoy it very much. Spent Saturday in calling on and conversing with students, and tarried an hour with Prof. Phelps. Yesterday I heard two excellent sermons by Prof. Jewett of Salem. In the evening the time was given me to talk upon home missions. The number of students in Andover Seminary is unusually small, the calls numerous and urgent, but I have hope that my visit may not be altogether in vain. Expect to be in Hartford on Wednesday.

At the time that Mr. Gaylord met Dr. Badger at Quincy, Illinois, the Doctor was in very poor health and unable to resume his work at the rooms of the Society until July. At that time he wrote to Mr. G.:

I was happy to find that the arrangement which we contemplated in Quincy for securing your services in the agency in Nebraska, had been completed, and that you had gone on to New England, in the inspiration of this, to raise the Macedonian cry. Your report of your labors and visit here we have received and read with great interest. We hope you may be able to secure a good man to take your place in Omaha, and several others to cast in their lot with you, but you will have to follow them up with a sharp stick. We get a great many glorious nibbles, and sometimes a fine fish out of the water, when he slips the hook, and away he goes. But we hope you will have better fortune. We will send out all you can persuade to go, and authorize you to visit them again, if need be, to secure them.

It is a great and glorious work upon which you have now entered—in keeping with all your past life—and will round it off, I trust, into a beautiful whole, to be crowned with the recompense of those who "turn many to righteousness."

My kindest regards to Mrs. Gaylord. Many thanks to her and to you for your sympathy with me at Quincy.

It was late in September when we bade adieu to eastern friends, and commenced the homeward journey. We tar-

ried at Oberlin for a two days' visit, and reached Plymouth, Illinois, on Saturday afternoon, stopping there to spend the Sabbath with friends. On Monday morning we took the train for Quincy, which then made regular connections at that place with the one daily passenger train on the Hannibal and St. Joe railroad for the city of St. Joseph. We were anxious to make these connections, expecting that a steamboat, which would take us home to Omaha, would wait at St. Joseph for the railroad passengers. It was a dark and rainy forenoon, and we were impatient with our slow progress. When we at last arrived at Quincy, it was to find that the other train, unwilling to wait longer, was well on its way. What could be done? We had our through ticket, but not money sufficient to go to a hotel. After walking up and down the long waiting room at the depot until weary, Mr. Gaylord decided, as a forlorn hope, to go into a bank and ask for money. He told his story in few words and requested the loan of ten dollars. He was an entire stranger, but wholly at variance with their usual practice, they put the money into his hands. During the night we were conscious of some excitement about the hotel, and the morning revealed the cause. The train, missed with so much sorrow, was waylaid in crossing Missouri by a party of bushwhackers. The one from the west was served in the same manner, and freight trains coming up shared a similar fate. All were robbed of whatever was valuable that could be carried away. Quantities of merchandise which could not be taken were tumbled on the ground to be broken up and destroyed as far as possible. Then a number of cars just sufficient to hold all the passengers, were placed by themselves and the rest set on fire. Into these saved cars were packed all the passengers from every direction, with nothing left but the clothes they were wearing, and started off for Quincy. It was some of those frightened and weary travelers coming into the hotel that night, that caused the commotion. Very thankful for the disappointment, which at first was so try-

ing, we took the next day's train, soldiers being sent out with it as far as was deemed necessary. When the scene of of the guerrillas' work was passed, the smoking ruins, the scattered and mutilated freight, made us still more grateful for that kind Providential care which withheld us from such a catastrophe. But as the train moved on, it came to a long ascending grade, and the one engine could only take a part of the cars. One half was left, and a thick forest was near, which might afford a *rendezvous* for bushwhackers. It was night and the darkness intense. Women were crying with fear, and children from weariness and hunger. There were more passengers than seats, and we stood much of the time that others more needy might occupy our places. Mr. Gaylord tried to quiet and comfort the passengers, and seeing that we were calm, many gathered around us, thus affording an opportunity to point them to the kind Protector. But at last the engine returned, and we finally reached St. Joseph in safety. But the boat, the last one of the season to ascend the Missouri, had gone, and in a crowded stage coach, over roads rendered nearly impassable by recent rains, we accomplished the remaining 150 miles of our journey.

We reached home on the 10th day of October, much improved in health, and strengthened to enter upon the work to which the Executive Committee of the American Home Missionary Society had seen fit to appoint me. The field assigned to me is new, and yet one of immediate prospective importance. The valley of the Missouri, stretching through it from north to south, and the valley of the Platte, from its western border to the Missouri river, both afford rare attractions for settlers.

Mr. Gaylord continued to minister to the church at Omaha till the middle of November, when he handed over his charge to Rev. A. D. Stowell. After preaching a few months, Mr. Stowell returned east, and was succeeded in the pastorate by Rev. W. W. Rose, who remained two years.

After a short interval Rev. E. S. Palmer was invited to assume the pastoral care of the church, which he did, serving for two years. Then followed another interim, but a few months later Rev. A. F. Sherrill was engaged to fill the pulpit. He was soon after ordained, and in the latter part of the year 1870, was installed pastor of the church. He resigned his pastorate in 1888, having ministered to the church over eighteen years.

Mr. Gaylord's first work as Home Missionary Superintendent was to organize a church at Salt Creek, now Greenwood. He went there by special invitation on the Sabbath before Thanksgiving. Writing of this occasion he says:

> I there met Messrs. Lewis and Platt, and delegates from Nebraska City and Weeping Water churches. We organized as a council, and on Sabbath formed a Congregational church of six members. There would have been five or six more if the weather had been pleasant. I had a very uncomfortable ride on Monday, and arrived at the river only to find my way blocked up. The ferry boat on the Platte had sunk, so that there was no crossing. The boat on the Missouri at Plattsmouth was aground, in consequence of the falling of the river caused by a gorge of ice above. I was detained there three days, and did not succeed in getting over till Thursday noon, and then with great difficulty. I was now in Iowa, and passed up on the east side of the Missouri to a point opposite Omaha, only to find no way of crossing the river that night on account of running ice. I left my horse and buggy, and the next morning rode on a wood wagon four miles up the river, crossed in a skiff, in an open place, and walked five miles to my home, which I reached on Friday about noon. On Thursday I ate my Thanksgiving dinner of dry crullers while riding in my buggy, yet truly thankful that I was making some progress homeward.

Mr. Gaylord lost no time in visiting the Iowa portion of his district, driving over it with a span of Indian ponies. Wherever he stopped for the night, if there were only a

few people within reach, he would have them called together and hold a meeting. On the seat of his buggy lay tracts and pamphlets to be distributed by the way. The following letters to his wife give an account of revival work in Glenwood early in the year 1865:

GLENWOOD, IOWA, January 13, 1865.—I arrived last evening; found Bro. Todd here and heard him preach. Mr. House, the pastor, is so broken down in health that he was not able to preach on Sabbath. The meetings commenced on Tuesday evening, and have been well attended since. The interest seems general, and there is promise of great good. We have been conferring together this morning, with earnest prayer, that God would guide to the right way to obtain the needed blessing. There are some difficulties, but if these should be overcome, we may hope for a glorious harvest. Father Williams was up yesterday, and learning that I was to be here, was anxious that one of us should go and help him. * * * Let me have your earnest prayers for the Divine blessing and guidance. The circumstances are such as to require large measures of wisdom.

GLENWOOD, JANUARY 14.—Yesterday was the most precious day we have had since the meeting commenced, and I feel like writing you again this morning. The afternoon meeting was deeply interesting. Father Williams was up and told us what was being done in Pacific. There was great freedom in speaking and a lovely spirit manifested. One interesting young married woman was present, who had been unable to attend until Tuesday evening. She told us with deep feeling that she had that day found Christ as her Savior. After preaching in the evening, I dismissed the meeting, and invited all who chose, to stay for a season of prayer. A large proportion remained. I then asked those desiring prayers to rise and there were seven, most of them new cases. I conversed with one of them two days ago and found him intelligent, but self-righteous. He arose with the others and spoke; afterwards he came to me and said he was resolved to seek Christ until He was found.

Then one of the members of the church, with much feeling, confessed his unfaithfulness, and begged forgiveness. All present were deeply moved. The work is silent but I think is spreading. I feel calm and happy, but wish you were here.

GLENWOOD, January 16.—The Sabbath is past and Monday opens brightly. I preached yesterday from "Grieve not the Spirit." I then told the congregation that in the evening they would have an opportunity for action, and asked them to weigh the matter well and decide whether they would now give their minds to the great subject of religion. The Sabbath-school is large and interesting—one hundred and sixty in attendance. At four P. M. we had a meeting of the church. All were invited to speak and there was much freedom. We had evidence that God was at work in their hearts. They spoke well, penitently and hopefully. The feeling was unanimous that the meetings must continue. My text at night was, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and while the hymn, "Come trembling sinner," etc., was being sung, I invited those who had chosen Christ since this interest commenced, and those who were now seeking Him to rise. I did not count, but there were between twenty and thirty.

Bro. House is very ill with a bad cough; had a chill last evening and fever all night. I fear his work is almost done. I long to see the interest deepen and spread. One man said yesterday that he had taken more solid comfort that day than ever before in all his life. There is need of much personal effort, and Bro. House is wholly unable to do any of it.

I am writing at Dr. B.'s. He is greatly revived. Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. G., and tell them I desire they may give themselves wholly to Christ. The same message to James Mc C. May the Lord bless and keep you.

GLENWOOD, January 18.—I was trying to settle the question this morning as to whether I should go home to-morrow or not. I could not see the way clear to go, and yet did not know but I *ought to*. I feel that your letter is the answer to my prayer, "What wilt thou have me do?"

I called upon three families this morning where there are

professing Christians, and found evidence of the reviving power of God's Spirit. I then went out of town a little to see a young married lady who rose for prayers Sabbath night, and found her and her sister, who is the mother of three children, in a deeply interesting state of mind, and I hope, on the point of submission to God. Called also on a lawyer, whom I urged to obtain the assistance of the great Advocate, and afterwards had a conversation with a young man in Judge B.'s store, who has been skeptical, but feels now a determination to be the Lord's. I then went to the office, received, and read your letter.

Monday evening at the close of the sermon, I dismissed the congregation asking all to stay who wished to pray or be prayed for. Four-fifths present remained. I then requested any that felt a desire for special prayer to manifest it by rising. Four new cases were presented, all heads of families, and we had a precious season of prayer together.

FREMONT, NEBRASKA, February 14, 1865.—MY DEAR WIFE: I reached here Saturday evening about eight o'clock. As to the prospect of doing much I cannot speak with confidence. All the male members of the church besides Bro. Heaton are absent except one. Mr. Hawthorne and Deacon Pierce are in Fort Kearney. I preached Sabbath and last night. To-day we have a meeting at 2 o'clock and preaching to-night. Mr. Heaton has received two letters from Mr. Jones. His son A. is alive, and hopes are entertained of his recovery. The accident occurred in this way: As he was traveling, he saw a prairie chicken and reached back to get his gun. In pulling it with the muzzle toward him, the lock caught, and springing back, discharged the contents into his breast.

FREMONT, FEBRUARY 16.—It has been very unfavorable for our meeting as it seems to us, yet we have met the church from day to day, and hope they are being profited. I feel that I had better stay over the Sabbath, unless Providence orders otherwise. The number of professing Christians here is very small. The young people are given to pleasure, like ours in Omaha. There is to be a dance to-night to follow up the weddings of last night. We shall pray for them, and I hope God

will reach them by His Spirit in answer to prayer. Think I am willing to leave the result with Him. We are going two miles and a half west this morning to call on Mr. Hazen's family. He and his wife have been Congregational professors.

FREMONT, February 17.—Our meetings seem solemn and the people interested, but I fear little or no impression is made upon the world. Christians are being aroused, but they are few in number. How foolish the frivolities of life seem to me! When will men learn to care for the soul?

ALBION, NEBRASKA, May 13, 1865.—MY DEAR WIFE: Mrs. Bartholomew, at whose house I am stopping on my way to Columbus, is one of the two ladies we saw at Fontanelle when Mr. H. was ordained. Her sister, Mrs. Hughes, then Mrs. Annis, is now here sick, it is feared with consumption. She is one of the Lord's chosen ones. I have had a pleasant night and hope my visit will be a comfort and a blessing. "I am so glad to see you!" was the exclamation of both Mrs. B. and her son. I expect to reach Columbus this evening.

This year Mr. Gaylord was sent as delegate to the National Council which was to meet at Boston in June. He improved this opportunity to again solicit funds for the college at Fontanelle, which was in great need of help. The following letters were written to his wife during this absence:

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI, June 1, 1865.—MY DEAR WIFE: I arrived here at eight o'clock this morning; went into the railroad depot and found Mr. Henshaw. He took me home with him and there I found Mr. and Mrs. James Shedd as boarders. Mary was greatly pleased to see me. I went to meeting this morning and heard a very good sermon on the first two verses of the fifteenth chapter of Romans. I was glad to hear such a sermon in St. Joe. It was clear, argumentative, just. We reached Nebraska City a little after eight A. M., and while they were putting off the freight they took on at Omaha, I went up to Mr. Buck's, and he came down and stayed with me until we

were ready to leave. I found some very pleasant company on the boat. There was one intelligent and agreeable gentleman from Sioux City, whose name is Hubbard. He knows Mr. Millard and Captains Marsh and Rustin. Another man is a government agent and belongs to the regular army, has been in the war, and was a prisoner seven months. He lives in St. Louis, is a native born Virginian, intensely loyal, appears thoroughly upright and religiously disposed. It seems pleasant to stop a little and have a room where I can be alone with God, and commend myself and family and all the interests that are near my heart to our Common Parent. Kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. G. and J.

OBERLIN, OHIO, June 5, 1865.—I reached this place at 7:22 Saturday and found Mr. Miner's folks awaiting my coming; a dish of luscious strawberries and cream was on the table. Yesterday I spent a delightful Sabbath. Went to the Sabbath school in the morning, and found Mr. Fitch, the superintendent, overwhelmed with affliction. One week ago last Saturday afternoon, his son in company with other young men went to some river to bathe. The son was brought back a corpse, drowned, as they suppose, by being taken with cramp. It made a very deep and solemn impression upon the whole community. I heard Mr. Finney in the morning from the words, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature," etc. I took full notes. At eight this morning I go on my way to the great city of the land.

NEW YORK, June 8, 1865.—I have been most cordially received at the Home Missionary rooms. Have met the new Secretary and am much pleased with him. I saw Mr. Holmes yesterday, also Mr. Woolworth, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson and others, and called on my classmate, Prof. Thompson. A vast assembly gathered at Cooper Institute last night to meet Gens. Grant and Logan, who were to be present. I felt disposed to go and see the great men and also a big meeting in New York. Long before the doors were opened there was an immense crowd around either entrance, and when they *were* opened the press was such as I never felt before. It was like a

mighty torrent seeking to force its way through a space not *one-fourth* large enough to allow free passage. But we were borne in without being crushed, ladies and gentlemen alike. The immense hall was filled at once, and thousands upon thousands outside. It was impossible for two hours to restore order, and it seemed like bedlam let loose. "Grant! Grant!" was the cry, with hurrahs, cheers and attempts at speeches which could not be heard. I think it was 9 o'clock before Gen. Grant made his appearance. Then ensued such a scene as you cannot imagine. He came forward to the front of the stage, and the vast assembly rose, swung their hats and handkerchiefs and cheered and shouted for ten minutes. He stayed a short time and then retired, after which the audience calmed down and listened to an excellent speech from Gen. Logan. Grant is square built, has a large head and fine bearing. He seemed by his appearance to wonder what all this parade was for.

NEWINGTON, June 13.—I spent a very pleasant Sabbath in New York. Went to the South church in Brooklyn in the morning, and in the afternoon met the smiling faces of my co-operative Sunday school. They suspended the regular exercises to hear me, and for half an hour gave me the most fixed attention. As I passed out one man seized my hand and said, if I would give him my address he could send me a library. Another came down into Bro. Taylor's study, and said he thought he could send me a minister. I left New York at eight A. M. yesterday, and had the company of Dea. Holmes of Dr. Thompson's church, as far as New Haven. There I had an interview with Mr. Chase, and was much pleased with him. He thinks he will be with us in our work in August. I dined with my good friend and classmate, Kingsley, and had a pleasant time. At fifteen minutes past three, I again took my seat in the cars and was borne rapidly on to Newington's pleasant vales. I found Mr. Deming's family all well and a right hearty welcome they gave me. I almost forgot to tell you that I addressed Dr. Budington's people on the afternoon of Sabbath, and that they gathered around me with interest. I go this morning to Hartford, and at 12:30 take the cars for Boston. Am looking for

one of the greatest and best meetings I ever attended. As the time draws near the interest deepens. The general expectation is, that it will hold from ten to twelve days.

BOSTON, JUNE 17.—We have great meetings—quite too large in numbers, I fear, to do *business* promptly and well. An immense amount of it is coming before us. It is now the fourth day of the session, and we are not nearly through reading the papers presented by the committees appointed last fall. It took Dr. Bacon two solid hours to read his report on Church Polity. It was excellent in the main. The Council has voted to go in a body on Thursday next to Plymouth Rock. I am glad to go to this historic spot, but sorry to take a day from the labors of the Council. We spend one-half hour each day, from 11 to 11:30, in devotional exercises, which is a happy arrangement. If the meeting issues well, it will be productive of immense results upon our great country. I am not without solicitude upon this point.

This is the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. We had a special service in the First church in Charlestown, close to the monument. That church was burned by the British at the time of the battle. After the meeting we went in procession led by the president of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, to the square. It was an interesting fact that the representatives of the Puritans should be gathered on that sacred spot on the ninetieth anniversary of that battle, on the same day of the week, and the same hour of the day when that battle was fought. The great occasion and the great subjects make me somewhat nervous. I have met Bros. Salter, Robbins, Gates, Harvey Adams, Cooper, Turner and a host of other old friends.

Some months before the meeting of the Congregational Council in Boston, in June, 1865, Judge Warren Currier, of St. Louis, chairman of a committee on southern and western evangelization, sent a request to Mr. Gaylord that he collect facts as to the great needs of the vast area of territory lying north of the southern boundary of Kansas and west of the Mississippi, to be made use of at this meeting.

Mr. Gaylord's reply embodies much that is useful and interesting, but we give only one or two of the closing paragraphs. What he writes of the imperative necessity for more men to preach the gospel has at least as *much* force now as in 1865. He says:

As the country's peril in 1861 awoke the slumbering patriotism of the entire loyal heart, and led to deeds and sacrifice that challenged the admiration of the world, so God *can* and *may* press the moral and religious claims of this extensive region in a way to lead men in great numbers to leave other employments, and give themselves to the ministry of the word. The church *must* bring out her resources and marshal them for the work now calling upon her. As exigencies have made generals, so *moral* exigencies must make ministers if these wide fields are to be supplied.

To no use aside from preaching the gospel, can the wealth of the Christian and the philanthrophist be more wisely applied, than in establishing institutions of learning to train men for the ministry, and for the highest spheres of usefulness in professional life.

One of the results of the National Council was an appeal by Dr. Langworthy, Secretary of the American Congregational Union, of which the following are extracts:

The late National Council, by recommendation of a very large committee, unanimously, and with prayer, adopted the following resolution:

"That the Council recommend to the American Congregational Union, without arresting or delaying the special efforts now in progress, or ready to be put forth in behalf of the churches needing aid for the erection of houses of worship, to call for a simultaneous collection, December 17, the Sabbath preceding Forefather's Day, when every Congregational church, large or small, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall contribute what it can toward the $200,000 for church building. Let the good work be finished in a day, and give the proper punctuation to this meeting."

Patriotism demands this work at the hands of our Congregational churches. The west is indissolubly bound to the east, as has been seen in our late war, by the similarity of their religious and educational institutions, planted in the former by the gifts of the latter. Such institutions in the south are indispensable if we are ever to become a homogeneous people.

It will be a scene upon which angels will love to look, to see on the Sabbath named, three thousand pulpits setting forth the great principles and the polity the pilgrims established upon Plymouth Rock in 1620; and to see twice three hundred thousand people pouring out their willing offerings to build monuments, in the form of sanctuaries, to the memory of those devoted heroes, and for the benefit of those for whom none are now provided!

Before coming home he went to Norfolk for a visit to his mother, who was overjoyed to see him, although only one year had passed since his last visit. His farewell, as he left her at this time, proved to be a final one, for he never saw her again.

After Mr. Gaylord's return he took up again his work among the churches. All the record that is found for the rest of the year is contained in two letters to his wife:

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, November 22, 1865.—MY DEAR WIFE: I went on from Silver Creek to Decatur and called on Mrs. Decatur. She is living with her son-in-law, Mr. D. having been in Colorado three years. I tarried in Decatur several hours and gained what information I could, then drove up to the Mission and called on Mr. Furnas at the agency. Went home with Mr. Lee and Mr. Bent, spent the evening in the mission house and had a very pleasant time. Tuesday morning I went on my way across the reservation—fourteen miles without a house. I rode over hills and through valleys, till I descended into the beautiful valley of the Omaha creek, which flows into the Missouri where Omadi once stood. That village at one time had 600 people, but the Missouri laid claim to it, and one house without inhabitants is all that remains. I entered the

Missouri valley about eight miles from Dakota. It spreads out to the width of eight or ten miles, and the most of it is fine land. I found Mr. Lemon at D., and spent several hours in looking around. Then passed on to this place six miles, crossing the Missouri just about sunset. I find Sioux City much more of a place than I expected. Am to preach to-night, and shall leave for Onawa to-morrow, reaching there Friday, if God will. Mrs. Tingley is looking very well.

ONAWA, IOWA, November 25, 1865.—I left Sioux City Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, and expected to spend the night ten miles from here, but not finding the family at home, came on, and arrived about dusk. Yesterday I went out on an exploring tour. A large number of new families are coming in, and I am told that next spring there will be forty within a few miles of each other. The settlement is from six to ten miles from Onawa. About three hundred people have come into the county this year. There is a fine opening here for a Congregational minister, and lines of influence far-reaching and with important bearings, need to be laid hold of and directed aright. I sent an appointment to Little Sioux for Monday, twenty miles from this down the river. Tuesday I go to Magnolia and Harrison, where Mrs. Olmstead lives. I feel that this is a most important exploration. Hope the children are kind and helpful to their dear mother. I have enjoyed much of the Savior's presence on this tour. How blessed to spend and be spent for Him. Let us learn to do all *for* Him, and trust all *to* Him.

To Rev. Milton Badger, D. D.:

OMAHA, March, 1866.—DEAR BROTHER: * * * A portion of the winter has been very unfavorable for traveling. In one instance I was driven back by a violent snow storm, rendering it perilous to venture upon the open prairie. I have sought to strengthen the weak points, to supply as far as possible destitute churches, and by correspondence to do what I could to forward the interests of the general work. The institution at Fontanelle has occupied some of my time and attention. Our

Seminary building was destroyed by fire on the evening of December 6. I spent the next Sabbath there and after service met the citizens to see what measures could be adopted to serve the interests represented in the college. They show a spirit of liberality toward the object which is very hopeful. I have since attended two meetings of the Board of Trustees, and the decision is to rebuild this season if the means can be raised, and I feel that they must try, for this enterprise is essential if we would do the work well, that is laid upon us as ministers and churches. We have secured the services of a young man, a graduate of Oberlin in 1861. He possesses rare qualifications as a teacher, great simplicity and honesty of purpose, an unwavering faith in God and an earnest devotion to His glory. He must be sustained and the institution carried forward. This part of our work is very hopeful.

In Iowa I have spent one Sabbath at Onawa. That church is anxious to secure a minister soon. The place is growing, the county filling up fast, the population is eastern, Congregational, and intelligent, and they need a good, earnest man. I have spent one Sabbath and several days at Civil Bend in revival meetings. There was much interest and quite a number of hopeful conversions. Have just returned from Lewis, where I went to spend a Sabbath, and remained ten days, holding meetings every afternoon and evening. I preached twelve times, last Sabbath three times, and traveled twenty miles. At the urgent request of the Grove City church, after morning service at Lewis, I rode to Grove City, ten miles, held meeting at three P. M., and returned to Lewis for evening service. Our meetings were profitable, greatly quickening the church, reclaiming backsliders, and bringing some unconverted persons, as I trust, to Christ. At Lewis they have finished and dedicated a very neat and commodious house of worship. They are without a minister, but keep up meetings, read a sermon, hold prayer-meetings, and have a good Sabbath school. The last Sabbath of January I preached about eight miles from Omaha, where some of the members of our church reside. My text was, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits

toward me?" and at the close asked them for a thank-offering to the Lord in the form of a contribution to the Home Missionary Society. The result was a subscription of twenty-four dollars. It was generous—liberal. A gentleman at Lewis handed me ten dollars for the society. A wave of divine influence seems to be passing over this valley. There are revivals at Tabor, Civil Bend, Lewis, Council Bluffs and Omaha, and I feel greatly encouraged. One church on the Iowa side has had no regular preaching for some years and yet it is in a promising place and a growing county, and in the midst of an intelligent people. Tabor is self-supporting, and has had no missionary aid from the first. It was a colony from Oberlin, bringing their minister, Rev. John Todd, with them. That church was organized in 1852, and is very strong and efficient. There are in eleven counties, eleven churches. Three counties have one each, and four have two each, leaving four in which there is no Congregational organization.

To Mr. R. Lovejoy:

OMAHA, March 2, 1866.—We have passed through a severely cold winter—not much snow—and it has been a good season for business. Everybody has been very busy in Omaha, and now spring opens smilingly. They have already commenced building operations. Several dwelling houses are going up and contracts are let for some large business houses. There is more religious interest in this region than I have ever seen. I hope you are enjoying life in your new home. Have you come out openly and by profession on the Lord's side? I do hope you will. May the blessing of the Lord abundantly rest upon you.

OMAHA, June 2, 1866.—For the first time in my life I live in sight of a railroad. A train of forty cars passed down this evening on the U. P. R. R. That great work is being pushed forward at the rate of a mile a day. The cars now pass through Columbus and across the Loup Fork.

To his wife:

FONTANELLE, IOWA, July 5, 1866.—A line this morning before sailing out on the vast prairie. I left Amity about 10 A.

M. Monday, and spent the night midway between Clarinda and Quincy. Found roads bad from much rain. I reached Quincy, Iowa, about 10:30 A. M., and stayed till Wednesday morning. Put up with the Mr. Clark who wrote me—a brother of my class mate, James A. Clark. I had a pleasant time there, and yesterday morning passed forward to Nevin, where I found them assembled for the Fourth. I helped them eat their dinner, made a short speech, conferred with Dea. Chamberlain, spent an hour with Bro. House, and at 4:30 started for this place, which I reached a little before sunset. I am stopping with Mr. Kilbourn, a good Congregationalist from New England, and son-in-law of Mr. Mather, who used to be at Red Rock. To-day I purpose going across to Exira, where I shall spend the night, and to-morrow come down to Grove City and Lewis. I am more than ever impressed with the greatness of our work.

OMAHA, August 3.—I arrived here from Tabor in good time. Had a very hot ride and a regular attack of dust. This has been a terrible day in Omaha. Hot, dust thick, drouth severe. Found a letter here from Amity with twenty-five dollars for a Sunday school library. I offered them forty dollars worth of books for twenty-five dollars, and they were glad to accept it. I have put it up and shall send it by express. Mr. Rose has selected nearly forty dollars worth of books for the Omaha Sunday school. I shall give them one-third off.

During this summer Mr. Gaylord, finding that his work in southwestern Iowa required much time and attention, took his family to Tabor, where they remained for three months. Here they found themselves again near their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Miner, who had been among the charter members of the old Danville church, and whose home in Oberlin, Ohio, had afforded a stopping place on eastern journeys, and a home for Ralph in his first years away at school. These months of renewed intercourse were very pleasant to both families. Mrs. Miner was at this time in poor health, and died in April of the next year, after a painful and lingering illness. It was a trial to Mr. and

Mrs. Gaylord, that the Missouri river was at this time so high as to render it impossible to attend the funeral of this dear friend.

On the 5th of August, 1866, Mr. Gaylord organized the church at Irvington, a direct outgrowth of the church in Omaha. July 17, 1862, his daughter Sarah had been married to S. C. Brewster, a lineal descendant of "Elder Brewster," and removed to Irvington. To this circumstance was largely due the organization of the church and the Sunday school, preaching services being first held in her house. Mr. Gaylord thus writes of the organization:

We have had a good day. I preached, after which I organized the church with eleven members, baptized two infants and administered the sacrament, then Bro. Brown talked to the Sabbath school. There will be three more to unite with the church, who were not present to-day, making fourteen in all. I find Thomas Delong in quite an interesting state of mind. [Through his own efforts this young man was educated at Fontanelle, Tabor, and Oberlin. A part of the time his vacations were spent in Mr. Brewster's family at Irvington, and while tending the sheep his books were his constant companions, and he proved himself faithful, alike to them, and to his employer. He has been for a number of years in the ministry and is now preaching in this state.] Had a good time at twilight in prayer for the objects you suggested and for you and the children. Tell Ralph I have never felt so strong a desire that he settle his mind that his life is to be an *earnest work* for God as now. I see so much to be done and so few to do it.

A testimony to the character of the Irvington church is found in a letter of Mr. Gaylord's written some years later:

At Irvington is a choice people, made up mostly of emigrants from New England and New York, descendants from the old puritan stock. They show their moral and religious training by active efforts to propagate the institutions of the gospel, sustaining a weekly prayer-meeting, keeping up Sabbath services

when they have no preaching, and maintaining four Sabbath schools, some of them in remote neighborhoods.

On the evening of November 8th, in the autumn of 1866, a large number of Omaha people gathered at the home on Jackson street to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The exhibition of kind regard by the citizens at this silver wedding left a halo at the end of these happy and toilsome years which has grown brighter with the lapse of time, and the one who survives greatly prizes the gifts then bestowed, which are still in her possession.

LEWIS, IOWA, November 21.—We reached here last evening a little before sunset, after a pleasant ride over the ocean prairie. We came across from Magnolia through Shelby county, a distance of seventy-five miles. I left Mr. Morley at Magnolia and went over to the Boyer. Spent the night at Mr. Kellogg's, and in the morning went up to Rev. Mr. Laurie's, calling a moment on Mrs. Olmstead. I preached at 11 o'clock and afterward consulted with the brethren. They seem well pleased with Bro. Laurie and do not wish to change. I returned to Magnolia and had the pleasure of listening to a good sermon by Bro. Morley, preached to a crowded house. I could scarcely keep them from laying hands on him, and they did not want me to bring him here. If Bro. Johnson comes, one of them will come to Lewis, the other to Magnolia, taking in Little Sioux for the present. The region over which we traveled after leaving the Boyer river is very little settled. Only one house in twenty miles west of Horton, the county seat of Shelby county, and one stretch of twenty miles between Horton and Lewis. It is inhabited principally by gophers, and they are plenty. I shall go to-morrow to Grove City and next day to Exira. May the good Lord keep and bless you all.

Of his exploration of the Boyer valley we find a brief statistical report to the Society, mentioning the names, con-

dition and needs of many places. If his labors had been abundant before, they were incessant now. During the six years he was engaged in this work he gave it his personal, constant supervision, preaching every Sabbath and often during the week, rarely spending more time at home than was needful for his correspondence, it being his practice to occasionally give a day or two, as necessity required, to answering the numerous letters that always accumulated in his absence.

It was on one of these occasions, after writing all day, that he went out early in the evening to carry the "pile" to the post-office. As he was turning from Eleventh street into Howard, two men came up and knocked him down by a severe blow on the forehead. One of them jumped on him and commenced pulling open his overcoat, while the other kept watch, and just at that instant saw a man coming up Eleventh street. This caused them to flee precipitately, and Mr. Gaylord, finding himself able to get up, walked home, and, passing in through the alley gate, entered the back door of the house. Screams from the Irish servant brought the family out in great haste, to see him standing there with blood running down his face. With perfect composure he said, "Some men knocked me down out here." Then putting his hand to his breast pocket, he continued, "But they did not get my money or watch. I have twelve dollars, which is a large sum for *me* to carry." A physician was called in, who closed up the wound so effectually that only a slight scar remained. Mr. Grey, a gentleman known to have a good deal of money, was at this time boarding in the family. The two were nearly alike in size, and as Mr. Grey often went out at night, it was thought Mr. Gaylord might have been mistaken for him.

The reports of the Society for the years '66 to '67 show that it was only holding its own in Nebraska and the counties of Western Iowa, committed to Mr. Gaylord's care,

while the field was crying out for "more men." This subject, "Home Evangelization," occupied a prominent place on the program of a convention of the Congregational churches of Western Iowa and Nebraska, held at Council Bluffs in September, 1866. The following are extracts from Mr. Gaylord's report of this meeting:

Two brethren came from Amity to the convention, a distance of seventy-five miles, and when I was compelled to tell them I had no certain prospect of a minister for them, the expression of their countenances gave me great pain. A lady came from Harrison, in the Boyer valley, fifty miles by coach, to attend the meeting, in hope of obtaining a minister. She came because none of the brethren could come, and as she realized the difficulty of obtaining a supply for these destitute fields, the unbidden tears would flow. Mr. Phelps, who is at the head of the Council Bluffs & St. Joseph Railroad, is a liberal man. He offers to head a subscription paper with one hundred dollars, for the support of Rev. M. F. Platt for six months, to labor in a field along the line of the road on the Missouri bottom. He also offers a lot in Bartlett, a new railroad town, and five hundred dollars towards building a church, provided one thousand dollars more can be raised. I am glad of such a helper.

In 1867 he wrote:

I have just enjoyed the privilege, after an interval of twelve years, of meeting with the General Association of Iowa, with which I was so long and pleasantly connected, of revisiting the place where I commenced my labors as a minister—then in the ardor of youth—and of preaching once more to that church which I formed June 30, 1839, and to which I ministered for more than sixteen years. The Association, which held its twenty-sixth annual meeting at Muscatine, was formed November, 1840, with three ministers, Rev. Asa Turner, Rev. J. A. Reed and myself, and the three churches of Danville, Denmark and Fairfield. The ministers are still in active service, and were all present at the meeting. The little one, if it has not become a thousand, has greatly increased, and occupying as it

does a region fast augmenting in population, it has the promise of future growth. What changes in these twenty-six and a half years! Then only a scattered population was to be found for a short distance west of the Mississippi river, while all beyond these settlements was a wilderness.

OMAHA, Septemer 5, 1867.—In making my third quarterly report as agent for the current year, I commence with June 1, at which time I, with my wife, was on a visit to my former field of labor in Danville, Iowa. What tender memories were revived as I looked into the faces of the brethren at the Association, and afterwards mingled with the dear people whose joys and sorrows we shared for so many years! A few were gone, but a large proportion remained to welcome us to their homes and their hearts. Some of these we had once led into covenant with God, as they cast in their lot with His people—had united them in marriage, baptized their children, and accompanied them as they followed loved ones to the silent grave.

But our stay could not be long, for an appointment was out for me to be at Oakfield to attend the organization of a church on the 21st and 22nd of June, and we hastened home. We held a preliminary meeting at Oakfield on Saturday, and on Sabbath I preached to a full house, and led eight disciples into covenant. The next week I answered a call from Bartlett, Iowa, inviting me to sit in council to consult as to organizing a Congregational church at that place. We had an interesting examination on Saturday, and on Sabbath thirteeen persons entered into covenant, and I sat down with them at the table of our Lord. We met in nature's own temple, a beautiful walnut grove near the village. On Friday following I went down to Nebraska City, at the earnest request of members of the church there, to spend the Sabbath and hold a communion season. I held a preparatory lecture, and on Sabbath preached twice, addressed two Sabbath schools, and administered the Lord's supper.

Among the labors of the period under review, I have conducted a correspondence for the trustees of the Congregational church and society of this city, having for its object the obtaining of a suitable pastor for them. It has been a delicate

and difficult task, as I have had to answer numerous letters from ministers proposing to come and preach as candidates. Of these they have heard three, and have decided upon Rev. E. S. Palmer, of Waverly, Iowa. In compliance with their invitation, he has just come with his family to be their spiritual instructor. If he proves to be the right man, I shall feel relieved from that which has given me no little anxiety.

On the 26th of July I left home for a tour of exploration in the southern portion of the state, a work I had been obliged to defer on account of high water and bad roads. At Nebraska City I yielded to the solicitations of the people to tarry and preach for them. After meeting, while waiting for tea, I was attacked with paralysis in the left side. It was similar to feelings I had previously experienced when worn down with labor, lasting a few moments, but this time continuing. Next day I went on twenty-five miles to Brownville. Here friends advised me to return home, but unwilling to give up my proposed trip, I crossed the river and went down to Rockport, Missouri, it being a part of my program to visit this place. Rev. Mr. Uhler, a German minister who united with the Congregational Association of Nebraska last spring, resides here. The church to which he ministers also desired to be received by our body, and I visited them by special request to satisfy myself as to their evangelical character. Having discharged this duty, I left with Mr. Uhler articles of faith, covenant and all that was necessary for him to organize his church after the Congregational form, and then, too ill to remain longer, turned my face homewards. Rockport is the county seat of Atchison county. There is a good Christian element among the Germans there and a wide field of usefulness for their minister. This is the first German Congregational church in this region, but I think there will soon be one or two others. In much weariness I came as far as Hamburg, in the southwest corner of Iowa, and here became so helpless that word was sent to Mrs. Gaylord, who came with my son sixty-five miles in one day. My son was obliged to return with the hired carriage, while Mrs. Gaylord and I came on slowly, she driving the ponies and taking care of me all the way. A

low, nervous fever set in, but good medical advice and tender care, with the blessing of the Great Physician, gradually restored me to health. I can name as among the more prominent results of the labors of this quarter, three ministers located and two churches organized, while from my sick bed I dictated numerous letters and gave counsel to many who called upon me. During my illness I received a call from Rev. Mr. Foster, of Chicopee, Massachusetts. He says he came to give himself to the home missionary work, and wished me to send him where I thought best. I have preached for this people several times during the quarter, as they were destitute of a minister, and also spent one Sabbath at Plattford.

In a few weeks Mr. Gaylord had sufficiently recovered from this first stroke of paralysis to go on with his work as usual.

OCTOBER 28.—We held our meeting of trustees last week and invited Rev. J. B. Chase to take charge of the institution at Fontanelle with a female assistant. When we had passed over about half the distance on my way to attend this meeting, we stopped to rest at noon. As I was about to unhitch the ponies, they broke away from me and ran with Mrs. Gaylord in the carriage. She was thrown out with such violence that her left arm was broken and the wrist dislocated.

To his niece:

OMAHA, February 25, 1868.—Your letter is before me. I had previously heard of the peaceful death of my dear sainted mother. Was sorry to learn that so many of the elderly people of Norfolk had passed away, and think now that my native town would seem less like home to me than ever before. Mrs. Gaylord, besides her broken arm, has suffered much this winter from sciatic neuralgia. On Christmas Day our daughter Sarah buried her youngest child—a heavy affliction to her. But we have many mercies mingled in our cup of sorrow.

To his wife:

NEBRASKA CITY, April 25, 1868.—I am happy to address you from this place this morning. Thursday I came on and

stopped at Mr. Hogoboom's at Larimer, where my comfort was well provided for by kind friends. Several families are coming in here, and there is a good prospect for a Congregational church by and by. Yesterday I crossed the Platte river partly by boat and partly by fording. The water came up to my buggy bed, and a slight rise would prevent crossing. The road was so muddy it took me all day to get here. It was too late to see to anything, and withal I was too tired. Shall go on to Camp Creek to-day, and defer special business here till next Monday. Do not feel anxious about me, but look for me when I come.

While on this trip he organized the church at Camp Creek with twenty-eight members. He says of it:

One thing which interested me much was the coming together of Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists and, I think, some Methodists, heartily into one organization. It showed very clearly the admirable adaptation of our church polity to the circumstances of a new field like ours. This church is the legitimate fruit of faithful, persevering Christian labor in the Sabbath school. Early in the settlement of Nebraska, a gentleman and his wife came out from one of the Congregational churches of Connecticut and opened a farm on Camp Creek. They started a Sabbath school, which has been sustained most of the time for eleven years. During the past winter the seed thus sown in the youthful mind has been warmed into life by the Spirit of God accompanying the preaching of the word, and now the converts, with several others who had previously been members in other places, have been gathered into a church of Christ.

In July of this year, the Y. M. C. A. of Omaha issued a circular, from which the following are extracts:

At the recent Christian Convention for Western Iowa and Nebraska, held at Council Bluffs, it was proposed and deeply urged by our beloved brother, K. A. Burnell, of the American Christian Commission, that our Young Men's Christian Association should join him, and a delegation visit every station of any

comparative importance on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. As an association we rejoice in this opportunity of doing what to us, has long seemed a neglected work, and especially do we rejoice in going under the conduct of our Bro. Burnell, who has had so large an experience in this greatly needed and Christ-like work.

As an association, we feel under lasting obligations to do all we can to incline this railway toward *Calvary*.

In a twelvemonth we propose to join the San Francisco Association in a convention at Salt Lake City, and with them make arrangements for a systematic visitation of the entire line, with at least the employment of one man for the Atlantic and another for the Pacific slope. Our delegation, with Bro. Burnell, will leave Omaha on Monday, July 20, at 4:30 P. M.

Mr. Gaylord was invited to accompany this delegation, and the pleasure he experienced in being permitted to proclaim Gospel truth to some of the large number employed in the construction of the road, is expressed in the following brief extracts from one or two of his letters:

FREMONT, NEBRASKA, July 21, 1868.—I arrived at the depot in time; met Mr. Burnell, Bro. Kermott and wife, Mr. Dimmick, and Mr. Smith. We reached here at 6:30. Held meeting in the open air last night, and are to hold meetings to-day at the court house. I am so glad I could go, and in such company, and on such an errand. We stay here till 5:30, and then go on to Columbus. Do not feel anxious about me. I am in the hands of the great Shepherd, who guards His loved ones by day and by night.

BUSHNELL, NEBRASKA, (463 miles west of Omaha) July 29. —We stopped at Laramie for the night and I found myself very tired. Our company are together now, but are about separating, so as to reach points where we did not stop going out. Some will stay at Sidney, some at North Platte, and I have decided to remain at Grand Island over to-morrow. Those letters from you and Ralph were handed me at Cheyenne, and were a pleasant surprise. Many thanks.

We take the following from an extended account of this tour given in the *Home Missionary:*

We went forth, halting at the different towns and spending as much time as we could to advantage in religious services, and at the end of the week we arrived at Benton, *then* the last town on the railroad. There we spent the Sabbath. Going and returning, we reached and held religious services at every important point along the road. Many heard the gospel upon whose ears its notes had not fallen for months or years. Our meetings were held where we could best reach the people, quite frequently upon the corners of the streets, in the open air. At Benton, on the Sabbath, the congregations were large and attentive. One service was held in a gamblers' tent. As we entered, the men were around the table, engaged in their avocation; but as soon as the voice of singing was heard, they ceased, and to the close of service gave the most respectful attention to the words of truth plainly spoken to them.

Benton is a town somewhat "*sui generis.*" The work of building the railroad calls together large numbers, who are followed by a class of men bent on gain, many of whom seem to have thrown off religious restraint in a great measure. A town or city is quickly extemporized. Poles are set up and braced, rafters raised, and the whole frame-work spread over with a covering of heavy cotton cloth. Benton is a city of tents, forcibly reminding one of the Israelites in the wilderness. A large part of the buildings thus hastily constructed are saloons, devoted to gambling or drinking, or used as dance-houses.

We went to the end of the Union Pacific Railroad, seven hundred and twelve and a half miles west of Omaha, and spent a little time there, seeing the process of track-laying, and learning many facts of interest. There were three hundred and fifty men—a small army—engaged in laying down the track. This department of labor is under the immediate direction of General Casement, and has been from the first. It is so systematized that the greatest possible results of the force employed can be secured. He is furnished with cars for cooking, eating and sleeping, so that the men are all boarded near their work. These

cars are on the track, and are moved up as the work progresses. The workmen are well fed and well treated in every way; and they work with a will and an energy that might well be imitated by those who are laboring in the Master's vineyard. To feed them requires eleven or twelve sacks of flour, of one hundred pounds each, to be made into bread daily. A drove of cattle is kept along, and a bullock, slaughtered in the morning, furnishes meat for the day. The track was being laid down at the rate of from two to four miles a day. It has already passed the ridge which divides the falling rain, sending a part to the Atlantic, and a part to the Pacific ocean. The cars now run the entire length of Nebraska, and are causing the hills and valleys of the new territory of Wyoming to echo back the shrill whistle of the locomotive. Utah only remains to be spanned by the iron track, to bring the two ends of the continental highway together, an event which is nearer its consummation than many are aware. If thousands are attracted by the scenery of the old mountains, whose long slumber is now so rudely disturbed, what numbers will be set in motion when the trip from New York to San Francisco can be made in a week, in ease and luxury!

As I stood in the midst of the canvas roofs in Benton, I felt how desirable it is that some one, furnished with a large tent, should be sustained, who can give his entire time, move on with the tide, and be as leaven in the midst of the seething mass.

Many ministers are of late passing over this road, and I trust the sight of their eyes will so affect their hearts that they will blow the gospel trumpet, and awaken among the people a new impulse in home missionary work. I wish every pastor in New England could see with his own eyes, what needs to be done for those who are delving into the mountains, and building up towns and cities, where, a few months ago, only solitude reigned in its primeval silence.

In 1868 he wrote to the Society in making his annual report:

The past year has been one of constant and increasing activity in respect to all material interests. Our great railroad is extending its iron arms toward the Pacific, and even now is reaching to embrace the mountains with their hidden treasures, which are soon to be laid at the feet of the nation. The population is increasing; capitalists are constructing railways; farms are brought under cultivation; towns and cities are springing up; and now is the time to lay the foundations of gospel institutions for future generations. We *must* repeat here the experience and policy of the early settlers of New England, if we would see a prosperous and glorious future. Along the whole river front of this new and rapidly developing state, your Society has but two missionaries. We need a large re-enforcement of laborers without delay. Situated as we are, in the very heart of the continent, on the great highway of nations, destined to become the chief source of supply to the mountain territories, how important it is that this valley should be thoroughly evangelized, not only for its own sake, but for the regions beyond?

In 1869:

The removal of the capital to Lincoln, south of the Platte, has turned a heavy tide of population into that part of the state, where new fields will soon be opened to missionary labor. The southern tier of counties should now be possessed for Christ; it is their forming period, the seed time, not only there, but indeed to a great extent through the whole state. Nebraska, lying as it does between the older states and the mountain territories, must not be left to barbarism.

OMAHA, April 6, 1869.—I spent last Sabbath at Fremont, and had an interesting day. Sixteen were added to the Congregational church, the results of a season of religious interest. Rev. I. E. Heaton is about closing his labors with them, and they are to have a minister from New Hampshire as his successor. Mr. Heaton located at Fremont in the autumn of 1856, at the very commencement of its settlement. The town is in the Platte valley, on the line of the U. P. R. R., at the point of junction with the Sioux City and Pacific R. R. [now the Fre-

mont & Elkhorn Valley]. It has had a steady and somewhat rapid growth. Mr. Heaton resigns his charge, not expecting to cease the active labors of the ministry, but will preach at various points in the vicinity without salary. This church furnishes a beautiful illustration of the fruits of patient, persevering labor in planting and watering the institutions of the gospel on new ground.

The week following this visit to Fremont, Mr. Gaylord took the stage coach at Omaha for a ride of sixty-five miles to Atlantic, Iowa, to organize a church in that place. Rev. Mr. Hill, who was laboring there, was at this time absent on an eastern visit, and had written Mr. Gaylord, requesting him to attend to the matter soon. The roads were bad and the ride a long and wearisome one. He found a Presbyterian brother on the ground preparing to gather a Presbyterian church. But the membership was Congregational, many of them having been connected with the churches of Grove City and Exira, and Mr. Gaylord went forward and completed the organization on the 10th of April. It has proved to be a prosperous and growing church during these twenty years of its existence, and has done much good work for the cause in that portion of the state. Mr. Hill has been their only pastor.

At the General Association of Illinois:

FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS, May 28, 1869.—After we left Hamburg it began to rain powerfully, and continued until the road was flooded. Before the train reached St. Joseph the water ran down the bluffs in torrents, and washed drift onto the road so that they had to stop and clear the track. We ran across a bridge and just as we passed off it fell in, and another right before us was unsafe. We lay in the cars all night, about three miles from St. Joseph, and in the morning they sent wagons and took the passengers to the city. I stayed all day at Mr. Henshaw's, and took the evening train for Quincy, but we were again detained, and finally reached here yesterday at five P. M. I went immediately to the church, and found a large at-

tendance. Saw Brothers Turner, Bascom, and Jenny. Mr. Carter is Moderator. I have lost the cream of the meeting by those detentions, but expect to enjoy being here at last. Mr. Little, from Grinnell, was my seat-mate in the cars from Quincy to Galesburg.

Writing of his work as superintendent during these years, Mr. Gaylord says:

I coupled with it, as far as I could, the labor of organizing Sabbath schools and helping those already in existence.

While at the east, when I was assigned to my new post, I attended a ministers' meeting in Brooklyn, and dropped the suggestion that, in connection with my new work, I could do much to aid Sabbath schools, if I had money to buy books for libraries. The pastor of the South Congregational Church in Brooklyn, Rev. Mr. Taylor, said to me, "Come over to our school next Sabbath, and tell them your plans and wishes." He said they were to decide at that time what disposition they would make of their collection for the coming year. The result was that I established an interesting correspondence with the superintendent, Mr. Lawrence, and he remitted to me from time to time small sums of money to be used for Sabbath school purposes. My mode of operating was this: With the money placed in my hands I purchased books of the Massachusetts Sunday School Society at one-third discount from the regular price, and with these I supplied schools at the price I paid, without any charge for freight.

New schools just commencing were encouraged to raise what they could—say $5.00 or $10.00—and I would give them twice that amount in value in books for a library. This proved a most healthy stimulus in a good work. In this way I put several hundred dollars' worth of books into Sunday school libraries in Nebraska and western Iowa. A gentleman, a banker in New York City, also co-operated with me in the same way.

Of the many tours that he made over his field, an account of two is contained in a report written near the close of 1869:

The close of the fifth year of service as your Agent in this frontier district, reminds me that, thirty-one years ago to-day, I commenced my ministry in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, under commission from your Society. I cannot but wonder at the changes that all these years have wrought over a vast region, then without inhabitant, but now filled with a busy and enterprising population. Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska, with the new States on the Pacific coast, have been brought into the Union, and over them all the Gospel has to some extent exerted its molding influence, until in some places the wilderness has become a fruitful field. But the work, instead of being done, seems just begun. On the 3d of September, I went west one hundred miles on the Union Pacific, and labored more than a week in Butler and Platte counties. Spent the Sabbath at Columbus; preached there in the morning and in the afternoon fourteen miles north, where I administered the Lord's Supper. On Monday, went with Mr. Chase to the south side of Platte river, preached three times, held a communiom service and organized a second church in Butler county—returning to Columbus on Thursday to prayer meeting. The next day went to the Pawnee Agency, twenty miles northwest. Had an interview with the Agent and a devoted Christian lady, Mrs. Platt, who, with true missionary zeal, is doing what she can to educate and Christianize the children and youth of the Pawnee tribe. I am sending a quantity of the Pictorial Tract Primers for her Indian boys and girls. At night, after preaching at evening service, left for Columbus, twenty miles away. Losing our way several times in the darkness, we turned back to our starting place, rather than stay all night upon the prairies in the vicinity of so many Indians. With Rev. Mr. Knowles, of Salt Creek, and his famous ponies, I have been through the southern portion of the state. Leaving home October 16, and spending the Sabbath with Mr. K., we started for Nebraska City, stopping by the way about eighteen miles west of that place, where a good Christian family from Quincy is maintaining a Sabbath school, and where it will be good economy to send a minister. Pawnee county is one of the finest in Nebraska. Pawnee City,

the county town, is well located. Seven miles west of that place we found Mr. Miles, and spent two nights and a stormy day with him, improving the time to organize a church with seven members. After a ride of forty miles over prairie, to a great extent destitute of timber, but with good building stone in abundance, and fine land well watered, we reached Beatrice, the county seat of Gage county, where we passed the Sabbath, hospitably entertained by Mr. Henry Atkinson, the son-in-law of Senator Tipton.

After two services on the Sabbath, we next day rode sixty miles against a cold wind to the house of Mr. Knowles, passing through Lincoln. I reached home October 28, having in two weeks traveled over 350 miles, mostly by private conveyance. A few hours after, I left for Fontanelle, where we met to organize an Association for that part of our state north of the Platte river.

Among his papers are found these sentences, that show the devotion of the man to his work:

I have richly enjoyed the pleasure of meeting a scattered population, gathered in a school house or a private room, and ministering to their spiritual hunger for the word of God. The longer I have been engaged in this work the greater has been my love for it, and the deeper my conviction of its importance.

NURSERY HILL, [NOW SYRACUSE] January 14, 1870.—At Dr. Burleigh's:—I reached Nebraska City about 10 A. M. Had Mr. Peabody for a traveling companion. As we left the cars Mr. Hendrie, from the Bluffs, made his appearance, and we all walked over to the city, crossing the river on the ice. They assisted me in carrying my satchel, for which I was thankful. I went to Mr. Buck's, who is not very well this winter—has some trouble with his lungs. I spent the night there, and at 8 A. M. yesterday took the stage for this place, where I arrived about noon. The ride was rough and cold. This morning it is snowing quite fast. This will hinder my work, and may prevent meeting to-night, but I hope not.

The storm did prevent the organization of the church at that time—and it was not effected until a year later.

FONTANELLE, February 15, 1870.—I had a cold ride to Blair on Saturday, yet stood it well. Mr. Chase came soon after I got there, and we two composed the council. We found they had agreed upon their articles of faith, covenant, etc., and that eight persons had entered into the organization. We re-organized them as the Congregational church of Blair. Monday went on to Bell Creek Station; called on Mr. Jones, and in the afternoon came up here with the mail carrier. Found Mr. Emery's letter which you sent me; was sorry for its contents, but do not relinquish all hope, as he seems ready to make an effort to do what he can for the institution. Held our meeting of trustees, and considered the proposition of Mr. Douglas to take charge of the school two years without pay, except what the church could give him. I suggested that we adjourn our meeting for one month, and thus give time to hear again from Mr. Emery. This was finally carried, and we adjourned to March 14. I am somewhat tired, and shall stay at Bro. Bisbee's tonight.

Mention is found of the organization, by Mr. Gaylord, of the churches at Columbus, Schuyler, Elkhorn City, and Milford, besides those elsewhere reported.

In the *Home Missionary* of February, 1870, is the following letter from Mr. Gaylord's pen, entitled, "Omaha Off the List:"

Last Sabbath we received an accession of eleven members to the church in Omaha. In the evening we held the monthly concert of prayer. I gave some history of the home missionary work in our state, and reminded the church that, being the oldest, she should be an example to the rest, and suggested that the time had come when we should come up to the position of self-support. Toward the close of the meeting the purpose to ask no more aid of the Home Missionary Society was declared, and the following resolution was passed with great earnestness and unanimity, viz.:

"*Resolved*, That at this, the first missionary meeting held by this church since it became self-supporting, we hereby return our sincere and heartfelt thanks to the American Home Missionary Society for the generous aid received in all these years of weakness and dependence; that henceforth we will most gladly co-operate with the Society in the home missionary work which yet remains to be done and is now so pressing; and that Rev. R. Gaylord be requested to forward this resolution to the Society."

To say that it gives me pleasure to send you this action of the church, but faintly expresses the joy I feel. From the interest manifested and the readiness to adopt the above resolution, I am sure that this church will not forget their obligations for aid received since 1856; and that they will be ready to make liberal contributions to the funds of the Society as God shall give them the ability.

To Mrs. D. W. Lathrop, New Haven, Connecticut:

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, March 25, 1870.—DEAR MADAM: * * * I have the pleasure of informing you that the box has been received in good order, and its contents looked over with great gratification to us, real thankfulness to you, the donors, and to our kind Heavenly Father, from whom all our blessings come. It is two weeks to-day since the box arrived, and there was just time to look at the various articles before I was obliged to leave for an appointment forty miles away. I reached home on Wednesday night, expecting to leave again on Saturday morning. But our people laid hold of me to preach a memorial sermon on the last Sabbath we were to occupy our house of worship. Before sitting down to the work of preparation I put on that nice study gown from the box, and went into the pulpit on the Sabbath to preach wearing the frock coat. The hat is just right in size and much better than my best one. All the articles designed for me can be worn with only slight alterations. The sugar, rice and coffee will save just so much money, and will seem much nicer and better to us than if we had purchased them ourselves. Do not think us ungrateful for not writing

sooner, but accept our thanks that you have so thoughtfully and wisely ministered to our wants and thus lightened our burdens. I remember those pleasant years when I was being trained in your beautiful city for this, my life-work. I have a dear classmate in your church, the treasurer of Yale College, who has shown his interest both in your work and in me by sending me his draft for twenty dollars. This came as a mercy drop from above, when we were in straits, and helped us to means we were in most pressing need of. It seemed a gracious answer to prayer and helped us to hold on to our anchor—"Trust in the Lord and do good."

I feel, dear ladies, that you are engaged in a noble work, and one that is prompted by the spirit of Him who pleased not himself. I have often heard and read of your charities, and the comfort and happiness they carry with them, and am glad to be numbered among your beneficiaries. We read your report with much interest. May you be greatly blessed in your good work, and the toil-worn missionary be often comforted by your words of cheer and substantial gifts. He who knows our wants knows how to provide for them, and it is interesting to see how His gifts come when most needed. So we have found it in our own experience. * * * * New Haven, always dear to me since college days, will be still more endeared by these tokens of Christian kindness and sympathy. Yours very sincerely,

REUBEN GAYLORD.

In the *Home Missionary* of May, is brief mention of the fact that Mr. Gaylord had resigned his position as "Agent" of the A. H. M. S. The following month a part of his letter of resignation appeared:

I now resign my agency; not because I am tired of the work, or have any less love for it than formerly. I commenced preaching in Iowa, at the age of twenty-six, December 1, 1838, under a commission from the American Home Missionary Society. After laboring seventeen years in that state, eleven of them as pastor of the church in Danville, which came up to self-support under my ministry, I came to Nebraska and took up my abode

in Omaha, then in its infancy. Here, under the fostering care of your Society, I organized the first Congregational church in the territory, and others afterward, and labored with it nine years, until called to act as agent of the Society for Nebraska and Western Iowa. I came here in the prime of life, and with perfect health, full of ardor for the good cause to which I had devoted my life, and enthusiastic with the idea of planting a pure Gospel in a new land. I began my work as your agent in November, 1864, and have devoted my time, strength and energy to the interests of the Society, and what seemed the best good of the field, always refusing to mix with my work any kind of secular business. I have the satisfaction of feeling that I share a good measure of the love and esteem of the people whose spiritual welfare I have tried to promote. As I now lay down my work, I look out upon a goodly family of churches, eighteen in number, the way to organize others preparing, and Gospel influences extending more rapidly than ever before. I seem to have come to the end of a long path, with a wall before me, through which as yet I see no opening. I can only lay myself down at my Master's feet, and wait his bidding. If he has no more work for me to do, I will try to be content. There remaineth yet much land to be possessed, and in view of the present outlook of this frontier field, I earnestly hope that the resources of the Society will enable it to enter and occupy the new openings for the Gospel that are constantly coming to to our knowledge. * * *

Mr. Gaylord's resignation was to take effect in March, 1870, and Rev. O. W. Merrill, of Anamosa, Iowa, was appointed in his place. Mr. Merrill came out in March, but soon returned to Anamosa. As he could not arrange his affairs to leave until May, Mr. Gaylord continued to do the work for some weeks longer. Among his last labors were the securing of two lots in Covington for a church building, and the organization of a church toward the south part of the state. It was twelve miles away from the last railroad station. There was a mixture of snow and mud,

which made walking difficult. With the exception of a short ride with some one going to mill, he walked the entire distance, arriving weary and foot-sore on Saturday evening, and organized the church the next day.

The close of this year of labor saw fourteen missionaries commissioned in the state. Seven churches were organized that year; two—Omaha and Fremont—assumed self support, and one young church, Camp Creek, *never was* assisted by the society. Three new houses of worship were built—at Lincoln, Milford and Plattsmouth. Everything indicated a decided advance, and a most hopeful state of affairs.

To Rev. Dr. Coe:

JUNE 2, 1870.—I spent the first Sabbath in March at Schuyler, trying to perfect the organization of the church. As Mr. Smith had left and the papers of the church could not be found, I could do nothing further in the reception of members. I visited among the people, preached on the Sabbath and administered the Lord's supper. During the next week I went to Fontanelle to attend a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of our institution, and spent the Sabbath, preaching twice. I was detained by a fearful storm, and reached home Wednesday night to find that I was announced to preach a memorial sermon on the occasion of leaving our old church, as the society had sold the property and must remove. They have purchased another lot, and the contracts are let for building a new house. After canceling a previous engagement, I was obliged to make a very hasty preparation for the Sabbath. Our editors asked for a copy of the sermon and published it entire. I spent the next Sabbath at Irvington with Mr. Hurlburt's church; presented the cause of home missions, and a collection and subscription were taken up. Bro. Hurlburt is off on a tour to California for his health. He has a lung difficulty and we feared at one time that his work was done. On the 1st day of April I went out to Columbus in company with Rev. R. H. Fairbairn of Wisconsin, to spend a Sabbath and see what could be done for the church. We found them in a very discouraged state,

almost ready to give up the enterprise. I labored with some success to dissuade them from the idea. We had a pleasant and I think a profitable time. We paid Rev. Mr. Dresser a visit, and stopped at Schuyler. *It is very important* that a minister come as soon as possible to look after these churches and hold the ground already gained. April 15, I attended the spring meeting of the North Platte Association at Blair. We had a good meeting. Mr. Tingley is holding on there with a true perseverance and some encouragement. He has a flourishing Sabbath school, and I have furnished them with a good library. I spent one Sabbath in Bellevue and Larimer. The first Sabbath in May I was again at Irvington and administered the sacrament, receiving nine members to the church. * * *

I have thus made my last report as your agent for Nebraska. I rejoice that the Great Master has given me strength to labor in this new field so long, and see so much accomplished. I leave the work with regret. If I were beginning life's work now I should love nothing better than to go into some one of our new fields and mould and shape it. But we have twice planted ourselves upon the frontier, and to do it again would be folly.

As the time drew near for him to lay down his work as Superintendent, he received a proposition from Dr. Coe, one of the secretaries of the A. H. M. S., to go out on an exploring tour, stopping at towns on the Union Pacific and visiting Salt Lake City. He made such a tour, and the following from his letters gives some account of it:

OGDEN, UTAH TERRITORY, May 30.—We reached here about five or six o'clock in safety, deeply impressed with the exhibition of Divine power seen in these grand old mountains.

As I stepped off the cars on the platform at Ogden, a young man, a brother of Mrs. Seymour, came up and spoke to me. He is in the paymaster's department of the U. P. R. R. I put up at the Ogden House, where I am now writing, then made inquiries about the opportunity for holding service on Sunday. Was informed that the Mormons were to have a large meeting on that day, and was advised to go and hear them, which I con-

sented to do. I have arranged for a service Thursday evening of this week in the Mormon tabernacle, a very large building and the only place for gathering a congregation. I was quite disappointed in Ogden, supposing it to be a new town built up with the advent of the railroad, but instead of that it is twenty years old. They have orchards in full bearing, and peach trees and small fruits in the gardens. The buildings are made largely of adobe or sun-dried brick. The city contains something over twenty square miles, and lies along the foot of the hills, the tops of which are covered with snow. The Boston excursion came in Saturday evening with eight cars all new, lighted with gas and made a fine appearance. They publish a daily paper—the "*Trans-Continental.*" They went down to Salt Lake City Saturday evening, spent the day, returned last evening and passed on for the Pacific. The conductor of the sleeping car in which I came was very gentlemanly, and took pains to show me any objects of interest along the road. I took some notes of the Mormon discourse yesterday, but was not much edified. They warned their servants against the inroads of "civilization," meaning the evils which have gathered at points along this highway of nations.

OGDEN, June 2.—Monday evening I went down to Corinne and spent the night, returning at three P. M., Tuesday. In going down we went in sight of the Lake for miles, and some of the time along near the waters. I saw one of the Creightons from Omaha there, also Gen. Conner. Yesterday I went down to the "City of the Saints," and there I met H. D. Johnson, Mat Patrick and Mr. Riley, the furniture man from Omaha. Mr. Patrick is Marshal, and greeted me most heartily. I looked over the city and saw two or three who were Mr. McLeod's supporters, from whom I gained what information I could. I found the building where he used to preach; visited the tabernacle, and looked at the foundations of the new temple. Saw Brigham riding about the streets. Utah throughout feels the taint of the Mormon heresy. On many of the stores is the the sign, "Holiness to the Lord," "Zion's Co-operative Mer-

cantile Institution." They intend to keep all the business out of the hands of the Gentiles.

EVANSTON, WYOMING TERRITORY, June 4.—I was able to get hold of nothing at Ogden to encourage me. I preached last night at the depot room, but there are only a few people here. The depot master did my singing for me. I have another appointment to-morrow evening. The Wyoming coal mines are about two miles from here. I shall go over there to-day and stay to-night, and if I can get the people together to talk to them about the interests of the soul, shall probably have meeting there to-morrow forenoon. I shall explore the points of interest and learn all the facts possible bearing upon my mission. I took a walk off into the hills about two miles this morning. The air was clear and the view grand. I could see the Bear river for quite a long distance.

I have read the verses from Isaiah to which you referred. The Scriptures are precious if we can only appropriate them and make them our own. My thoughts often turn to you and the dear home so far away. Think I shall be able to understand home comforts when I get back. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem" is often in my mind as I pass through the canons. "Lo, God is here," is another thought, and a precious one. I do desire that my trip may be productive of lasting good to this great thoroughfare.

JUNE 6.—Saturday I went up to the coal mines, where I was made welcome and very kindly entertained. I was shown about the mines aud was filled with wonder and astonishment. Shall love to tell you about it sometime. I went down the track for a mile on a hand car rolled by Chinamen, then walked to the mines about two miles away. I preached there in a "bunk-room" yesterday morning to a company of men, some of them black with coal dust. One man who has been at work on the road a long time, said it was the best Sabbath he had seen since he came out. Bibles are not very plenty in this region. Saloons seem to be more abundant. The man at the depot has a Bible, but there is none in the house where I am stopping.

OGDEN, June 13.—I have spent three days in making all the investigations I could. Dined with the Episcopal minister, and also with the Methodist. Formed the acquaintance of Judge Hawley and wife, very estimable people. I heard the Godbeites preach and tried to find out their drift. If they do not land in downright infidelity it will be more than I can hope. I preached in the Tabernacle at two o'clock to a congregation of three hundred or more, and in the evening at the depot to a congregation of thirty or forty. There is great indifference here, and it is hard to make any impression.

BRYAN, June 14.—On the train down here I met Mr. and Mrs. Bentley and some of their party returning from California. It was pleasant to see familiar faces once more. I stopped off at Evanston last night, and had meeting again. It rained yesterday and last evening, yet I preached and had a good time.

RAWLINGS, WYOMING TERRITORY, June 16.—As I was walking along, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I turned around to see Mr. Daniels. He handed me your letter and the paper. I have just been taking a walk up to the spring that gives the name to this place. It is a very large spring boiling up in the sand, and the water is brought from it to supply the town. Beyond it is a high ridge of rock, through which there is a natural opening for the railroad track. There are bold projecting rocks on both sides as if they had been broken asunder by some great concussion of the earth. East of this, I am told, is a large sulphur spring. This is one of the most wonderful sections of this mountain region. I hope Georgia will try to do all she can to relieve her mother. Give her a kiss for me.

JUNE 18.—I am improving the time while here in getting acquainted with the people as far I can, and hope to be able to address good congregations to-morrow at ten A. M. and eight P. M. There is a camp of soldiers here, and I have formed the acquaintance of the captain, who is very much of a gentleman. Yesterday Mr. Hale had some friends stopping with him for a day or two, and they proposed going up to the coal mines,

about nine miles west of here. After we returned, Capt. Dawes from the camp, brought around some horses and several soldiers as a guard, and we rode out about four miles to the Cherokee springs. The railroad company are digging a ditch, and are going to put in pipes to bring the water from these springs to the town.

LARAMIE, WYOMING TERRITORY, June 22.—I preached twice on the Sabbath; at half-past ten to a small congregation, and at eight P. M. to quite a good audience. I went to bed at night, but could not sleep for some time. At half-past two Monday morning I took the train and came down to Cactus, where I stopped. At night had a meeting in the store, and talked to the people about the way and need of salvation. They seemed interested and I suggested the desirableness of having a Sunday school and preaching. I lodged in the store and took breakfast with the superintendent of the coal mines. There seemed to be so much interest that I concluded to stop and spend the day and visit among the people and see if I could open the way for doing any good. Had meeting last night again at the store, and urged upon them the importance of starting a Sunday school; told them what they needed and made them an offer toward a library. They circulated a subscription for means to get one and other things they need, and the paper came back with pledges to the amount of thirty-three dollars. They expect to add to it to-day. They agreed to meet next Sabbath at half-past ten to organize their school, and will write to me and send the money when it is collected to pay for library, singing books, etc. They seemed greatly interested. I mingled with the miners in the midst of their work, and went down into the mines in a shaft seventy feet deep, then went through the hill and came out on the other side, and walked back again. I had a guide with his lamp. They took out three hundred and fifty tons of coal yesterday. I left them this morning feeling convinced that I had been able to do some good.

JUNE 25.—The weather here is delightful—clear, cool and bracing. I rode out about nine miles yesterday up the Big Laramie to a ranch, where they have between five and six

thousand head of cattle. It is that one in which Creighton is interested. The Laramie is a fine stream, and comes out of the mountains not far from here. I am going down to Fort Saunders this morning, about three miles, return this evening, and have the day here to-morrow. We might have had a church if we had been on the alert, but, as the Methodist minister said, "All the Congregationalists have been gobbled up by others." I shall go on to Cheyenne Monday if the Lord will. Am feeling quite tired, but otherwise well. It seems Mr. Isaacs has gone to the other world. We get the Omaha papers here, and I will keep the run of things so far as the types give it. The time is drawing near when I hope to see you once more, for I seem to have been away a long time.

To Rev. D. B. Coe:

OMAHA, July 5.—As I came on from the west I found your letter at Cheyenne, from which I learned your desire to have me visit Colorado, but I had a strong conviction that my duty was to come home and visit my family, and also felt that a rest of a few days would enable me to do the work better. In the kind providence of God while in doubt which way to go, the western train brought Col. Hammond, the superintendent, and he said, "Go home and rest, and I will send you back, and it shall not cost you anything." Having enjoyed a few days of rest at home, I will now give you some account of my explorations thus far.

The third of June I came down the road about seventy-five miles to a place called Evanston. This point, from the present aspect of it, does not look like one of much promise, yet there are elements of growth here that will, or *may* in the future, make it a centre of influence. It is on Bear river, which is a stream of sufficient size to furnish good water power. Most of the water through that region is strongly impregnated with alkali. Three miles down is a very extensive deposit of coal of an excellent quality. Adjacent to it is a mountain of iron ore, and it would not be strange if smelting furnaces should be erected there to reduce this ore, and these in turn might lead to iron

manufactories. There is talk of a branch road to run down the Bear river and up to Montana, thus making Evanston the future shipping point for Montana and Idaho freight. This will necessitate the building of shops, round houses, etc., and the employment of a large number of men at the place. In view of all these prospective influences and the present facts, I was impressed with the importance of seizing upon this early, before other dominating influences have centered, and making it an objective point for gospel work. The devil has batteries there already, well manned, in the shape of two or three grog shops called saloons. From this point I felt constrained to return to Ogden, and spend another week there and at Salt Lake City. I made arrangements for two services on the Sabbath at Ogden, then went over to the "City of the Saints," and spent my time in searching into the actual state of affairs. There is evidently much discontent under the tyrannous rule of Brigham Young. There is a class of disaffected Mormons sometimes called Apostates, under the lead of Godbe and Harrison, who claim to be the progressive party; believe in Joseph Smith, but do not renounce polygamy. They have an organization called "The Church of Zion." They are bitter against Brigham—seem to have but little truth in their system, and are more nearly allied to Spiritualists than to orthodoxy. Then there are the "Young Josephites," who renounce polygamy and are opposed to the present ruling power in Utah. Brigham seems to be held in check so that he does not bring his power to bear to crush these opposing forces. The Cullom Bill that lies slumbering on the tables at Washington, is thought to inspire him with a wholesome fear. The opening of gold and silver mines in Utah, contiguous to Salt Lake City, has a tendency to bring in a Gentile population to a considerable extent. All these forces are building a strong bulwark against the inroads of Mormonism. Besides this, the germs of evangelical influences are discernible there.

I could discover but little trace of the efforts put forth by Rev. McLeod. Independence Hall, in which he preached, still stands on the lot which is deeded to "the first church of Jesus

Christ." This might furnish a rallying point for a faithful herald of salvation, who could raise the standard of the gospel in that stronghold of errors. The seeds of infidelity have been sown broadcast, and the harvest will be gathered. The Methodists have a mission under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Pierce, who is laboring courageously and hopefully. There is also an Episcopal church having a minister in charge. They are sustaining a school, which promises to lead the minds of a portion of the youth of Salt Lake City out from the doctrines of Mormonism, and a Bishop resides there, who has the mountain region for his charge.

There are no towns on this line of road of any present or prospective importance after leaving Ogden till you reach Evanston. Bryan is the end, at present, of a division, and were it to remain so, would be of some importance, but Satan seems to have supreme control at present. Rock Spring, a coaling station, is a little village of fifteen or twenty houses, with good coal mines near. I came down to Rawlings on the 14th of June, remained till the 20th, and preached twice on the Sabbath. There is a small Presbyterian church, and they have a house of worship, but seem spiritually dead. Most of the people are connected in some way with the railroad.

Mr. Gaylord soon started on his tour in Colorado, during which the following letters were written:

To R. E. Gaylord:

BOULDER CITY, COLORADO, July 11.—I suppose at this time you are busy in preparations for commencement, and that before this will reach Omaha you will be at home once more. I would like to be there to meet you and welcome you back. I dined at Cheyenne on Friday, and came down to Denver that evening. About half way to Denver is Greeley, the colony town. It is a pleasant spot in the valley of the Cache La Poudre, which is a beautiful stream. We reached Denver about seven P. M., and Saturday morning I took stage for this place, arriving about six o'clock. The Boulder Creeks are fine mountain streams running over gravelly beds. This is a beautiful valley, and there are good farms in

it. Boulder is a small village, right under the brow of the mountains, and our route lay in sight of the snow-clad peaks. Yesterday the new church edifice at this place was dedicated, and we had a pleasant time. The minister's name is Thompson. I met him at Boston, when I was there at the National Council. He is a good man, and doing a noble work. He preached the sermon, and I made the prayer of dedication. I shall go to Empire and Georgetown, and then down to Denver. Our route will be in the mountains, and we go up one hill five miles long. At the close of service yesterday I was accosted by a man, who came on to the platform, and at once recognized him as Mr. Perkins Allen, who formerly lived at Fort Calhoun. I am going out to spend the night at his house. You must take good care of your mother and little sister.

GEORGETOWN, July 15.—MY DEAR WIFE: The route from Boulder to Central is grand. We went about five miles along the Boulder, by the side of the stream which, tumbling and foaming, is hastening to its destination. Then up a hill very steep for miles, then down and up, then down a steep hill into Black Hawk, among the shafts and quartz mills, then up through Mountain City to Central. There I met Bro. Dickinson, the minister, who is a brother of Mrs. O. F. Davis. Yesterday I dined with Mr. Russell's family from Davenport. He has just buried his wife. Attended a prayer meeting Wednesday night and the next afternoon took a stage for this place over a lovely road with much romantic scenery. It has 1,000 or 1,500 people, and is nestled among hills from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high. It is noted for its silver mines. I shall go over to Empire to-morrow, four miles from here, spend the night there, preach Sabbath morning, and come over here to preach Sabbath evening. Monday I go down to Denver. Our cause is not prospering in Colorado. I suppose Ralph is at home before this. I am close to the snowy range, the air is cool, and I find much to interest me in this wild region.

DENVER, July 19.—Having made my tour of mountain churches, I am once more in Denver to spend a little time before moving on toward home. I went over to Empire Saturday and

spent the night with Esq. Shepard's family from Burlington, Iowa. Rode over on horseback across a mountain ridge so steep that I had to hold on to the horn of the saddle. Below us hundreds of feet flowed Clear Creek. Empire is in the valley surrounded by hills from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high. On the tops of some of these hills are banks of snow that have been there for ages. It was a grand sight. I preached Sabbath morning to a good congregation, and after dinner went back to Georgetown along the trail, riding down where I rode up the day before. I held service there at night, and met Mr. Denton, who will send you this week's issue of his paper. I found in the bank a young man from Ottawa, Illinois, who is a member of Mr. Whittlesey's church. Monday morning I took the stage coach for Denver, and came down here yesterday, fifty miles.

Shortly after this, Mr. Gaylord started homewards, feeling that he had done what he could towards fulfilling the commission "to prepare the way for the occupancy of such fields as demand the attention of the Society." Under date of August 12 he writes:

I have finished my mission among the grand old mountains and returned in good health, having traveled 3,750 miles. I spent two months in this service very pleasantly, and I hope profitably. Now my prayer is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

After his return he tried to hold up before the Society the importance of sending men without delay to Georgetown, Carbon, Evanston, Greely and other places, but they were not sent. Both men and means were wanting and it was many months before even one was commissioned for all this needy region, and he said mournfully, "Must this moral and spiritual destitution still go on because there is no one to break unto the people the bread of life?"

We close this chapter with a few lines from Dr. Dana of Norwich, Connecticut, in a *Home Missionary* of 1870:

There are some duties which circumstances conspire to make of immediate importance. If not attended to at *once*, they

pass beyond recall and leave us to suffer the consequences of our neglect. Among such duties I place the home missionary work. This is a work which cannot be left to the future, for what that future is to be, depends on what is *now* done for the home field. "Five hundred years of time in the process of the world's salvation," said Prof. Phelps, "may depend on the next twenty years of United States history." Therefore it is necessary to be in haste with such an enterprise as this, for if the newer states and territories are preoccupied by scepticism and infidelity, the entrance of a pure Christianity will be longer delayed and possibly prevented. If we would not see the devil drive his pre-emption stakes in our frontier settlements, we must get before him with the institutions of religion. To leave entire districts without a preacher is perilous in the extreme. We ought not to be content till we know that our missionaries are visiting every hamlet, threading the ravines of the Rocky mountains, and stationed in the rising villages scattered along the great highway of inter-oceanic travel.

X.

LIFE'S LABORS ENDED.

1870–1880.

I have seen as the years have rolled by,
Brave workers and strong
Sowing seed for the Master 'midst trouble and tears,
And suffering and wrong
Where their patient feet trod;
Yet the seed grew apace 'neath the direful rain,
And angels at harvest time gathered the grain,
And bore it with singing to God.

—*Canadian Missionary Link.*

"Be strong and of good courage."

Let me keep on still doing, and still trusting
Thy will always,
Through a long life of true devotion,
Or a short day's.
Thou canst not come too soon—and I can wait,
If thou come late.

—*Selected.*

How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! To be call'd
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest—in Heaven!

—*Willis.*

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

—*Selected.*

"When the fruit is ripe immediately he putteth in the sickle."

CHAPTER X.

Closing Years.

Work at La Platte, Irvington, Papillion and Other Points — Dr. Badger's Death — Fontanelle — Twentieth Anniversary of Omaha Church — A Night Walk — Reports of Labor — A Lost Child — Removal to Fontanelle — Gov. and Mrs. Richardson — Col. Kline — Omaha Sunday School Anniversary — Jalapa — Home Missionary Contributions — Death of a Sister — A Visit in Iowa — Last Weeks — Fallen in His Armor.

To the Home Missionary Society:

Omaha, September 28, 1870.—Since my return from Colorado I have preached every Sabbath, yet with no definite arrangements by which I am so assured of a support as to relieve my mind from anxiety. I have been requested to hold services at La Platte, a new town on the Platte river, and find there material for a church, which I hope to gather soon, and have also been solicited to establish a Second Congregational church in the southern portion of the city.

Omaha, January 5, 1871.—I have separate applications from the churches at La Platte and Irvington, each for one-half the time. They are endorsed, and sent to Mr. Merrill to be forwarded to the Society. Not a day passes in which the question, what shall I do? does not present itself before me. I knew the rule requiring a missionary to reside on his field, but knew also that it had been departed from, and could be set aside whenever the necessities of the case required. Every person here, acquainted with the facts, knows that it would be impracticable for one who has charge of both churches to live with either, as all who go from one place to the other must go through Omaha. This is the fourth winter Mrs. Gaylord has been afflicted with sciatic neuralgia, and she needs a comfortable home and medical attendance. You also speak of my having property. It is true

that I have some which came to Mrs. Gaylord and myself, by will, from relatives. Of this I have spent, since coming to Omaha, thousands of dollars, and had I not been compelled to do this because of insufficient salary, could now preach the gospel without aid from the Society. Cannot you or Dr. Coe visit our state the coming spring? You would understand much better how things really are, than you possibly can at such a distance.

FEBRUARY 7.—I shall labor on under your commission, feeling that I am doing the Lord's work, and trusting that in some way He will provide for our need.

Later:

I continue to preach on alternate Sabbaths at Irvington and La Platte, apparently to interested congregations. At Irvington they have raised a liberal subscription towards building a house of worship. The church is gaining in strength, and will doubtless assume self-support at an early day. I also greatly enjoy labor at La Platte, where I find from week to week a growing desire for the conversion of those who are out of Christ. My attention was called to that place by a former member of our church in Omaha. I found there a few good Christian people desiring religious privileges, and consented to give them one-half of my time. We have organized a church, and already see good results to the community. The widow of Rev. Lucius Parker, one of your former missionaries, is an earnest member of that little band. Besides exercising a pastoral care over these two flocks, in the intervals at Omaha I am not idle. In the south part of the city I am sustaining a weekly prayer-meeting, and laboring to start the germ of another church, that may strike its roots and send out its influence in this rapidly extending city. Last week we organized there a second Congregational society designed to co-operate with a church to be formed at some future time. This is foundation work, and I hope to prepare the way for some good man to establish himself as a co-laborer with Mr. Sherrill, pastor of the First Congregational church here, the first minister of our denomination installed in Nebraska.

Mr. Gaylord sustained the prayer-meeting in the south part of the city nearly two years, and there was a strong desire in the surrounding community for a Congregational church. Some had given their names for membership, and everything was in readiness. Mr. Merrill, the new superintendent, with one or two others, was expected to assist in its formation on a particular day. But the plan failed of being carried out, greatly to Mr. Gaylord's sorrow, who saw not only the wisdom but the necessity for such an organization. It was also a great disappointment to the people in that neighborhood.

August 3, 1871.—During this quarter I have turned my attention to Papillion, a station on the U. P. R. R., fifteen miles from Omaha, and found a community entirely without religious privileges. My first services were held in the depot building, which I helped to fit up, as no other suitable room could then be obtained. I have been there regularly every other Sabbath, have had good congregations, and succeeded in organizing a Sabbath school which gives promise of being well attended. At present we hold our meetings in a hall over a new store.

Omaha, Nebraska, February 2, 1872.—Miss H. A. Tucker, Secretary Ladies H. M. S. First Church, New Haven, Connecticut: Your letter, announcing the sending of a box to us, came quickly, and awakened a feeling of gratitude to our Heavenly Father for this new evidence of his watchful care, and it also seemed to us an earnest of good for the future. Your assurances of interest in our work and of Christian sympathy for us, were especially welcome. We were pained to hear of the illness of Mrs. Lathrop, but trust from my own experience she may yet entirely recover. I am preaching regularly, having charge of two congregations, one of them sixteen miles from the city. These are new settlements, and, until I sought them out, were entirely destitute of the means of grace. At one point there is a small church, and at the other I hope to gather one shortly. Your letter with the money order came very soon,

and then the little box with the beautiful pin for our daughter. Day before yesterday the box was brought in and placed in the middle of the room. After tea it was duly opened and examined with great thankfulness. I shall leave Mrs. Gaylord to speak of the various articles when she writes. Georgia was delighted with the music and box of sundries. There seemed a sacredness to me about the music, knowing the source from whence it came. I have ever cherished a high regard for President Woolsey since leaving the walls of my Alma Mater. Please convey to him my thanks for such a remembrance of me. I can only entertain the hope that my daughter, as she practices the music, will be preparing to join in the heavenly anthems around the throne above. Please accept for yourself and co-laborers in your noble society the heartfelt gratitude of those whose burdens you have helped to lighten in times of trial. May you go forward with your good work, sharing largely in the "blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow therewith."

Subsequently Mr. Gaylord thus alludes to this in a letter to the Secretaries of the H. M. S:

The box sent by those dear ladies of the First Church in New Haven, proved indeed a blessing to our family. The large quantity of music once belonging to the daughters of Pres. Woolsey, was most valuable and acceptable to our daughter, and is a touching memorial of those young ladies, who, I trust, have long been singing the music of heaven. A dress of Mrs. Lathrop's, selected by herself a short time before her decease, and sent to Mrs. Gaylord, is regarded as a sacred treasure.

This box was only one of several valuable ones received at different times from the same source, and from *other* sources also. Memory goes back over the lapse of many years to such gifts, received from Ware, Massachusetts; Dr. Goodell's church, New Britian, Connecticut; Flushing, Long Island; Norfolk, Connecticut; Dr. Adams' and Dr. Taylor's churches, New York; Dr. Storrs' and Dr. Budington's, Brooklyn. This last mentioned, received at Fontanelle, early in 1877, was a most timely gift. The box was accom-

panied with fifty dollars in money, and the help and comfort thus bestowed will not soon be forgotten.

To the noble army of self-denying ladies in our land who have labored long, and are still laboring, to fill home missionary boxes, we would say: Do not grow weary or discouraged in this good work, for it is pre-eminently a *good* work. True, you are not always thanked as you should be, but there is, down deep in the hearts of those who receive such gifts, a fountain of gratitude whose depths cannot be sounded. Go on, dear friends, and you will not fail in the present life of the blessings which come from giving, and at last the crowning reward, "Come ye blessed of my Father," shall be given you.

To the Society:

FEBRUARY, 3, 1872.—The work I am doing requires a large measure of faith and patience. We suffer much inconvenience for want of a suitable place for meeting in cold weather, and were it not for the stagnation in business and scarcity of money I would feel like urging the people to make an effort to build houses of worship.

MAY 1.—A winter of unusual severity is past, and the "singing of birds has come." In all my experience I have never known so many unfavorable Sabbaths as during the last few months, yet I have been able to meet every appointment during the quarter. Last Sabbath I presented the home missionary cause at Papillion, and sought to instruct my hearers in regard to the practical workings of the Society and their duty to it.

Since my last report I have reached an interesting point in life's journey. Last Sabbath, April 28, I was sixty years of age, and in looking back over the way already passed, I felt that it had been an eventful era in the history of the world and especially of this country. All the great discoveries and inventions that have borne the race forward in the march of improvement had their origin during these years. The introduction of steam as a motive power, the advent of railroads and the electric telegraph, with the numerous mechanical arts, have

made this period of time historic. But greater than all is the missionary spirit that has sprung up in the church, giving organic life to the great societies that direct the religious activities of the Christian world. Prominent among these stands the American Home Missionary Society, and if her work could be faithfully portrayed and the influence of it upon the nation clearly seen, it would be more interesting than any romance ever written. I entered the service of this society nearly thirty-four years ago, in the very beginning of the work in the Territory of Iowa. The population was then sparse compared with the present. Since that time many new states have been added to the Union.

During the seventeen years of labor in Iowa and more than sixteen in Nebraska, there has been a great extension of the Society's field of operations.

Our nation has been saved in the fierce warfare that was waged against its very life, and this result was due in no small degree to the civilizing influence of home missions over the population of the new states. These years of labor and exposure on the frontier, in which I have never sought to spare myself, have worn some upon my strong constitution and vigorous health. Yet here I would "raise my Ebenezer," and praise God that so much of life has been given me in this remarkable period of the world's history, and that I have still strength for other labors in the Master's vineyard. Were I young and in the possession of the knowledge that the experience of life has given me, I should love to go into the regions beyond, the new territories, and seek to claim them for Christ. We have but one life to live, and it becomes every one to make the most of himself while he *does* live. If the past has been full of activity and growth, the future is equally full of hope and promise, and it appeals to our young men to gird on the armor and go forth to the scene of action. A great work has been done, but "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed," and I hope your Society will lack neither men nor money to enable it to seize the golden opportunity of making this "Immanuel's land, a habitation of righteousness." I often

think it will be pleasant to look down in the ages to come from Heaven's heights and see what is transpiring on this footstool of the Almighty.

Some months since I received a certificate of life membership in the A. H. M. S. Please give me the address of the donor who contributed the money, so that I can write to him.

In October of this year the General Association of Nebraska held its annual meeting in Omaha, and the question of removing the college from Fontanelle came before the body for discussion. After a warm and lengthy debate, a majority of votes was cast in favor of placing the Congregational College of Nebraska at Crete. A large bonus of land and some money had been offered, on condition that it be located there.

To the A. H. M. S.:

NOVEMBER 7.—I have labored constantly to bear the gospel to the scattered population of my extended field since the 1st of August, in the assurance that I should hear from the Society in the form of a new commission, and while waiting to make my report it has come. * * * * Every other Sabbath I have held services in McArdle's precinct and Papillion the same day. Have walked out on Saturday afternoon to the former place, seven or eight miles, preached Sabbath morning at eleven, then walked to Papillion, the same distance, and preached at two P. M. It makes a laborious day, but I am rewarded by seeing the interest that is manifested in hearing the word.

MAY 7, 1873.—At McArdle's precinct there seems to be a growing desire to hear the truth, though not what I wish to see. If we could persuade all professing Christians to come together we might make a very hopeful beginning. My health is good, and the providences of God have been manifested to us so plainly during this quarter as greatly to cheer and encourage us in our work. In February a select company of our citizens came to our house one evening and presented me with about one hundred dollars in money and many useful articles besides; and in March

we received a valuable box of clothing from the ladies of the First Church, New Haven.

On the occasion of Dr. Badger's death Mr. Gaylord wrote to the Society:

I share deeply in your sorrow at the death of our beloved Dr. Badger—truly a bereavement to your Society and to hundreds of home missionaries throughout the land. Doubtless I feel his loss more keenly than many others, having for so many years been accustomed to look to him for sympathy and counsel in my work. My first commission from the Society, in 1838, was sent me by him, and we once had the pleasure of welcoming him to our log cabin home in Iowa. He was a large hearted man. Love to God and man, love for Christ's cause and for those laboring to promote it, showed out so plainly in him as to inspire love in return, and a confidence in all his plans and counsels. When we removed to Nebraska, in December, 1855, my commission from the Society came also from him. It had the true ring: "Blow the gospel trumpet so loud that all the land can hear," was the key-note. When I heard that an incurable disease had put an end to his active labors, I felt that nothing could give me more pleasure than to visit him and converse about those things which were of common interest. But he has gone to his rest. May his mantle fall upon those who succeed him in office!

Last Sabbath, May 4, in the absence of Rev. Mr. Sherrill, I preached by request to our people in Omaha. Seventeen years ago, on the same day of the month, I organized the first Congregational church of Nebraska in this city, with nine members; and on the Sabbath following, the second church at Fontanelle, with twenty-four members. I improved the late occasion to give a brief history of the church from its beginning; to review the way in which the Lord our God had led us, noting some of the changes time has wrought, and urging faithfulness to our motto, "Onward and upward!"

SEPTEMBER 1.—Having learned that Mr. Merrill has been and is still sick, and that it is likely to be weeks and perhaps

months before his health will be restored, and that some one will be needed to attend to his duties temporarily, I write to say that if it meets the approbation of the Society, I should love to undertake the labor anew, until such time as Mr. Merrill may be able to resume his work. Please give this subject due consideration, and write me your views. If you wish to supplement Mr. Merrill in his illness, I think you will not consider it unreasonable that I be allowed to bring my past experience to the work of developing the religious resources of this new and growing state.

Mr. Gaylord's intense love for laying right foundations, and his pain at seeing the labor of his hands coming to naught through lack of some one to carry it on, impelled him to make this offer to the Society.

Mr. Merrill never entirely recovered from this illness. His health was so precarious that he was able to accomplish but little as superintendent, and in 1874 his labors closed, and he was removed from the scenes of earth.

Mr. Gaylord continued his work, and at Papillion had made arrangements for organizing a church in two weeks, or on his next regular visit. But on the intervening Sabbath Mr. Robinson, the Presbyterian Home Missionary agent, came up from Nebraska City and formed a Presbyterian church. Mr. Gaylord learned of the fact on going to his appointment, but, as nearly all the Christians there were Congregationalists, he organized a church according to the notice given. But the field was finally left to the Presbyterian brethren, and has been occupied ever since by one of their efficient churches.

The town of Fontanelle had for two or three years experienced many reverses, which in 1875 seemed to culminate in much darkness and discouragement. The institution which they loved and cherished so long, and for which they made many sacrifices, had been transplanted to another locality. Then three or four grasshopper years in succession destroyed the means of subsistence of a large proportion of

the people. Farms were mortgaged, sickness visited some families, and debts were incurred for the bare necessaries of life. In addition to these trials the church, as winter came on, found itself without a pastor. It was at this time that Rev. Mr. Gates requested Mr. Gaylord to go there and look after their welfare. Of that occasion and those early days he wrote years after:

A meeting of Christian people was held April 20, to consider the question of organization, and an invitation sent me to come up from Omaha and help in this work. In compliance with such invitation, I came to Fontanelle and met with the friends at 2 P. M., on May 10, 1856. The preliminary steps were taken, letters presented, religious experiences related, and articles of faith and a church covenant agreed upon. Twenty-three persons gave their assent to the articles of faith, entered into covenant, and were constituted a church of Christ. The building in which we met was a rude one. I remember the sunlight streaming in on me while preaching, and also my beholding through openings on the side the peering gaze of several Indians, who were greatly interested in watching the proceedings. The first year Rev. Samuel Waller preached for them, and during a part of 1867 a sermon was read on the Sabbath. Those early days were times of religious interest. Hopeful conversions occurred and additions were made to the church.

The attachment formed thus early was mutual, and Mr. Gaylord's coming among them was most cordially welcomed. He commenced preaching regularly in Fontanelle in the winter of 1875–6. Returning one Saturday from a visit to Omaha, the train was late in reaching Fremont. The one going up the Elkhorn valley could wait no longer and had gone on its way. Anxious to be at his post the next day, he started out to walk the ten miles. It was a cold, cloudy and dismal winter day. The short afternoon was soon gone and darkness, so thick it could almost be felt, settled down over the lonely pathway. The Elkhorn

river must be crossed, but the long bridge could nowhere be seen. Feeling the way with his cane, he found himself on the ice which bordered the stream. But he succeeded in retracing his steps and at last was aware that his feet were upon the bridge, which he crossed in safety. The road now followed the tortuous and winding Elkhorn, sometimes very near the steep bank of the river, and again leading off through the midst of trees and underbrush, which grew in all their native wildness, and made the darkness blacker. Emerging from one of these thickets, a bright light appeared in the distance, affording a joyful relief, as he knew it to be in the home of Mr. Peters, one of the members of his beloved flock. Keeping his eye fixed upon this light, it was not long before he reached the place, where he was cheered by a hearty welcome from the family, and found warmth, food and a comfortable resting place for the night. He afterward made use of this experience to illustrate some important truths, and enforce them upon his hearers.

In May, 1876, Mr. Gaylord was called to preach a memorial sermon on the twentieth anniversary of the Congregational church of Omaha. This discourse was asked for publication and printed entire in one of the daily papers. It is given in the latter part of the book. The history of his four years' residence in Fontanelle we give in his own words from letters and reports to the Society.

FONTANELLE, June 29, 1876.—I thankfully acknowledge the receipt of your letter with its words of cheer, and the commission of the A. H. M. S. to labor in Fontanelle for twelve months from January 29. I came here by direction of Rev. Mr. Gates, your superintendent, on the eleventh of December, 1875, and held service with this church and people. They at once seemed pleased, and united in the desire to have me come among them as their minister. I accordingly spent every other Sabbath here, preaching twice, attending Sabbath school, and visiting what I could, until their application was refused. Then

for three or four weeks I did not come, but since receiving your commission I have resumed my labors, very much to the joy of the people. I will do my best to find a place to live among them, and give my undivided attention to their spiritual welfare, in confident expectation of seeing such results as will rejoice our hearts. There has been from the first a growing interest and an increasing attendance, and the whole field is now fully open to us. The Methodists have removed their house of worship to Belle Creek, and the Lutherans have no minister at present. My interest is enlisted for a large class of young people just coming upon the stage of active life, and I trust that they may be saved. This church has recently lost one of its valuable members by death. After a lingering illness the mother of nine children has been called home, leaving a heart-broken husband to mourning and grief. In the early spring a man was engaged in sinking a well to the depth of eighty feet, and while being drawn up fell from near the top, breaking his bones in a shocking manner. Yet he was taken out alive, and, to the wonder of all is now walking about, though much crippled. Both these cases have appealed strongly to the sympathy and charitable aid of the people.

AUGUST 14.—During this second quarter I have visited nearly every family of my congregation, making myself acquainted with their circumstances, trials and difficulties. Have held two services on the Sabbath and attended Sabbath school between, usually instructing a class. Attendance upon all religious meeting is increasing, and I regard the aspect of the field as on the whole encouraging. There appears to be thoughtfulness among the young people, and some individuals who have been alienated and have not attended meetings for a long time, now come constantly and manifest new interest. There is more or less skepticism and latent infidelity in the community, but if the truth be held up and carried home by the spirit of God, this will disappear as darkness before the light.

Although it was some weeks before a place could be found for his family at Fontanelle, Mr. Gaylord spent most of his

time there, and his letters home give interesting glimpses of his work:

JULY 11.—I preached twice on the Sabbath, attended Sunday school and assisted Mr. Bisbee in a funeral in the afternoon. A little child had died about five miles out, and they brought it to the school house for the funeral. To-night I have a meeting of the young people, and Thursday evening we hold a preparatory meeting.

JULY 13.—Yesterday I went out to call on the family that lost the child. Found three brothers, two of them married, and the wives are professing Christians. I spent last night at Mrs. Kline's. To-day I took dinner with Deacon Gaylord, and am now writing in Bro. Bisbee's study. It seems important, if I am to accomplish anything here, that we should be on the ground. I do hope the Lord will make duty plain.

SEPTEMBER 2.—When I came here yesterday Mrs. Kline urged me to stay all night, and I am now writing in her dining room. Uncle G. handed me five dollars Thursday evening, which came from Mr. E. S. Gaylord.

SEPTEMBER 5.—Yesterday I went again to Mrs. Kline's, where I was to meet the leading members for consultation in the evening. It looked so much like a shower that I did not expect to see any one, but Mr. Gaylord, Mr. Corliss and Mr. Arbuckle came. You know, my dear wife, how much I long to preach the gospel while I live. God seems to have given me the hearts of this people and the ability to do them good. Truly they are very near *my* heart and I do desire their salvation. I have appointed a meeting this evening for conference and prayer. Now I want you to say whether you will encourage the people here to expect we will stay with them after this year expires. We are in the hands of a loving Father, and I long to see a rift in the clouds, so that the clear light of His love may shine through. I believe it will come at length, and my desire is that it may not tarry.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 6:30.—We had our meeting, and

some wanted to have one every evening this week, but the political excitement has begun.

SEPTEMBER 22.—We had a good prayer-meeting last night and fair attendance. The two Baldwin girls were received as candidates for admission to the church at the next communion. It seemed pleasant to be with this people again, and I found my heart kindled with a deep feeling of desire for their spiritual welfare. I wish you could be ready to come up with me next time.

In the summer of 1876 Mr. Gaylord was boarding at Mr. Achilles', and in a house not far away a little boy of two years slipped down from his high chair after dinner, toddled out of the house and wandered away. The mother soon missed him and a search was commenced, but he could not be found. The well was drawn dry in vain, and the search was continued the rest of the day and through the night. The following morning bands of men and women, young and old, formed circles and commenced a systematic examination of the prairie, far and near, exploring apparently every foot of ground, but they were doomed to disappointment. For weeks after the search had been given up, the mother wandered about every day, hoping to find some trace of the little one, if it were only a shred of its torn dress. Some Indians of the Omaha tribe, who had passed in a wagon about that time, were followed, but there was no evidence that they had captured it, and not the slightest trace of the stray lamb was ever discovered. It was a time of the year when the prairie wolves were caring for their young. They do not often attack children, yet being more ravenous than usual, and finding the little one alone, perhaps asleep, it is supposed they carried it off and devoured it. A year afterward the family had moved to a distant neighborhood, and a babe of ten months lay dead in the house. One Saturday a call came for Mr. Gaylord to go and attend the funeral. It was five miles away, and as

he had no horse at that time, a Lutheran minister kindly offered to carry him to the place. Mr. Gaylord says:

I repaired to the house of sorrow, and there found a beautiful child prepared by kind neighbors for its burial. The weeping mother said: "I *know* what caused the death of this dear one, and we were permitted to watch over it and to close its eyes with our *own* hands. But of the lost one I know nothing, and never will in this world." There were only a few in attendance at the house, but the grave had been prepared. We carried the little coffin to the lonely cemetery in our buggy, and assisted in lowering it to its last resting place.

To the Society:

FONTANELLE, October 31.—Have preached twice every Sabbath except one, which I spent in Omaha while we were preparing for removal to this place. It was no small undertaking to go through the labor and expense of breaking up a home among a people to whom we had become attached by a residence of twenty years. I am conscious of a growing love for my work and for the people, and earnestly hope and pray for the reviving hour. In the middle of August swarms of grasshoppers came down again upon this region, literally covering everything, devouring the gardens, and greatly injuring the growing corn. At the same time the country was visited with heavy showers of rain, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning. Our communion on the first Sabbath of this month was a season of special interest. Two young ladies, daughters of a deceased member of this church, publicly professed their faith in Christ and were baptized. At the same time the father brought five more of his motherless children and presented them to God in baptism.

FONTANELLE, December, 1876.—Gov. O. D. Richardson, one of Omaha's prominent citizens, died in that city on the 29th of November, and in response to a letter written to us on the evening of his death, Mrs. Gaylord and myself went down to be present at his funeral. We reached there on Friday evening, to find Mrs. Richardson also fast sinking in the arms of death. We stood by her bedside on Saturday to see her calmly and

peacefully yield up her life, so soon to follow her beloved husband, with whom she had lived nearly fifty years. Both were buried in one grave on Monday. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided." They have ever been our warm friends, and I was glad to have the mournful privilege of participating in the funeral services. The elegant caskets lay side by side, covered with choice flowers, and on the center of each was a bouquet formed from heads of ripe wheat. A very large concourse of mourning friends and citizens followed the remains to the burial place on Prospect Hill.

Gov. Richardson first breathed the air of heaven in the Green Mountain state. At the age of thirty-two he settled in Pontiac, Michigan, where he practiced law for twenty-five years. He was an able and successful lawyer and was for four years lieutenant-governor of that state. In September, 1854, he came to Omaha, without his family, and opened a law office in the old State House on Ninth street. In the office with him was Mr. Poppleton, a young lawyer of superior abilities, who came to Omaha from Detroit at nearly the same time. The two were afterwards appointed to prepare a system of laws for Nebraska territory. I first met Gov. Richardson in September, 1855. At that interview he invited me to preach on the next Sabbath, then made arrangements for a meeting, and himself circulated the appointment. He was an intelligent Congregationalist, and desired to see the gospel standard raised in this, then frontier town. That first meeting was the germ of the Congregational church in Omaha, which has since become the mother of churches in Nebraska. Gov. Richardson was a ready and wise counsellor in church organization and church building, which occupied our attention during the next year. He took great interest in all that concerned the welfare of the church, and ever proved one of its pillars—was constant in attendance upon Sabbath worship and the prayer-meeting, and was a man around whom others loved to gather. He had by nature a happy disposition, and took the cares and burdens of life easily because inclined to look on the bright side. To one who knew him as intimately as I did, for I believe few had a better acquaint-

ance with his inner life, he showed that underneath all was a solid foundation, based on love to God and man, and that Christ was the Master he was trying to serve. His was a green and happy old age. I feel that I am one of the mourners, for I have lost in him and his most estimable wife true and tried friends.

Of Mrs. Richardson it might truly be written, "O woman greatly beloved!" In her the noble virtues and sweet charities of life combined to form an almost perfect character. Her helping hands and words of sympathy were gladly extended to those in need, and thankfully received. She loved the house of God, the weekly prayer-meeting, and in the ladies' meeting for prayer, her tender supplications and timely words were greatly prized. Some of her last days were spent in loving counsel and needed help to a lady friend, who was bearing the burden of a serious domestic trouble.

To the Society:

FONTANELLE, January 30, 1877.—I feel especially grateful to my Heavenly Father for granting me the privilege of preaching the gospel another year. On each returning Sabbath I have met the people in their usual place of worship, and can truly say that the last quarter has been the most interesting one of the year. The attendance was uniformly good morning and evening, and prayer meetings better attended than formerly. My labors for the quarter have been, preaching twice on the Sabbath, teaching an adult class in Sabbath school, attending prayer meeting, and in all ways that promised good, endeavoring to advance the cause of the Master. We observed the week of prayer with much interest, and hoped to continue, but a severe snow storm prevented. Of late some persons have come to our meetings from a distance of five or six miles the other side of the Elkhorn river, and expressed a desire to have preaching in their neighborhood. I went over last Sabbath, held service at two P. M., and returned in time for meeting at night. In reviewing the work of the year I can see a decided improvement. There is no saloon here, nor any place where liquor is sold. If this business should be attempted it would be frowned down by the better portion of the community.

FEBRUARY 7.—This church has kept up the Sabbath school for more than twenty years, whether they have had a minister or not. I have commenced preaching at a point six miles from here on the west side of the Elkhorn river, but have not thought best to ask them for a subscription at first. Let them become interested and they will feel their obligation. The salary proposed in the application is very small, not enough to pay our board and that of our daughter, who is in Colorado for her health. She has been exerting herself to pay her own board, but broke down entirely, and can do it no longer.

On the ninth of November I attended a council at Mapleville, Dodge county, where we organized a church of seven members, and in the evening preached at Jalapa and received six new members into that church, thus giving them fresh hope and courage.

FONTANELLE, April 30.—Near the middle of February I proposed to the church to commence a series of meetings. To this they agreed, and I began on the 19th and held service every night for ten days. Then Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Irvington, came by invitation and assisted twelve days, including two Sabbaths. The attendance was good and much interest was manifested. After the close of the meeting nine persons, all of them adults, and four of them heads of families, offered themselves for membership with us and were received into the church. Three of these were baptized by immersion. We continued the meetings, as seemed needful, after Mr. Spencer left. I feel thankful for so much of good done, and earnestly desire a still deeper work that will sweep away the influence of infidelity which has been secretly working in the minds of some of our youth. Among the mercies of this quarter was the box of clothing and money from the Clinton Avenue Church, Brooklyn, which seemed to say, "Jehovah Jireh." I have had a final settlement with this people, and it gives me pleasure to assure you that they have redeemed their pledges made at the commencement of my labors among them, and the way is now open for you to send on my commission.

JULY 30.—In June I took a little vacation, the only time for

years when I have indulged in such a luxury. Our adopted daughter, Georgia, so pined for a sight of the loved ones, that we decided to take a journey to Colorado to visit her and see the country. Mrs. Gaylord was favored with a pass to go and return from Omaha to Cheyenne, and both of us had half fare to Denver. From there to Colorado Springs, D. H. Moffatt, Esq., kindly gave us passes. We saw much of the mountain scenery, and were delighted with Colorado Springs and its surroundings. I made arrangements for the supply of my people for the three Sabbaths of my absence. Since my return I have kept up the regular services. A plentiful harvest is being gathered, and prospects for corn are good, if the flying grasshoppers which are passing every day, do not light down upon it.

It was on the morning of July 25, 1877, that Col. Kline, one of our well beloved and highly respected citizens, left home to go to his timber for a load of wood. On returning, while descending a long, steep hill, the front board of the wagon fell out, letting the wood, on which Mr. Kline was sitting, slip forward on to the horses. They commenced kicking, and Mr. K. was thrown under the wheels. Unable to extricate himself, he was soon fatally injured. The horses, after freeing themselves, rushed on towards home, and Mr. Carpenter, a neighbor, seeing them without their owner, hastened to look for him. He had succeeded in reaching a clump of bushes by the roadside, where, sheltered from the hot sun, he was found badly wounded and faint from loss of blood. Tender and careful hands soon conveyed him to his home. He lingered two hours, perfectly conscious and able to give directions as to his business and the disposal of his property. Then, after bidding farewell to his heart-broken wife, who was able to maintain her composure to the last, he closed his eyes in death, in the midst of weeping and loving friends, who stood around his bedside. Mr. Kline was not a member of the church, but in close sympathy with it, and a helper in supporting the

gospel. His life had been full of kind words and deeds to those who were in straightened circumstances, or in trouble of any kind, and he is greatly missed in all the walks of life. His funeral was attended by *all* the people, many coming from a distance of four or five miles.

FONTANELLE, October 30.—We take the first Sabbath evening in the month for a missionary meeting, in which by communicating missionary intelligence, I labor to awaken in the minds of the people an interest in both the home and foreign field. The past summer has been so marked as to show very clearly God's providential care of the people of this state. They have had the joy of a bountiful harvest, and this has lightened their burdens. Even a partial failure this year would have proved the ruin of some of our feeble churches, and this one among others. The character of the last few years as to crops, has brought upon many a burden of debt almost too heavy to bear. They are relieved in a measure, but it will take two or three more years like this to set all right. My heart is pained when I enter the homes of *some* of my parishioners, and I almost feel as if I ought to give to them rather than receive from them. Farms mortgaged, taxes unpaid, poorly clothed and poorly fed, they know what want is. But they wish the gospel and earnestly desire me to stay with them another year after January 29. They are now making the subscription, but will not be able to advance much, if any, upon the pledges of last year. Have tried to wait patiently for a draft for my last quarter, ending June 29, and hope my turn will come soon. We have expenses that must be met, and I feel that a minister should guard his credit with special care lest his influence suffer.

One week ago last Sabbath I spent at Omaha, by special request, to attend the twenty-first anniversary of the organization of the Congregational Sabbath school. The church in the evening was filled with a deeply interested audience.

Some extracts will be given from Mr. Gaylord's address at that time, which we find in condensed manuscript form among his papers. He says:

The first lines of religious influence in this city were drawn out in the old State House, a brick building on Ninth street, between Farnam and Douglas. If you look for it, it is not there. In the upper story of that building, in the northwest room, a union Sabbath school was commenced early in 1856, with B. H. Chapman as superintendent. Let us now spend a few moments in looking backward to a hill town in Connecticut, where sixty years ago a son was born and nurtured in a Christian home. A mother's instruction and prayers gave direction to his opening powers, and led to an early consecration to God. That son went to college, and in due time entered the ministry and became a home missionary. After spending many years in Iowa laying foundations, he came to Omaha in 1855. After the union Sabbath school was formed, that mother referred to, whose son had a leading part in the work, sent some books, which were the beginning of our Sabbath school library.

When the old State House was sold in the spring of 1856, Mrs. Mills, of the Douglas House, invited the ministers to hold service in the dining-room of their hotel, where we dealt out spiritual food to those who resorted thither. Subsequently a portion of the school was transferred to my residence, on Jackson street, and held on Sabbath afternoons. My daughter, Mrs. Brewster, says of those days: "I can tell who was superintendent, leader of the singing, and teacher, for I had no one to help me in the least. During that summer my mother lay very ill for a long time with typhoid fever in the next room. When it was proposed to give up the school, lest it should disturb her, she said, 'No; let them come,' and the parlor was often nearly full." But during the summer of 1856 we began to build the brick church on the corner of Sixteenth and Farnam streets, and on the 26th of October we held service in the basement and organized a Congregational Sabbath school, with Bro. J. H. Kellom as the first superintendent. Those were the days of small things. Mrs. Brewster says, "When there was no one else, I had to lead the singing, and did as well as I knew how." Afterward Mr.

Luddin took charge of it, and was very efficient. I remember a New Years festival when the children sang:

> We wish our pastor a happy New Year.
> We wish our teachers a happy New Year.
> We wish our parents a happy New Year.

And,

> Oh, do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your friend.

Also,

> We'll gird on the armor and be marching along.

That was a happy gathering, but the night was so cold we feared the children would freeze before they reached home. There was *some* cold weather that winter. Our helpers then were few—our resources small. Yet those of us who live to see this day, rejoice in the evidence that our labors were not in vain. Now what do we see? A large and flourishing school of two hundred and twenty scholars, well officered and furnished with all needful Sunday school implements, able to do efficient work—gathering volume from year to year, and sending out its influence far and wide. We have abundant reason to bless God that this school, begun in great weakness in 1856, has held on its way with such a measure of prosperity, and that so many of those early workers are permitted to unite in this anniversary, and to meet with a host of others who have since joined this Sabbath school army to march forward with growing strength in this glorious cause.

While standing here I recall one who was a member of this church, known and loved by many of you, and who took a lively interest in our prosperity. She sustained a Sabbath school in her later home in La Platte for a long time. I refer to Mrs. Phœbe Hogoboom, whose death a short time since was caused by an act of kindness. While caring for a grandchild one evening shed ropped a lamp, which at once set fire to the bed on which the little one was sleeping. In saving the child, her own clothes were so burned as to cause her death in a few hours.

One year later Mr. Gaylord, in giving some remi-

niscences at a meeting of Association, said: "This school, which began its existence as a feeble band, still lives, and now, under the superintendency of its efficient leader, Mr. George W. Hall, is a power for good."

DECEMBER 20.—Since preaching my home missionary sermon I have been around my parish soliciting personal contributions from each one, and have succeeded in raising a larger amount than last year. I think the people have done well, and if you knew their circumstances you would fully agree with me. The whole amount pledged is $28.70. At one house a lady who had been a cripple for years, asked me if I would take chickens. I said, "Yes." She gave two, which I took, and put into the collection the market price. Another member of the family, a young girl, promised a bushel of potatoes. I also put in the value of these, and take them for my own use. Please acknowledge the $28.70 as a contribution from the church in Fontanelle to the Home Missionary Society. I have received but one-half of what was due me July 29. Consequently, so late in the season as this, I have to pay much more for whatever I buy.

FONTANELLE, March 18, 1878.—It has been proposed that each of the home missionaries of our state give ten dollars toward liquidating the debt. I fall in with the proposition, and hereby authorize you to retain ten dollars of the amount due me on the 29th of January last.

APRIL 29.—My labors have been to preach at this place at 11 A. M. on the Sabbath, then ride to Jalapa, six miles, have meeting at 3 P. M., return and hold service at night, either preaching or reading one of Moody's sermons. This makes a laborious day, yet I love and enjoy the work, and my health is good. I also have the Thursday evening prayer meeting, and during the quarter some of us have held an extra prayer meeting from house to house on Tuesday evening. * * * As I am subjected to extra expense in bringing our daughter home from Colorado, I should esteem it a great

favor if you could send me soon the balance due on last year; also what will be due me for this quarter, on receipt of this report.

JULY 31.—Have attended a council at Fremont for the ordination of Rev. A. P. Swing, who is preaching there. He is a young man of much promise. I go to Jalapa every Sabbath afternoon, where I find a gratifying increase in the attendance and hope for good results. I enjoy my service among that people and have much freedom in speaking to them.

NOVEMBER 1, 1878.—On Sunday, September 22, after preaching here at 11 o'clock, I rode to Centerville, a distance of twelve miles, and organized a church on Bro. Seward's field. On Sunday, October 11, on an exchange, I preached three times and rode twenty miles to meet the appointment. Have attended the meeting of our local Association at Wahoo and the General Association at Fremont. Thus you see I have had the joy of work, whatever else I may have lacked. But it has been rather that of the sower than of the reaper, yet I trust God that the harvest will come at no very distant day. * * * It has always been a fixed principle with me to meet my appointments if possible. Have preached my annual home missionary sermon here and at Jalapa. The churches are entirely unanimous in wishing me to remain another year.

JANUARY 15, 1879.—I have completed my annual collections for home missions, and by taking what the people had to give, have been able to make it up to twenty-five dollars. In accordance with my usual practice I called upon the people in person to solicit contributions. This costs time and labor, but pays in the end. More is contributed in this way, and it gives the people an extra visit from the minister, who is often able to impart information in regard to the home field which he could not well give in a sermon. More chickens were given, and one brother promised a ton of hay. His son, a boy of thirteen, gave a bushel of corn. These the missionary's horse will gladly make use of. One good Campbellite brother, whose wife and daughter are members of our church, had no money, but would subscribe to pay in wood,

and, wishing to pay for preaching in the same way, gave his two largest trees. I gladly accepted them, and sent some men who wanted work to fell and bring them to my house. They made in all four cords of wood. Your missionary will lose nothing, and the Society will get what it would not otherwise receive. Last fall I felt compelled to purchase a horse, harness and buggy to enable me to prosecute my work. The last part of the quarter has been severely cold, the mercury going down to 26° and even lower. But this has not kept me in a single instance from filling my appointments on the Sabbath. Thanks for your recommendation of our family to those Albany ladies, who sent us a nice box of clothing. It came on Christmas day, and was a most welcome and much needed Christmas gift.

FONTANELLE, April 30.—The first quarter of my fourth year among this people has just closed. It has been with great pleasure that I have prosecuted my work much as usual, having three services on the Sabbath. At Fontanelle we hold our meetings in the school building, being allowed to use it for the morning service and Sabbath school, and we usually occupy it for meetings at night. One of our school directors, who is a Joe Smith Mormon, has made use of it two or three evenings. He is our post-master, and is moral and upright in his daily life. We need a house of worship which we can control at all times. In accordance with the new rule of the Executive Committee, I prepared a sermon a few weeks since, setting forth what I regard as the general teachings of the word of God in regard to the duty of giving, and preached it in both of my churches. I told them I would prepare a book, and in due time call upon them, and let each one say what he would give weekly or monthly and for what object.

FONTANELLE, July 29.—This day completes the half of my present year. I have been "in labors more abundant," the details of which would make too long a letter. With Mrs. Gaylord I attended a county Sabbath school convention for Dodge county, going to Glencoe, a distance of thirty miles. It

was a good meeting, with large attendance. On Sabbath, May 18, between my service here and at Jalapa, I rode five miles out of my way to administer the ordinance of baptism to an infant child, whose parents have not enjoyed religious privileges at their present home.

On the 25th of May, in Newington, Connecticut, the oldest sister of Mrs. Gaylord passed to her heavenly rest. To her the Savior had long been very precious, and she showed her love to His cause by bequeathing a considerable portion of her property, which was not large, to the various benevolent societies. Among others is a legacy of two hundred dollars to the A. H. M. S., which will be paid in due time.

The death of this beloved sister, was most deeply felt by Mr. Gaylord. A strong mutual attachment, like that of an own brother and sister, existed between them, and in his visits to Connecticut her house was to him a pleasant and attractive home. She, too, loved the cause of missions, and often in her life time made personal sacrifices that she might have means to give for helping that cause both at home and abroad. In this she had the approbation of her husband, who was of a kindred spirit. One autumn she went to the annual meeting of the American Board with money to buy an expensive shawl, but time not being found to make the purchase before the meeting commenced, her heart was soon touched, and the shawl money found its way into the treasury. The old shawl remained on duty another year, affording unusual satisfaction to its wearer.

There were some reasons why Mr. Gaylord had a strong desire to visit his native state once more, and to go that summer. It was fourteen years since he had looked upon the scenes of his early life, and aside from the meeting of his college class, another reason was a much needed rest, and a change which would divert his mind into other channels. But the idea was abandoned, much to the regret of some, who knew what cheer and helpfulness the journey

and mingling with old and dear friends would bring to him. The thought has often come since his departure, that possibly that period of turning aside from his work would have prolonged his days. This last year, which was fast drawing to a close, was full of active labor. Perhaps in no one year of his ministry did he accomplish more than in this. How little we thought that his work was so soon to be finished, and that he was preparing to enter upon a higher service in another and better land.

His report to the Society continues:

On the morning of June 30, I received a dispatch from Scribner, asking me to come up and attend a funeral at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day. I had my horse harnessed to go another way, but started at once for Scribner. On arriving there I found it necessary to go ten miles further, and hastened on, inquiring my way as I went, but did not reach the place until near three o'clock, and as I came in sight of the house the procession was just moving away. They were going to the school house for the funeral services and the burial. But they saw me in the distance and waited, for they had been watching, not knowing certainly if I were coming, as the nearest telegraph line was ten miles away. At four o'clock I attended the funeral, and afterward tarried with the bereaved family until morning. At night a storm came up which drove my buggy around the yard, though it was not broken. I had never met the deceased, but learned that she once heard me preach and requested that I should be sent for. She died with a clear faith in Christ, ready to exchange a life of suffering for a mansion in heaven. I drove home the next day over roads nearly washed away by the storm, having traveled sixty miles, but found much pleasure in ministering to the afflicted.

Week before last I decided to leave my field for one Sabbath, and go over to Eastern Iowa to visit the scene of my early labors in that state. I left Omaha Saturday morning, and at evening was in Danville. When I came to Nebraska it took more than two weeks of steady traveling to make the journey.

Now the same distance was made in thirteen hours. I preached on the Sabbath, but oh, what changes! There were but few familiar faces, for a new generation had grown up since I left. As I went into the church the people gathered around and greeted me warmly. Many of them were taken by surprise, not knowing I was to be present. Dr. H. almost leaped across the vestibule and seized hold of my hand, which he seemed unwilling to relinquish. I spent two days in visiting from house to house, and enjoyed the occasion as much as any one could in similar circumstances. Truly we are all passing away, and I am admonished that what I do must be done quickly. The growth of this western country shows in a strong light the importance of the work to be done by the Home Missionary Society. It certainly needs to press its efforts with a greater energy than ever before to meet the responsibilities of the hour.

FONTANELLE, October 29.—I have prosecuted my regular work with but little interruption, filling all my appointments here and at Jalapa, and the attendance has been good. On the 29th of August the youngest son of Rev. L. H. Jones was killed suddenly, having been crushed by cars at Blair. His remains were brought here for interment, and I was called upon to attend the funeral. He had formerly lived in Fontanelle, and his wife's parents only a few miles away. A very large number of people were called together by the sad providence, and I sought to impress the duty of being ever ready for death.

On the 4th of September the Old Settlers Association of Washington county held its annual meeting at this place. It was one of our brightest autumnal days, and the occasion brought together a great assemblage of people from all parts of the county and from other counties. An address by an old settler, good music and responses to appropriate sentiments gave peculiar interest, especially to those who were early on the ground, and it was truly pleasant to revive the memories of those pioneer days. I acted as chaplain. September 28th was observed as Nebraska Sabbath School Day, by the recommendation of the State Sabbath School Association. I preached on the subject in

the morning, and at night we had a Sabbath school temperance concert, which was very interesting and largely attended.

On the 27th of September Rev. E. B. Hurlburt, formerly in charge of this church, died in Omaha after a lingering illness. His end was peace. When I obtain the needful information I will send you a brief sketch of this dear brother, who was one of the pioneers in gospel work in Nebraska. About the 1st of October we all went to Grinnell, Iowa, to attend the marriage of my son, at which I officiated, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sturtevant. This was a pleasant vacation, and is the only time I have been off my field during the quarter.

Two weeks since, the Iowa City Conference of the Latter Day Saints was held in our place of worship, so that I had no service here. One week ago last Sabbath, in consequence of the bridge over the Elkhorn river being impassable, I had to go around to another bridge, making me twelve or fourteen miles of travel to reach my appointment at Jalapa. Arriving there nearly an hour late, I found my congregation waiting, and was glad I made the effort, but did not reach home until 9 o'clock. In reviewing the quarter which closes to-day, while I have not witnessed those results which every faithful minister desires to see, yet the word has been preached with hopefulness, and I trust the seed sown will yet bear fruit in a harvest of good that will rejoice many hearts.

The few lines which follow are taken from the last communication Mr. Gaylord made to the Home Missionary Society:

FONTANELLE, November 29.—On the 29th of October I sent you my third quarterly report, but as yet have no word in reply, neither the expected draft nor a postal informing me of the state of the treasury. Hence I fear that either my report or your reply has failed to reach its destination. My son has sent the legacy of Mrs. Gaylord's sister, and writes that he has your acknowledgment. I hope to receive the draft before many days, as I am in need of the means to make provision for winter.

If we only knew, as we mingle with our loved ones from day to day, that they were soon to go from us, never to return, how indescribably precious would the passing moments seem! How every word and look and act would be treasured up in memory and imprinted on the heart with the accuracy of a photograph, and how we would long to grasp the days and hold them with a mighty effort, to make them move more slowly if possible. But those last weeks of December hastened on. The wheels of time did *not stop* or "turn backward in their flight." November had been cheered by a visit from a sister, and on the 1st of December there was a drive of thirty-two miles to the daughter's home in Irvington, where a Sabbath was passed in her family and among the people. Some of the days which followed our return were very cold, and it was noticed that after family worship each morning, Mr. Gaylord sat for a longer time than usual by the fire, reading the Bible "without note or comment." What benedictions he received from these readings we cannot know.

Then came preparations for a festival to raise money for the Christmas tree, which was very successful, and was followed by the purchase of gifts, selections of Christmas carols, recitations, etc., occupying the time and thought of the family, so that but little attention could be given by the members to each other. That Christmas was a memorable one. The exercises were very suitable and interesting, and each scholar received some present from the tree. But best of all, it contained a cloak for Mrs. Gaylord from her husband and children—*his* last gift—and a fur cap and driving gloves for the pastor from the ladies of Fontanelle. He thanked them in a few well chosen words, and after the closing exercises all dispersed, happy and satisfied, to their homes.

To Miss Martha Gaylord:

FONTANELLE, December 29, 1879.—MY DEAR NIECE: Please accept the enclosed with my best wishes for your health and

happiness. Am sorry I could not send it in time for Christmas. We are having extremely cold weather, and our house is not very warm. Mrs. Gaylord and I cannot endure the cold as we could years ago, but we are favored with pretty good health, for which I trust we are thankful. Georgia is at home, and is feeling quite well for her. This is the first winter she has spent with us for several years, but I hope she will not suffer seriously. Ralph was married in Grinnell, Iowa, on the second day of October last. He and his wife are boarding in Omaha, and are pleasantly situated. We visited Sarah a short time since. She has six children—three sons and three daughters. Time is bearing us on to the end of our earthly race. We are almost at the close of another year, and how swiftly the days seem to pass!

Mr. Gaylord's sermon on the 28th of December, the last Sabbath of the year, was from these words, "How old art thou?" and on New Years' Sabbath from Ecclesiastics 9:10, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," taking the whole verse. In speaking of the sudden decease of clergymen and others during the past year, he says, this fact should awaken us to diligence in Christian work. What we do for Christ *must* be done quickly, for in such an hour as we think not the Son of Man may come to some of *us*. But a synopsis of this sermon and two or three others will be given in the last chapter. In the afternoon of that Sabbath, his text at Jalapa was, "The time is short," I. Corinthians, 6:29. The snow had melted to some extent, making the roads heavy, and he was late in getting home. After caring for his horse he came in, saying, "I have no time for supper, but must go directly to church." On being urged to take some refreshment, he yielded a little, and without removing his overcoat, drank a cup of tea and hurried to the evening service.

We give here a small portion of an excellent letter written by Mrs. Kline: "After the usual holiday observances had closed, in rejoicing over the birth of the new year, our pastor commenced the week of prayer. The open-

ing subject on that Sabbath evening was praise. In conducting the service Mr. Gaylord was unusually impressive. His soul seemed borne above the sublunary things of time in contemplation of the angels' song of praise around the eternal throne."

The meetings continued, and as the people dispersed on the following Thursday evening, all seemed to feel that *this* meeting had been very interesting. The night was dark, and a lantern was used to throw light on the homeward path. Some of our people from the country, who were driving down the street toward their home, remembered that they saw him by the glimmer of his lantern for the last time, as we passed up the avenue between the rows of trees toward the house. There was no "help" in doing the work, and he insisted on taking upon himself a part of the duties to be performed that night. It was late when the evening prayers were offered, and near midnight when he retired. At half past seven it was said to him, with much regret at the necessity, "I suppose you will have to get up." After a short time he arose, walked a few steps, and fell prostrate. As he did not arise at once, we sprang to assist him, but needing more help the daughter was summoned, and he was placed upon the bed, from which he was never to rise. Some young men, boarding near, soon brought the doctor to his bedside. It was a severe stroke of paralysis, which closed the eyes as if in a natural sleep and destroyed the power of speech, so that from that time he was unable to look upon his loved ones or speak a farewell word as they hung around him during those last sad hours. Twelve and one-half years had passed since that first slight attack, and his friends had come to feel so secure that they had almost ceased to be watchful.

A telegram brought the son from Omaha, and the daughter and her husband came as quickly as possible. He lingered until near four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, when the freed spirit passed on to its heavenly home.

"The Christian man, with his memory, his love, his power of thought, and will, and activity, steps into the chariot of heaven and goes on to another city—one hidden indeed from the hills of earth, but none the less real and fixed. It may cost a little pain and weariness to reach the conveyance, but the swift passage to the Elysian fields amply repays. And now the blue curtain of the skies that shuts from mortal sight the glory of the better country, has parted to admit into that Celestial Paradise one whose heart and life were knit to ours with the bonds of everlasting affection."

XI.

ASLEEP.

1880.

Tradition says, there is a gateway to
God's temple courts, open alone to mourners.
Let us lift the latch with reverent hand, and enter in.

—*McDuff.*

I know it is over, over—
    I know it is over at last;
Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncover,
    For the stress of the voyage has passed;
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
    Hath out-blown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river
    Those lights in the Harbor at last—
    The heavenly harbor at last!

—*Selected.*

The sun does not go to its grave, but disappears as if into the earth so does the man who dies.—*Dr. Goodell.*

"Thy brother shall rise again."

    He goes to seek a deeper rest;
Good night! the day was sultry here,
    In toil and fear;
Good night! up there 'tis cool and clear.

—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XI.

In Memoriam.

Funeral Services — Memorial Services — Interesting Testimonials and Reminiscences From Numerous Friends.

ON Monday morning, January 12, a brief funeral service was held, conducted by Rev. I. E. Heaton, of Fremont. Then the precious remains, with the family and a few friends from Fontanelle, passed down to Omaha, on the Fremont and Elkhorn Valley railroad. They were met at the depot by some of the citizens, who accompanied them to the home on Farnam street.

We give a narrative of the funeral on Tuesday, taken from the *Daily Herald.*

The last sad rites over all that was mortal of the Rev. Reuben Gaylord were held yesterday, the services taking place at the Congregational church. The preacher's desk was hung with heavy folds of black, caught together about a bouquet of calla lilies, and evergreens and flowers stood on either side. A large number of friends assembled at the church.

The service opened with the music of Batiste's funeral march, to which the procession entered. Rev. A. F. Sherrill, pastor of the church, and Rev. H. N. Gates, a successor of Rev. Mr. Gaylord in home missionary work, preceded the casket, which was borne by B. E. B. Kennedy, Esq., Mr. George I. Gilbert, Mr. J. H. Kellom, Mr. Ed. F. Cook, Mr. M. Rogers, and Mr. Alf. D. Jones. A sheaf of wheat, symbolic of a ripe and fruitful life, a crown and a pair of bouquets rested upon the casket.

The beautiful hymn commencing, "The way is dark," was sung by the choir, consisting of Mrs. Squires, Mrs. Estabrook, Mr. Northrop and Mr. Estabrook, Mrs. Wilbur being the organist. Rev. Mr. Gates offered prayer. Rev. Mr. Sherrill

read scripture selections from Ps. XXVI, Is. LXI, and John XIV. The hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," was sung. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Lipe.

Rev. Mr. Sherrill read a brief sketch of the life and work of the dead pastor, closing it with the tribute paid by Secretary Alf. D. Jones, of the Old Settlers Society, who wrote: "Rev. Reuben Gaylord was among our most honored and worthy citizens, and was respected for his talents and sincere Christian character."

The following was the sketch in part:

"Rev. Reuben Gaylord was born April 28, 1812, at Norfolk, Connecticut, among the hills of Litchfield county. At his death, Saturday afternoon, January 10, he was sixty-seven years and eight months old. His father was a farmer, and he himself passed the early years of his boyhood in the usual life of a farmer's son. His pastor was Rev. Ralph Emerson, afterwards a professor in Andover Theological Seminary, and through his influence Mr. Gaylord's parents consented to give up their favorite son to be educated for the ministry. At the age of eighteen he entered Yale College, took the full course, and graduated in 1834.

During his course Mr. Gaylord took a high stand, both in college work and as a Christian student. In Greek, Latin and mathematics his scholarship was of an especially high standard and among the first. He was one of those chosen to represent his class at its graduation in 1834. Present at that time was the Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, of the then infant College at Jacksonville, Illinois. So pleased was he with Mr. Gaylord's graduating oration and the spirit exhibited, that he at once sought him for a tutorship in Illinois College. This offer was accepted by Mr. G., and he went to Jacksonville in the spring of 1835. There he remained till the autumn of 1837, performing the duties of tutor, and at the same time pursuing theological studies under Dr. Edward Beecher. In 1837 he entered the Yale Theological Seminary, and graduated therefrom in 1838. In the fall of 1838 he came west to Iowa, and entered upon the work in which he lived and died. He was the second Congre-

gational minister in Iowa, and one of the three who organized the first association in that state. Many churches in Iowa were formed by him. He was one of the founders of Iowa College, and for many years one of its trustees. He labored in Iowa till December, 1855, when he came to this place, and was again one of the three ministers who organized the first association in Nebraska. He was pastor of the church here till the summer of 1864, when, being in the east on his first vacation, he was offered and accepted the agency of the American Home Missionary Society for Nebraska and Western Iowa. In this work he continued till 1870, when he resigned.

For four years past he has been preaching to the church at Fontanelle, the second church in age in the state, founded by him, and one in which he took especial interest. He has ever been an earnest, faithful worker in the Lord's vineyard, thoroughly devoted to the Master's service—a man respected by all, loved by those who knew him well—of simple, pure, noble, upright, Christian life—a devoted, kind, loving husband, father and pastor.

His wish and prayer, often expressed, has been: "When the Master comes I hope he will find me at work and with the harness on." His prayer was answered.

The first Sabbath in January he preached with unusual vigor from the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." He also held two other services that day, and rode twelve miles to one of them. He commenced the week of prayer, and on Thursday evening, at the close of a good meeting, after naming the subject for the next evening, remarked: "The themes grow in grandeur and importance as we progress, and now I want you all to come to-morrow evening and bring your friends with you, and we will see if we cannot have the best meeting of all the week." The next morning, on getting up, he fell to the floor. He was helped to his bed, and medical aid was summoned at once. But medical aid and all the efforts of loving friends and an affectionate people were of no avail. In thirty-six hours he passed away, unconscious from the first, and with a peaceful death. The Master had come and

found him at his post. We doubt not he was ready, though truly the Son of Man came in an hour that he thought not. He had commenced his preparation to preach on last Sabbath from the text: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on his throne."

His year at Fontanelle was drawing to a close, and the people were unanimous in wishing him to remain, some of them hoping he would be able to preach to them for several years yet. For two years past he has had the charge of two churches, holding three services on the Sabbath and riding twelve miles.

He always had an excellent constitution, and at his death his physical organism was undisturbed by any chronic disease. It was the overworked brain and anxiety as to the results of his labors which caused the sudden stroke.

He was twice married. His first wife died in less than two years. With the companion whom he has just left he lived over thirty-eight years. Two children have died, one in Iowa and one in Omaha. Three children remain, Mrs. S. C. Brewster, of Irvington; R. E. Gaylord, of this city, and Miss Georgia Gaylord, the adopted daughter, to whom he was most sincerely attached."

The pastor followed with brief and fitting remarks, referring to the high esteem in which Rev. Mr. Gaylord's ability had been held, at college and since; to his consecration to his work, and to his having lived to see the churches which he founded grow to size and strength.

He remarked strikingly how a year ago, when Mr. Gaylord gave a sketch of his work in the state, he spoke with joy of the growth of the church and expressed his desire that he might not be laid aside in his old age—might not spend years in lingering pain and idleness. God has been good to him in another wish of his heart—that he might be brought at last to the church he founded and among the people he loved. In this place, where of all others he would have desired it, his body rests.

Mr. Sherrill closed by testifying to the invariable kindness shown him by Mr. Gaylord, and to the love for the pioneer

pastor, and esteem for his work that he had found throughout the state.

Rev. J. B. Maxfield offered prayer. The closing hymn was a favorite with Mr. Gaylord: "I love thy kingdom, Lord." The announcement that a memorial service will be held soon, with addresses by those who were associated with Mr. Gaylord in the early days, was made by Mr. Sherrill. Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Irvington, pronounced the benediction. The remains were viewed and the cortege proceeded to Prospect Hill, where the interment took place.

On Wednesday the little family returned to their lonely home in Fontanelle, and on Saturday of the following week came again to Omaha, to be present at the Memorial Services, which had been appointed for Sabbath evening, January 25th. We copy from two daily papers some tributes of respect and affectionate regard, given by citizens and friends on that interesting occasion:

A memorial service for the late Rev. Reuben Gaylord was held at the Congregational church on Sunday evening. Rev. A. F. Sherrill, the pastor, conducted the service. The choir sang several fitting anthems with much feeling.

Rev. Mr. Sherrill, in stating the nature of the service, read brief extracts from letters received from all quarters, testimonials of old friendship and regard. Among them was one from Hon. A. J. Poppleton, who was unable to be present. There were also resolutions passed by the Church of Fontanelle, and letters were read from Rev. Mr. Lane, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, one of the oldest pastors in that state, and acquainted with Mr. Gaylord from the time of his coming into Iowa; from President Magoun, of Iowa College, and from Rev. Dr. Salter, of Burlington.

Rev. Julius A. Reed, of Davenport, who was associated in Iowa with Mr. Gaylord in 1834-5, delivered the first address, heartily endorsing every statement made in the letters. He recollected the graduating oration delivered by Mr. Gaylord at Yale College —why, he did not know, for the orator was then a stranger to

him; yet it impressed him strongly. He remembered his robust, vigorous form, full of life and vitality, and his earnest, manly bearing. A year later he met Mr. Gaylord, then a tutor in the college at Jacksonville, Illinois, and being from the same state and graduates of the same college, they formed a friendship, which remained to the last. Three years later they met again. Crossing one of the prairies of Illinois the speaker saw a man approaching who proved to be Mr. Gaylord, on his way to Iowa, where he commenced his life-work with Rev. Asa Turner, then the only Congregational minister in the state. Two or three years later the speaker and Mr. Gaylord met again at Danville, soon after reaching which place Mr. Gaylord had been called upon to part with his wife. In 1841 he was married to his second wife, who survives him. He spoke in the highest terms of his faith, energy and industry, and of his satisfactory performance of his duties in Iowa, and their warm endorsement by his people; his constant refusal to change stations so as to better himself, and of his final removal to this state. He was a sincere, honest, Christian man, without the least taint of worldliness in his disposition. He had no recollection of ever once hearing him talk of his financial condition. His home had always worn an air of comfort, but that might be due in a greater measure to the partner he had left surviving him. Mr. Gaylord had, he believed, learned on his father's farm the true lesson of economy, never to spend a cent until he had earned it. He was one of the sincere men whose countenances never belie their hearts, and who prize the treasures which are laid up in heaven more than all else, and it is not altogether sad to see Christ call one of the faithful ones home to receive his reward. We must not look alone after the temporary habitation of the spirit which is borne to the grave, but more at the fact that he has thrown off this mantle of clay, and hears the welcome approval, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Leaves have their time to fall," said Prof. Kellom, in opening his eulogy on Rev. Mr. Gaylord. "Life is like wine, and to drink it pure, no one must drink its dregs. This build-

ing," continued the speaker, "is a monument, as all buildings in Omaha are monuments of him, and of those who commenced the labor of love with him in those early days. Capital erects no buildings of value until the gospel has reared the meeting house. This Congregational church is really and truly his monument. To him, to Rev. Mr. Collins, of the Methodist church, and to Rev. Mr. Watson, of the Episcopal church, the city owes much."

Hon. B. E. B. Kennedy, one of the first trustees of the church, spoke of his earnestness, sincerity and devotion to his cause; and the trials, hardships and privations which attended his successes in this community and this state. The speaker concluded with the hope that the name of Elder Gaylord will be written with letters of gold in pictures of silver upon the tablets of the Congregational churches throughout the state. Referring to the practice of our national representatives, of voting bounties and back pay to those who had served their country, he asked if the Congregational church could not do something for one whose life was spent in her service. "May not the people of the city erect upon the little spot on yonder hill a monument of enduring marble that shall bear something of the worth and excellence of our departed friend?"

Rev. Mr. Sherrill seconded the suggestion of Mr. Kennedy, and signified his readiness to contribute to that end.

Dr. G. L. Miller spoke of the memories of Mr. Gaylord and his work, that were called up by the tidings of his death. He had met him on his arrival from Iowa, and remembered his appeals for help to resist the tide of wickedness in this place, when the young men were somewhat reluctant to respond. "He was conscientious, persistent, and above all things, patient. There were some very influential and religious men in this community who did not encourage him much. I may say that Mr. Gaylord planted Sunday on this side of the Missouri river. On my arrival there was no such day as Sunday, or I could not find it if there was, but the fact was we didn't look very much for it. He was the head and front of the whole matter. Some of the other preachers here did not do what he did, simply because

they did not have the power. I knew him and knew him well, and might speak by the hour, but could not add anything to the just eulogies that have been passed on his character. I am glad to see Bishop Clarkson present to-night to give his impressions of Mr. Gaylord. I may say this, that I think, in the most glorious efforts of his religious life, I never saw him shine so brightly as when at the bedside of the sick and dying. He had faith in prayer, and he was a good man whose all was in that faith. It was characteristic of Mr. Gaylord that he allowed nothing to disturb him. In the presence of sickness, of mourning, of danger, he was unshaken. I had the opportunity, as a professional man, to know something about this.

I would add one thought. I do not think those who survive did him justice while he lived. We were too busy. The trouble with this world is, that it is too busy and mercenary, and while *he* was trying to make men better, *we* were trying to get corner lots. He preached 'Christ and Him Crucified,' and nothing else. As a citizen the unselfishness of his motives was shown by the condition of the country, for when he came to it, there was nothing to tie any one to it, and his only motive must have been to spread the gospel." The speaker closed by saying that we shall preserve Mr. Gaylord's memory fresh and green, and suggested a monument to him, to be erected wholly by his people, and in no part by his relatives.

Bishop Clarkson said it would be hard to add a single tribute to the memory of this man of Christ, though he would be glad to let fall one memorial upon his fresh made grave, already so richly covered. "It was grand to hear men of the world talk of a Christian minister, as had been done at these services. Unlike others, who came to create great riches, to build railroads, to crowd around them a wealth of riches, Mr. Gaylord came to lay the foundations of this splendid empire of Christian institutions. While others were getting wealth he was working for a higher and holier purpose, was going in and out among men's homes, through sunshine and storm, to offer them in his Master's name, the imperishable riches they cared so little about. No doubt men in those days thought lightly of his work. Perhaps

even now, his character cannot be rightly estimated, but there is a time coming when it *shall* be rightly estimated, when all of us shall stand in a presence where his Christian-like unselfishness will receive its proper reward. By the side of his treasures all other things will in the light of eternity, sink into insignificance, and when at the last day the earth shall be dissolved and all things shall be at an end, there will be no crumbling beneath *his* feet. Who can reckon the holy influences which have flowed from this man's teachings in a life-work of forty-five years? Who can estimate the number of souls that have been blessed forever by being guided into paths of righteousness by his shining light? We are not able to estimate these things, but in the hereafter not one of them shall be forgotten or overlooked."

The service closed with the singing of "Come Ye Disconsolate," and the benediction was pronounced.

Mr. Gaylord's life work closed with his fourth year of labor in Fontanelle. His faithfulness and devotion are exhibited here as elsewhere in his own words, as, without knowing it, he told with so much simplicity, in letters and reports, what he was doing in those last weeks and months of his busy life. And it is still further delineated in the numerous and beautiful letters and testimonials from those friends who knew him best. We regret that so much must be omitted from these for want of sufficient space. But they have fulfilled their mission by bringing cheer and helpfulness to the *living* in hours of loneliness and sorrow, and will continue to do this in the few months or years of life that may yet remain.

Rev. Dr. D. B. Coe, of the American Home Missionary Society, writes:

You have our hearty sympathy in the great sorrow to which God has appointed you, but we rejoice with you that He spared your husband so long. I honored him as His instrument in winning so many souls to His service and love. Few men have accomplished so much in the work of home missions, and he will

be held in grateful remembrance, in the states where he has labored, by generations yet unborn.

Rev. A. F. Sherrill, of Omaha, says:

I have always remembered the emphasis with which Mr. Gaylord one night repeated this verse, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." They who trust in Him shall not be desolate. May God be with you, and, so far as can be, make up what is now lacking. Chalmers says, "Christians never see each other for the last time."

Rev. John Gray, then of Wahoo, Nebraska, in transmitting the resolutions passed by the Omaha Association, wrote:

These words are simply the expression—and very poorly they express it—of the respect and affection we all felt and feel for your husband. * * * I often meet in my travels those who were partakers of his labors, and whose expression of their value to them, in the loneliness of settlers in a new country, it is a gratification to hear.

Mrs. Asa Turner, in writing for her husband, Father Turner, of Iowa, says:

He rejoices that your husband has triumphed over death. He is not dead, but sleepeth. It is a blessed way to die, if one is ready, and we *know* he was. He wonders why he is spared, and others taken who are working faithfully in the cause of Christ.

Rev. Daniel Lane, of Iowa, writes for himself and Rev. Asa Turner:

We both remember him with deep interest and affection, not only for his good works, but also for his social qualities and his amiable and lovely character. The great interests of Christ's kingdom, the fields which *most demanded* Christian labor, and the best methods and agencies for the accomplishment of Christian enterprise, were the predominant topics which controlled

the heart, supplied the motives, and called forth the energies of Bro. Gaylord. His whole life in Iowa, and in his more western field after leaving us, is proof of this statement. With him Christ and His cause, the elevation of human society, and the salvation of men, offered higher inducements and superior motives for a life work, although it *might* be coupled with poverty, than any profession which promised financial independence. He believed, like Moses, that there are times when even the "reproach of Christ is greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," and he chose the ministry with all its financial risks. Bro. Gaylord was a man of quick sympathies. The "Iowa Band" will never forget the cordiality with which he met us on our arrival at Denmark. It was a *heartiness* which never drooped while he was associated with us in our territorial and state work. He was also a man *of* the people and *for* the people. Poor and rich, white and black, all colors and races were objects of his greeting whenever and wherever met. The poet Terence wrote: "I consider nothing human alien to me." Paul, prompted by his love to Christ and humanity, says: "I became all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." These quotations describe the spirit and sympathy which were, prevailingly, the spirit of Rev. Reuben Gaylord. "Blessed are the dead" who have lived and died such a life. On his leaving Iowa for Nebraska, his brethren here regretted to lose one in whom they had so much confidence, and for whom they cherished so much love, but we gave him our "God-speed."

In another letter Mr. Lane says:

My first acquaintance began in 1843, when those members of the Iowa Band were ordained in Denmark. Subsequently we often met in ecclesiastical gatherings, in meetings for the founding of Iowa College, in conferences of the trustees, and in other consultations not unfrequent in the history of our state. Besides these opportunities for personal acquaintance, I was occasionally at his home, a guest in his family. In all my associated relations with our departed brother my favorable impressions of him grew stronger and stronger with the lapse of time. In

calling up my remembrances of him, I do not find a single impression, made on my mind by his Christian and ministerial character, which I could desire to have erased from memory. In the domestic relations he had the true heart of a tender and provident husband and father. In his friendships he was true, always reliable. In his ministerial relations he was instructive, and sought the best good of his church and congregation and of the people in the vicinity of his labors. In his relation to his ministerial brethren and to the churches he was always ready for co-operation in every good work for human benefit and the honor of his Master. He was a Christian brother of unflinching self-denial when circumstances demanded it for the general good. Closely allied with this self-denial was self-forgetfulness, and an indomitable perseverance in doing what he believed his Lord and Master required him to accomplish. The influence of his character and labors still lives, and will for years to come. We thank God that this dear brother was permitted to live and work with us so many years.

Rev. Dr. Salter, of Burlington, Iowa, says:

In every relation he confirmed the faith and confidence which his brethren always reposed in him as a wise and judicious counselor, faithful to the interests of the kingdom, and cheerfully bearing his part in its labors and sacrifices. The privations and straitened circumstances of those pioneer days were never a matter of murmuring or complaint with him; he had a happy faculty of adapting himself to circumstances, and he saw the growth and ultimate prosperity of the country as with a prophet's vision, and rejoiced at the opportunity of molding the civilization and institutions of the future after the ideals of the gospel. It gave me great pleasure to receive a visit from him last summer, and to see him so full of freshness and vigor toward the evening of life.

Rev. Mr. Rice, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes:

He held firmly and preached faithfully the great cardinal doctrines of the gospel. He always held up before the world

Christ crucified as the only way of salvation. He was eminently a man of prayer. By his earnest, tender, and affectionate manner, and his evident sincerity, he won the hearts of the people. In his social life he was cordial and sincere, and while he gained many friends he attached them strongly to himself. His relations to his brethren in the ministry were always pleasant, and it is the lot of only a few to be held in such grateful remembrance by the churches where he was known, both in Nebraska and Iowa. I remember that cold, snowy 26th of November, when we took the body of a beloved son, little Joseph Deming, out upon the bleak prairie for burial. Now the father has gone to join him.

Among the resolutions passed by the "Omaha Association," at its spring meeting in 1880, was the following:

That we express our love and gratitude to God for all his long life of faithful service, especially the part of it in this state, and for the universally wise, kindly and godly bearing of our brother, his great usefulness, industry, and constant devotion to the work of his Master.

In the resolutions adopted by the Fontanelle church were the following:

That in the death of our worthy and much loved pastor, this church has lost its most estimable leader, efficient worker, and best friend—one whose noble qualities of mind were of a high order, and whose exalted religious character was a model for emulation, a guide to others, and commanded the respect of all.

That in the irreparable loss to society generally, and to this community especially, we mourn the departure of a man of large beneficence, untiring industry, inflexible energy, and sterling uprightness of religious and moral character.

Mrs. E. R. Kline, one of Mr. Gaylord's Fontanelle parishoners, says of him:

I reverenced him as a gospel minister and regarded him as a Christian friend, and I consider it one of the merciful provi

dences of my life that I was permitted to know him personally, and to feel the influence of his religious example. He was *eminently* a Christian man. The love of God and the salvation of souls were his joy and theme. As a preacher he exhibited an intimate knowledge and clear conception of Scriptural truth. His enlarged views led him to enter into the various measures of his time calculated to promote the welfare of humanity. Temperance, and all reformatory institutions and measures, received his hearty approval and co-operation. During the four years of Mr. Gaylord's ministry in Fontanelle there were additions to the church membership, and a spirit of harmony pervaded the entire body.

From Mrs. Sutton, of Jalapa:

Mr. Gaylord preached for us two years. * * * It was a rare privilege to know such a man, to witness his unwavering faith, his peaceful and peace-making spirit, his steadfast hold upon gospel principles. He preached by example as well as by word, and seemed to be a man who walked God's paths, and had God with him to interpret the wonders of the way. We will not soon forget his last sermon, from the text, "The time is short." It was at the beginning of the new year. He spoke of some who were called away the past year, and wondered how many of us would live to see the close of the present year. Then he spoke of himself, perhaps he would be sent for, to cross over the river of death. The next Sabbath we went to the school house, expecting him to preach. But alas! Word came that Mr. Gaylord had left us. It was a message which carried sorrow into many a heart.

From Rev. E. Adams, Home Missionary Superintendent for Iowa:

To R. E. Gaylord:—My recollections of your honored father carry me back many, many years. It was in the fall of 1843, that I first met him in Denmark, and of the ministers gathered at that time, none gave us heartier welcome than did he. He seemed at once to take us all into his very heart, thanking God for the recruits He had sent to the few that were there

carrying the burden of frontier work. His cheerful smile, the frank, open tones of his voice, the warm pressure of his hand, all soon told of a generous, hearty soul within. Of this I knew more and happily, as afterwards I enjoyed the hospitalities of his home. Being stationed for a year in a neighboring field, my visits were by no means infrequent. Well do I remember how the cold winter rides were cheered at the thought of the warm reception awaiting, when once his cabin should be reached —a shelter for my pony, and a Christian family to greet me. At the end of a year I moved some distance from your father's home and did not see him much, save as we met at our Associational meetings. On all such occasions his presence was a blessing, and we looked upon him as a true and faithful home missionary. It was this missionary spirit that led him, at an early day, to leave Iowa for Nebraska. We were sorry to lose him, but admired his spirit, and honored his example. He has passed away, and we who are following after are in the midst of lengthening shadows, as the sun hangs low. God help us to be faithful as he to the end!

From Mrs. E. Adams:

To Mrs. Gaylord: It seems a long time since I first knew you and your dear husband in your home in Iowa. But through all these years our God has cared for us and led us on till one, your husband, has been called first to go over the river and up the shining way to the heavenly city. * * * A few more years, a little more trust and patient submission, which bring their own sweet reward here, and then we too shall go. May you, dear friend, find a sustaining arm all the way, and may you be enabled to testify of the wonderful grace that can help in such an hour as this. Mr. Gaylord was very kind and helpful to me when I passed through Omaha on my way to Colorado.

From Rev. J. H. Morley, Home Missionary Superintendent of Minnesota:

April 27, 1889.—My Dear Mrs. Gaylord: Your letter of the 23rd instant brings to mind the time twenty-two and one-

half years ago, when I came to your house in Omaha, sick after a long stage ride from Denison, Iowa, and when you and your good husband kindly took care of me. I recall the drive to Magnolia, and then across the country to Lewis, and back to Omaha, and my going to the Magnolia church to become its pastor. I recall, too, how I told your husband that I would go to any church he desired me to, and how he kindly gave me my choice of fields. I learned to esteem him for his works' sake, and cheerfully bear record to the noble work which he did in Western Iowa and Nebraska. His work lives after him, and I only wish he might know how noble a superstructure rests upon the foundations which he personally and with many labors and prayers laid. I am glad that we are to have some written memoirs of one who did so much hard and faithful work in the early days.

From Rev. M. F Platt:

The writer of this article first met the Rev. R. Gaylord in the spring of 1861, and from that time until his death our friendship was like that of Jonathan and David. Our acquaintance was formed under the following circumstances:

Bro. Gaylord was on his way from Omaha to Brownville to visit the little church there, and to strengthen the things that be. We met at what was then known as Civil Bend (now called Percival), in Iowa. Here he stayed with my brother, L.W. Platt, and during Saturday and Sunday spent his time in gathering in the scattered sheep. On Saturday we had a church meeting in the little log school house, and there, after a business meeting, I listened to the first preparatory lecture I had heard for years; and as our dear brother presented Jesus to us in all His loving acts and mercies, it was like rain falling upon thirsty ground. I drank it in with tears coursing down my cheeks as the brother depicted it in his own inimitable style, and my soul cried out for more. While listening to that sermon the thought came to me, "Why do *you* not go and preach this blessed gospel of salvation?" and I could not rid myself of it until I had said, "Lord, I will go." I began my labors in Nebraska in 1862, where I

prepared the way for Bro. Gaylord to perform his first official act as Superintendent of the A. H. M. S.

The first church he organized was at the village of Salt Creek, now Greenwood, where I had been laboring for nearly two years. From that time on, our labors and travels together were many, both in Nebraska and Iowa, until his term as Superintendent expired. On one occasion we were out together nearly a week. At this time he had wished me to accompany him, so on Friday, leaving Iowa, we crossed the Missouri river and arrived safe on the Nebraska side during the afternoon. Crossing that river during those early days was no easy task. We often spent nearly a whole day on the bank, or on board the little flat ferry boat, stemming the current or lodged on one of the many sandbars. After a brief stay in Plattsmouth, we wended our way towards where South Bend now is. Night coming on we "put up" at a farm house, and on Saturday continued our journey. The day was pleasant, and we made several calls. During the afternoon, as we were riding along, talking of Christ's kingdom as connected with our Nebraska churches, the wind changed from the south and was blowing from the northwest before we noticed it. We suddenly saw in the distance a dense cloud of dust, smoke, and the ashes and cinders of burnt grass bearing down upon us. Our road lay along a high and narrow ridge—an exposed position. I said to Bro. Gaylord, as we saw it coming: "Drive rapidly, so we may reach that skirt of timber before it overtakes us." He did so, but it availed not, for the tempest was upon us. He stopped his team and I sprang out of the carriage, threw back the top and stood pushing with all my strength against the vehicle, lest it should blow over. Bro. Gaylord sat in the carriage holding the reins, while the tempest swept by, carrying the black and charred remains of the prairie before it. The wind ceased, and I looked up, and lo! what a sight was before me. There sat my good brother with his clothes, ears and eyes literally filled with the black dust and cinders, and his face so completely covered with ashes that he was beyond recognition. I laughed heartily, and said, "Bro. Gaylord, how you look! Why you are as black as an Ethiopian!"

I shall never forget his answer, as he, in his characteristic way, quietly looked at me for a moment, then said he thought "the pot could not very well call the kettle black!" Soon the rain began to pour down, but we drove on, and it was growing quite dark as we rode up to the house of Bro. Fountain, near where the station house of South Bend now stands. Here we were ten or twelve miles from our destination. After a good night's rest, on a beautiful Sabbath morning we drove on to our appointment, near the present site of Greenwood. Bro. Gaylord preached morning and evening, and the communion service was observed. Tuesday we went on our way, reaching the point where the city of Lincoln now is, stopped with friends and took dinner, talking with them of Christ's cause. Here was broached the first suggestion of church organization in that city. Then we started on our return to Iowa by another route, and arrived at Stevens creek just at dark. We "put up" for the night at a "ranch" and were told that we could stay, but there was not much for supper, as the teams that had gone to Nebraska City for supplies had not returned. All of which we found to be true as we sat down to the table. The bill of fare consisted of "hoecake," and for drink we had our choice of water or milk. Sometime during the night we were awakened by a noise, and knew that the wagon-train had arrived with the provisions. We had a breakfast of biscuit and butter with fried ham, and coffee sweetened with sugar instead of sorghum, which was often used in those days. On reaching the Iowa side of the river, we found that the storm we had encountered in Nebraska had been quite violent, overturning houses and uprooting trees.

As to our departed brother, he was beloved by us all on account of his Christian fortitude and forbearance. His conduct was the same under all the hardships and inconveniences of pioneer missionary life. We valued him for his wise and Christian counsel in those earlier days of toil, and as a Christian brother and minister of the blessed gospel.

I cannot close this without a word of commendation for her who so nobly bore the hardships with our departed brother in those pioneer days. Her deep sympathy in all Christian labor,

brought out her warmest good wishes and hearty hand shakes, with the "God bless you," that sent many of us away from their hospitable home with better and stronger resolutions for good and with renewed courage for the great work that lay before us. Such was the co-worker and helper to our dear brother and to us all.

From Prof. Kellom, now of California:

Twenty-six years ago I landed in Omaha. The day following Mr. Gaylord called on me, and the impression of that first call, like the first impression of Omaha, is vivid and lasting. I had for many years read his letters from Iowa in the *Home Missionary*, and had inferred from them that he must be an earnest, devoted, hard-working minister. This first interview of an hour's duration, convinced me that Mr. Gaylord was the right man, and in the right place. Though in middle life, the wrinkles chiseled on his brow, proclaimed him a man of thought and anxiety. Already a veteran in Christian work in Iowa, he had but lately separated himself from the sympathy and companionship of those Christian ministers who assisted him in laying the foundations of religion, morals and good government in that great state.

Single and alone, with the faith and courage of Paul, when he crossed over into Macedonia, he crossed the Missouri river into the territory of Nebraska. In all this region, wild and boundless, there was not a church edifice nor sympathizing helper.

Only two years previous to this, my first acquaintance with Mr. Gaylord, had the Indians, by treaty, withdrawn from a small portion of the territory, so that the few settlers who had preceded him, were without religious instruction, without schools, and without title to a single acre of land. Already schooled in western experience, he saw the plains and prairies of Nebraska surveyed into counties, with shire towns in each, and churches and school houses in every town.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of one man to be foremost in organizing Christian work in two great states like Iowa and

Nebraska. It seems to me that this is the great glory, in a human point of view, of Bro. Gaylord. By years of toil he had earned rest, or at least a quiet pastorate in one of the many beautiful villages in Iowa, in which he was the first to preach the gospel and organize churches. Had he done this, the verdict would have been, "Well done, good and faithful servant." But, believing himself better qualified for frontier work than those whose experience had been less and trials fewer, he yielded to them these easy pulpits, and thus did double duty, double work, and almost lived a double life.

The labor and self-denials which this step imposed, no doubt shortened his life. So large was the field and few the laborers, so precious to him the souls of men, that overwork was almost inevitable, and the wonder is that the end was so long delayed.

The Congregational church was organized less than two weeks before my arrival. I brought a letter from a Congregational church, though myself a Presbyterian, as was also my late pastor, who had furnished me, on my departure from the east, with forms and documents for organizing a Presbyterian church in Omaha. Bro. Gaylord hoped I would not be hasty in this direction; desired me to look over the ground, and see if it would not be more for the glory of the Master to co-operate in his work, throw my influence in favor of his church just organized, whose membership was so small in numbers and limited in means. His manner was so earnest, his heart so devoted and his plans so wisely laid, that I threw all my Presbyterian documents into the fire, resolving, that for the time being and until Omaha had a much larger population, I would unite with his people, and urge all new comers of the Presbyterian order to unite with me in holding up the hands of our devoted brother.

Mr. Gaylord, in the light of his Iowa experience, had examined the map of Nebraska, compared the rival claims of Nebraska City, Brownville, Plattsmouth, Bellevue and Florence, and decided that Omaha was to become the future unrivaled metropolis of the state. And in this opinion his confidence never wavered, not even when the panic came, and the hard

times, and the successful efforts of the legislature to take from us the capitol. At that early day it did not enter into the plans of most of us to make Omaha our permanent home. We had a vague idea of making a "pile" in three or four years, and then returning east to enjoy it! Of course, others would come to fill our places, and in time follow us back. On the other hand, Mr. Gaylord came to stay—he burned the ship behind him. His task was a hard one; he had to contend against the spirit of worldliness and wild speculation, which characterized the early settlers, and also against the feeling of instability and temporary citizenship.

During the year 1856, every stage through Iowa, and every boat from St. Louis, was freighted with immigrants, many with their wives and children, who were obliged to extemporize homes, hastily erected from cotton wood boards, just sawed from the green logs at the mill. With these discomforts, the labor of securing new homes, and the excitement incident to the buying and selling of corner lots, what could a gospel minister do in laying foundations and making this a godly city, from which good Christian influences were to radiate out over the state?

Discouraging as these circumstances were, Mr. Gaylord grappled with them and turned them to account. He introduced himself particularly to those who came to remain, assisting them in finding temporary shelter, advising them of the eligibility and value of home lots, and thus by manifold acts of kindness, winning their regard and preparing their hearts for the gospel truths proclaimed by him on the Sabbath, in the old State House, Douglas Hotel, or some private room.

While Mr. Gaylord never speculated in real estate, his judgment of the value thereof, and where investments would make the best and quickest returns, was excellent. Often in the year 1856 did I go to him for advice in reference to the real, present and prospective value of certain realty, and in no instance did I have cause to regret following his judgment. This faculty, acquired by long experience in the west, would have made him the possessor of great wealth had he been a man of the world.

But he used it for the good of others. It gave him influence over men of affairs. They had confidence in his judgment and integrity as a fellow citizen, and this directed their confidence in him as a religious teacher.

In addition to the above, as an instance of his insight or foresight, was the location of the railroad bridge across the Missouri river. This bridge was to span the river at Florence, at the Salisbury mill, at Child's mill, at Bellevue, but no one at that early day, except Mr. Gaylord, was of the opinion that the first great bridge over the Missouri, would be built just where it was built and now is.

During this trying year, 1856, nothing caused him so great embarrassment as the want of a house of worship. The old State House was private property, and was soon to be devoted to other purposes. The Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists and Baptists who had jointly and harmoniously occupied it for worship, were all compelled to seek other quarters. And where could they go? There was not a public hall nor a school house in the town. For a brief period arrangements were made with the proprietor of the Douglas House. Here were four societies all suddenly calling on the little town for money to build churches! Mr. Gaylord was early in the field soliciting funds for the erection of the church, on the lot already donated through Mr. Rice. His good standing, earnestness and energy enabled him in a short time to raise sufficient money to enter into contract for a brick building of limited dimensions. When the walls were up, we were all disappointed, himself included, that the audience room appeared so short. Here the work rested for a time, when one day Mr. Gaylord came to my house with a beaming smile, and without remark, handed me a draft for four or five hundred dollars for enlarging the church, donated by some good friend in Connecticut, I think. "This," said Mr. Gaylord, "is in answer to prayer." The end wall was taken out and the building extended some fifteen feet. This extension greatly enlarged the seating capacity, and as the town grew, and the church was filled and often crowded, we wondered how we could have planned so small,

and we blessed, time and time again, the generous donor of that timely draft.

The basement was completed late in the autumn, where worship was held during the winter. In the following spring the whole was completed and dedicated. And in this church, until he assumed the superintendency of the Home Mission churches of the state for a series of years, this man of God proclaimed the pure gospel of Christ and Him crucified. His prayers from the pulpit were often sermons—not in length, but in unction and fervor.

The matter of his sermons was decidedly scriptural—the style, strong and nervous; not ambitious of rhetorical figures, yet forcible in plain illustrations of gospel truth. The essay and the lecture, which find delivery from so many modern pulpits, had no blood relation to the sermon as he understood it. He was too conscientious to flatter from the pulpit, and too faithful to offer to his hearers any other than the strong meat of the word. Hence, in one respect, he was not a popular preacher. Those who were indifferent to the claims of the gospel, who were not seekers after truth, who went to church to be amused or to gratify an æsthetic taste, were less interested than the opposite class, who always enjoyed a feast of reason and sweet communion during his Sabbath ministrations.

Mr. Gaylord was always at home in the evening prayer meeting. As Moses came down from the mount with a shining face, so he entered the meeting with a glowing countenance. Communion with the Father, in his study, was his immediate preparation for the prayer-meeting. In felicity of expression and sentiment, he was no less happy there than in the pulpit. He was always prepared for the meeting—he had meat for the strong, milk for the weak, and earnest exhortation for the impenitent. He had implicit confidence in Scripture promises. His faith was so real, and his anxiety so great, that he importuned for a blessing as if the promise had been made but yesterday. "Now is the accepted time" would often fall with solemn cadence on the ears of the impenitent and urge believers to "work out their salvation with fear and trembling."

He regarded the prayer-meeting as an important means of saving grace—was very anxious that all his people should attend—and never so happy as when a new convert arose for prayers, or a lukewarm professor confessed his sins. Spiritually blessed have I been in his prayer-meetings.

He was a discreet man. He never did anything or said anything to weaken his influence for good. He had good control of his tongue and temper. He seldom spoke hastily when his mind was excited. I have known him to weep when unexpected news of bad import respecting the church, or a church member, came to his ears. He was careful to pay his debts when due, and not to contract obligations unless he saw clearly a way to cancel them. His credit at the banks was always good. His word of promise would be taken as soon as his note; *neither* ever went to protest.

In order to keep free from all entangling alliances of business, he refused, as a matter of principle, to endorse a note. A refusal of this kind to a prominent member of his church lost him his friendship. In one special case, he yielded to the importunity of a brother minister and endorsed his note for a large amount. The note was protested, and the estate had to pay nearly one thousand dollars.

The appointment of Mr. Gaylord to superintend the churches which he had organized in Nebraska was very considerate and complimentary.

Who is so well qualified to nurse and care for the infant as the mother who gave it birth? These churches were the offspring of his labors and his prayers. They all recognized him as *Father Gaylord*, and their hearts were always open to receive him. When he gave them good advice and counsel in their troubles, when he prayed for them and their families in their small churches, and still smaller homes, how their hearts did burn within them!

To visit these churches, scattered over the prairies, separated by many long miles, and by muddy creeks, without bridges—and frequently the roads so blind as to be hardly traced—required great labor, and often subjected him to dan-

gerous exposure. There were no railroads; indeed there were no carriage roads generally, but the unbroken sod of the unplowed prairie. When the driver and his team were fatigued and hungry, the discomforts of the inn or private house were to be dreaded. These exhaustive rides and church visitations were a heavy drain on his naturally strong constitution.

Before closing these recollections of Bro. Gaylord, I cannot omit stating the fact that he was greatly assisted in his labors by his worthy help-meet.

Mrs. Gaylord, with two small children, accompanied her husband to Omaha, crossing the Missouri river in December, the beginning of an unknown winter. The hastily constructed cabins, small and open, with nothing but green fuel to warm them, were the best homes Omaha had then erected for her early settlers. She submitted with Christian grace to all discomforts, supplemented the want of schools by teaching her own children, and fulfilled the onerous duties of a pastor's wife, without complaint; indeed it seemed a source of satisfaction to her that she had the strength and ability to co-operate with her husband in his grand work. As he was the first missionary, so she was the first missionary's wife in Nebraska, and continued such for nearly a quarter of a century. Their reputations are co-ordinate, and will go down in the history of Nebraska together, illustrating its earliest pages with Christian zeal and disinterested love.

Mr. Gaylord, says the *Omaha Herald*, was not only greatly respected for his talents and his devotion to his work, but he was much beloved for his kindness of heart, and his many admirable qualities as a friend and adviser. His removal has taken away one of the old landmarks that will live forever in the minds of the men and women who first made their home on the open prairies among the Indians, in this then far west. The old settlers are fading like the autumn leaves, but those like Mr. Gaylord will leave a name behind them that will be imperishable, as the founders of a great state, with the foundations laid in truth,

justice and "good will to men." Reuben Gaylord was a Christian gentleman. It was seen in his careful consideration of the rights of others while steadily adhering to the rule he had laid down to be governed by himself. He worked for his own church, and yet his work did not stop there; *all* men were his brethren, and he did good deeds for all.

Recollections of Prof. Beals:

I first met Rev. Mr. Gaylord on the 5th day of April, 1861, about two hours after my arrival in this, at that time, new city. At daybreak the steamer, West Wind, that brought me hither, swung from her moorings at the lower Council Bluffs landing and made her way up the river. As we steamed from behind the wood-covered hills below the city, among the first objects that met my eye was the territorial capitol, which, with its Corinthian pilasters and frieze, and its towering dome, rested on the brow of the hill above the city, like a crown, and gave promise of good government—the reign of law and order.

Our boat made the shore and tied up at the foot of Jones street. The natural bank of the river was the only wharf, and the loose sands of the bottoms the only pier. To reach town the omnibus drove through those sands to the foot of Farnam, which was then, as now, the principal street. As we passed along, we noticed here and there a vacant building, which, with the small number of people in sight, told plainly that business and thrift were not then at their height in Omaha. * * * The town was reduced at that time by the financial revulsion of 1857, and by an uncertain political future, to about 2,500 inhabitants. After securing temporary accommodations at the Farnam House, on the corner of Thirteenth and Harney streets, I sought Mr. Gaylord, then pastor of the First Congregational church, I looked to him as one who would be in sympathy with me in my work, and I was not disappointed. He received me kindly, yet with apparent reserve. His reserve, however, was in no degree forbidding, but a natural expression of prudence and self-respect. I had devoted my life to the cause

of public instruction, and after he learned the object of my coming to Nebraska, he gave me most cordial welcome. Freely and with interest he entered into my plans and made helpful suggestions as to the best methods of proceeding.

At the east I had been engaged only in the public schools, and desired to continue in them at the west, but employment in the public schools of Omaha at that time was not possible. The directors had used all the money in their hands to sustain them during the year just closed. They not only had no means, but did not expect to have enough to open them again within one or two years. Being compelled therefore to give up my hope to make an engagement with the directors, I turned at once to organize a private school. In this enterprise I found Mr. Gaylord a valuable friend. He had unbounded confidence in the future growth of the city and in a speedy return of its prosperity. He never failed to encourage, and when possible, to render substantial aid. His thoughtful interest manifested itself in unlooked for ways. It was shown on one afternoon, when, having occasion to go into the country, he called for me to drive with him to the southwest of town to see a prosperous farmer, who, he thought, without doubt would become a liberal supporter.

Mr. Gaylord's interest in the work of education was of that consistent and unquestionable character, which led to self-sacrifice. Although on memory's canvass many of the lines are faded and dim, yet those early scenes and events retain an almost glowing warmth of coloring. There are found life-forms which have lost little of their original distinctness. Among them is the figure of him who is the subject of this sketch; around it, all others seem to be gathered; to it, all lines converge. In its attitude there is dignity, in its aspect seriousness; but withal there is the illumination of a smile—chastened and subdued, yet genial and assuring: the expression of a sympathetic and truthful nature, of an honest and warm Christian heart. The figure is of one who was recognized by all who knew him as a true follower of the Great Teacher, and known by me to be a firm friend of general education, as an important factor in human improvement and man's redemption.

By Mrs. Seymour, of New London, Iowa:

The country was very new when we came to Danville, but there were some attractions. One of these was a family of Congregationalists—that of Mr. Samuel B. Jaggar, who had come from Connecticut with horses and wagon, bringing with his family his aged mother. We hoped there might be a Congregational church there at some time, and were very happy when Mr. Gaylord came and preached to us. We give the names of the twenty-six members who composed the church at its organization, June 29, 1839: S. B. Jaggar and wife, Cordelia Terrell, Harriet C. Hall, M. Corning, Anna Messenger, A. Higley, R. Gaylord and wife, H. Seymour and wife, T. K. Hurlburt, E. Messenger, Peter More, L. A. More, B. Mathews, Lydia Humphrey, J. C. Hitchcock and wife, J. H. Hitchcock and wife, M. Miner and wife, Rachel, Irena, and Clark Hitchcock. * * * Mr. Gaylord was greatly beloved by his people, and when he went to another field, we were truly left as sheep without a shepherd, and it caused much heartfelt sorrow.

By Mrs. U. C. Bosworth:

To a Catholic priest is ascribed the sentiment: Give me a child till he is eight years old and I care not who has him afterwards. Not always is it given to one to realize in his own case the molding influence of childhood's impressions. But in looking over Mr. Gaylord's papers and sermons the other day, the words, the expressions, the thoughts, fell into the old imprint which they had left upon the child's mind long years ago, and I suddenly recognized that, though I had not heard him preach since I was ten years old, the current of my life had taken direction and character from the deep channel, in the impressible mind of the little girl, through which had poured the tide of his strong thought.

ONE OF THE CHILDREN OF THE DANVILLE CHURCH.

MY DEAR MRS. GAYLORD:—Since the day that brought the news of your great sorrow, I have often thought of you very

tenderly; and would have come to you sooner, in this poor way, could I have found words to express my sense of your loss, and my sympathy for it. Now, I can only say, I know what death is, and know how hard it is to take up the burden of every-day life after a dear helper has gone. Shelter and comfort are found in the great Love that *never forgets*. May that Love cover you, until, in quiet peace, you reach the home, where hands interclasped here, shall be again united, where in immortal youth and never lessening joy, you stand in the light of a morning that shall know no evening.

With sincerest loving sympathy,

MARY R. ALLING.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

XII.

BY THE WAY.

1812–1880.

Oh, who can reckon up
The drops of life's strange cup,
The changes of our lot,
Remembered or forgot:
The noons and nights,
The shades and lights,
The ripples of the heart,
The comfort and the smart?
He only numbers them
Who counts each starry gem.

—*Bonar.*

He sought the scattered people of his God,
To preach to them of Jesus.

—*Willis.*

I hear a song, a song so sweet
I try all vainly to repeat
Its melody, and, failing, say,
"I'll *sing* it, if God wills *some* day!"
Some day, when journeying is done,
When earth is lost and heaven is won.

—*Selected.*

Let a man be firmly principled in his religion, he may travel from the tropics to the poles, and it will not catch cold on the journey.

—*Selected.*

Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs; for shadow as for sun
Our thanks are due, since that is best, which is.

—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XII.

Gleanings and Incidents.

Mr. Gaylord as a Sermonizer—Funeral Sermon of L. S. Jaggar—Characteristics—Incidents—Thoughts and Sayings—Memorial Sermon, March 20, 1870—Letter to Denmark Association—Memorial Sermon, May 7, 1876—Funeral Sermon of Col. William Kline—Last Sermon, January 4, 1880—Nebraska—Education—Fontanelle College—Norfolk—Miscellaneous.

MR. Gaylord was pre-eminently a Bible Christian, a Bible student, and a Bible preacher. He believed in Christ as a Divine Savior, whose atonement was all-sufficient to save a lost world. As a preacher he was practical, clear, forcible and thoroughly in earnest; always aiming in every sermon to show his hearers the true way of salvation. It was in Omaha that one said to him: "I never heard you preach a sermon, and I hear nearly all, that did not help me in some way." It was also in Omaha that a good Baptist deacon, who attended the Sabbath evening services, once took him by the hand after meeting, and said, "I think that sermon will *please the Master*." In Jalapa, Mr. S., a Baptist brother, who attended the Congregational church, of which his wife was a member, frequently responded during the sermon. This, Mr. Gaylord enjoyed, and often said it was a help to him.

When preparation was being made to leave the field in Iowa for a new one in Nebraska, a box of written sermons, the product of seventeen years of labor, was looked over. Some were saved, and the rest, at different times, consigned to the flames, with the remark: "Poor things! I wonder if they ever gave as much light before." When remonstrated with for destroying the hard work of so many years, he replied: "In going to a new country I may not have a

suitable place to study, and the temptation will be to neglect it. By destroying these I shall, to some extent, put this temptation out of my way."

It was his practice for many years, to prepare one written and one extemporaneous discourse for each Sabbath. As far as practicable, he made thorough preparation for the latter.

He was a great admirer of Paul, and loved to think the time would come when he could sit by his side on one of the heavenly hills, and they would have a good talk together.

He advocated the doctrine, which he fully believed to be a Bible truth, that the condition of every human being is unalterably fixed at death. This belief caused him to feel a deep anxiety and to put forth most earnest efforts on behalf of those to whom he ministered, and such was his feeling of responsibility, that, if they were still unsaved, he blamed himself as having been unfaithful. Sometimes, on returning from meeting, he would say in a tone of much sadness: "I wonder if that sermon will do *any good*."

Mrs. E. R. Kline says:

As a preacher, Mr. G. exhibited an intimate knowledge and clear conception of Scriptural truth, rendering his sermons highly edifying to the Christian, and admonitory to the sinner. Sound reasoning and kind expostulation were the prominent characteristics, and the intensity of his own feelings often excited a sympathetic emotion in his audience. In private conversation as well as in preaching he dwelt much upon the holiness and dignity of the Law of God, showing conclusively that its claims must be obeyed as an act of justice to the Eternal Lawgiver.

A few extracts from a sermon preached in Danville, Iowa, at the funeral of Mr. L. S. Jaggar, January 18, 1849, from Isaiah 26:3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee":

The Gospel proposes the only remedy for the trials of this changing world, and the only solace in times of affliction and distress. * * * The truth in the text is limited by no time and changed by no circumstances. Although it may not be as clearly discerned at one time as at another, yet it ever has stood, and ever will stand, as unchanged and unchangeable as the Divine nature. * * * The very associations connected with the word peace bespeak it as something very desirable. It is the opposite of war, the opposite of contention and strife. When man contends with his fellow man, it fills him with unhappiness, and calls into action some of the lower passions of his nature. In peace, these lie buried beneath the noble and more lovely traits of character. But more than this, man in his fallen state, is a restless, uneasy, dissatisfied creature. Not content with the present, he is ever reaching out for something beyond his grasp, and often while his cup is full of blessings, he is agitated with the fear of approaching evil. He feels that the objects of present enjoyment are in their very nature evanescent, and may soon be gone. Thus with multitudes it is true, that they are tossed upon life's stormy ocean, with no anchor to render them secure. Is man doomed to this continually? Must the dark clouds of dreadful uncertainty forever shut out the enjoyment of comfort and happiness? No. From behind the clouds a light shines so clearly as to dispel the darkness, and kindle within the anxious soul the cheering influence of hope and strong assurance. In the midst of all the disappointments of a changing world, God appears with His unvarying excellence, and invites His creatures to trust in Him. He holds out the bow of promise, and assures us that he that trusteth in Him is safe—"for thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." The peace here promised is perfect. In the original it is "peace-peace." It is perfect in kind, * * * perfect in extent, * * * perfect in duration—for all through life it will attend us, and in death's dark hour will be present and enable us to shout, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" And in that unseen world, which we must soon enter, it will fill us with unspeakable joy and blessedness.

I will present some examples of this peace, flowing from trust in God. The case of Abraham is exactly in point. He was commanded to offer up his beloved son Isaac, the child of promise, in sacrifice. We see him making all the arrangements and going forward to the place appointed with the utmost calmness. There is no agitation. He has an unwavering trust in God that sustains him and fills him with peace. And it may not be too much to say that these were among the happiest hours of this good man's life. * * * The three cast by Nebuchadnezzar into the fiery furnace; Daniel in the lion's den; Paul and Silas in prison, singing with their feet fast in the stocks, are beautiful examples of the influence of this peace; and all down the ages to the present time, numberless instances might be given of those who possessed this peace, and were sustained by it in the most trying circumstances.

This truth opens to *us* the only real source of comfort and strength in time of affliction. That event in God's providence which has gathered us here to-day, has clothed some of you in mourning and filled your hearts with sorrow. You mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father, one with whom you have long held sweet converse and gone to the house of God in company. He is no longer with you. His lips are silent in death, and you are about to bury his lifeless form out of your sight. Nature feels the stroke, and the unbidden tear tells how heavily it falls upon you. To the word of God you must go for consolation. Trust in the Lord. Look up and see His hand directing all the events of your lives. He appointed the time and manner for your friend to leave you, and you may be assured that it is in wisdom and goodness. Let God's voice call you to trust in Him, and stay your minds on Him at all times.

Death has again entered our community and taken one of the fathers. It has broken into the circle of this church and removed the oldest member of the little band. Mr. Jaggar, whose lifeless form is enclosed in yonder casket, was born on Long Island, the 3rd of September, 1783, and was consequently sixty-five years of age in November last. For ten and one-half

years he has resided in this state and in this community. * * Seven years ago last summer he connected himself with the Congregational church, and from that time has ever manifested the deepest interest in its welfare. Though feeling many infirmities, none were more constant in attendance upon the varied means of grace. His seat was always filled in the sanctuary, and in our circles of prayer he loved to mingle. How often has he said within the last few months, that he had but little time to stay here! His views upon some points of doctrine differed from ours, yet he built his hopes of salvation solely upon the atonement of Christ, and trusted in Him alone. In his last sickness he often said, "I have *no* trust but in Christ."

The commencement of his illness was very painful, which led him to say, "What a poor place to prepare for death!" He lingered till the nineteenth day, when he was released from suffering and weakness and from all imperfection and sin. A little more than a year since, death entered this family in a very sudden and unexpected manner. Now it has come again and its number is once more diminished. May we all be ready to obey the summons when God shall call for us, having our work done, and well done, so that death shall be disarmed of its terrors.

Mr. Gaylord was naturally open-hearted, honest and outspoken—had little patience with duplicity or deceit, or anything underhanded. Being a man of deep humility he was not ambitious for worldly distinction, and would never have chosen for himself "a chief seat in the synagogue," one of the "uppermost rooms at a feast," or asked the Savior for a seat "at His right hand" in an earthly kingdom. He had a natural love of approbation, was sensitive to the opinions of others, and could scarcely say with Paul, "With me it is a very small thing to be judged of man's judgment."

He left no diary of daily personal experience, and seldom kept any record of the number of conversions, persons received into the church, or weddings and funerals, for

he had no time. "The best men doing their best work, know peradventure but little of what they are doing, and the busiest lives often leave the smallest record of what they have done."

His kindness to animals was proverbial. In prosecuting his work as Superintendent, he sometimes drove his ponies fifty miles in a day, but if possible would stop at noon, and have the harness taken off that they might be well rested, besides being well fed. All of the brute creation about his home were domesticated. Toward the Indians, who were then very numerous and often troublesome, he was always patient and pitiful.

As has been stated, Mr. Gaylord was naturally of a cheerful, sunny disposition, inclined to look on the bright side. It was but seldom that he went down into the dark valley of doubt and discouragement, but, once entering this gloomy place he sometimes kept on until he had reached such depths of darkness, as to be almost literally in the "valley of the shadow of death." It was on one of these rare occasions, when more weary and worn in his work than usual, that he began to mourn in bitterness of soul over the unfruitfulness of his past life. As he looked back over the years and saw how little he had done for God, he was humbled in the dust, and his spirit weighed down with an unutterable sadness.

But "like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," and the Lord knew just what His servant needed at this time. Within a few days three letters were received, one from a lady who had given herself to missionary work, the others from two young men who had already commenced preaching the gospel. These had been members of his flock in Danville, reared under his ministry, and wished to assure him that whatever good they might do, would be the result of his faithful efforts to lead them to Christ. And with these letters the Comforter came,

and rolled the heavy clouds away from the discouraged worker.

In going down to Nebraska City, on the Iowa side, a deep slough was encountered which must be crossed. A man with a team was about to make the attempt, and Mr. Gaylord waited to see how he succeeded before driving in. But the man's horses refused to undertake what looked so formidable. Whipping had no effect, and the driver began to swear at them. Then they plunged forward in a great hurry, and Mr. Gaylord said to him: "I don't wonder that they started, to hear such language—I should think they would try to get away from it as fast as possible!"

Returning home at one time after being snow-bound two or three days, he came in, saying: "Please get me something to eat soon." The sound of his voice and one look hastened the fulfillment of this request. He had stayed where there was not much food, but what there was had been cheerfully shared with him.

In those early days of labor in Nebraska, musquitoes were plenty and well developed in the Missouri and Platte valleys, and he often suffered much by coming in contact with them. On one occasion, being entertained for the night at Decatur, a bed was made for him on the floor. Then some chairs were placed around it, over which the lady of the house spread musquito netting. For this protection he was truly grateful, but the pests covered the netting so thickly that their music kept him awake.

Soon after Governor and Mrs. Richardson had removed to Twenty-second and Webster streets, we started out one pleasant evening to call on them in their new home. Twenty-second street was then unimproved, and those beautiful residences which are now so numerous had not made their appearance. North of the high school building and on the west side of the road sumac and high weeds had

undisturbed possession. Mr. Gaylord was greatly interested in astronomy, and always loved to call attention to the heavenly bodies. As we walked slowly on he began to point out the constellations and to talk of them in a manner to excite much interest. He soon became so absorbed as to wander away from the path without being aware of it, and we were speedily entangled amongst the weeds and brush. Almost hopelessly bewildered, it was a long time before the road was found and we were able to pursue the right course toward our destination.

Mr. Gaylord was never backward in speaking to business men on the subject of personal religion when a fitting time and opportunity presented, but was watchful for such occasions, and careful to improve them. We believe there are those living who can testify to his faithfulness in this respect.

His generous and sympathetic nature was often manifested in acts of kindness, giving when he had the means to give, but always bestowing kind words and help when opportunity offered. Mr. A., who remained by his bedside till the last, said, with tears, "He was the best friend I ever had." During that last week of his life a two-horse wagon, which had brought a family to meeting, was taken apart in the evening by some mischievous boys. After service he assisted the owner in putting it together, staying with him till he could go home safely.

THOUGHTS AND SAYINGS.

Knowledge is important for a minister, but holiness of heart and life are indispensable.

Too many Christians in these days want to go to heaven in palace cars, and they sometimes run off the track and are wrecked. It is safer to go on foot like Bunyan's Christian and his friends.

He used to say it was hard to preach to a congregation where there was no singing, and often lamented his own inability to sing, but knew he would be able to sing in heaven.

Satan is almost sure to get into a choir. He hates the good influence of music in religious worship, and does what he can to spoil it by arousing jealousies, and bickerings, and differences of opinion among the members.

Dick, in his "Philosophy," draws a comparison between love in the *moral* world and attraction in the *natural* world. But there is one point, at least, in which his comparison will not hold good, for the power of love does not diminish as the square of the distance increases.

I have many serious thoughts in regard to the tendency among Christians to spend their money in luxury and self-indulgence. It seems to be God's plan to extend His cause by the help of His creatures — especially His children, and His blessing will follow the *right* use of the means He puts into their hands. I am convinced that there must be a change in the feelings and motives which influence Christians, before the church can make rapid advances in the world.

We sometimes know when we are in danger, but *never* when we are not.

He who made the heart can go down into its depths, and pour in the oil of joy and comfort, can administer the balm of consolation as no human being can begin to do.

The great day will be a revealer of secrets. But while this will bring anguish to multitudes, it may and *will* bring joy to the Christian. How often in this world does the child of God suffer unmerited reproach, have his motives impugned, or aspersions cast upon his character. Perhaps he may suffer injury or neglect from the very persons whose welfare he has promoted by self-denial, for whom he has prayed every day, and to whom he has often done good in a private, unostentatious manner. The book of God will show how much patience and self-denial he has practiced toward others for Christ's sake, and the reward to be his has been noted down.

Well, the Lord knows that *we* did that work, and I wish He knew we had done more than we have.

There is one kind of war which always ends in victory. In battles between contending armies it is often doubtful which side will win. There are no such doubts in the Christians' war fare. They are as sure to come off victorious as there is a God in Heaven. Paul says, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We must learn to meet all men on common ground, if we would be useful to them. So far as is *right* we should allow them their peculiar notions and views, and learn, like Paul, to "become all things to all men that we may, by all means, save some."

I am not surprised that you love astronomy. It is the most magnificent of all the sciences. No other affords such a range for the imagination, or is so well calculated to impress us with a sense of our own littleness. No wonder David exclaimed, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" It is a satisfaction to reflect that, if we ever get to Heaven, we shall prosecute this study under a Divine Teacher.

MEMORIAL SERMON.*

John 9:45—"I must work the works of Him that sent me," etc.

Psalms 48:12, 13—"Walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generations following."

This day brings us to a point of time when we are called upon to pause, look back and recall the lessons of the past, and lay to heart the teachings of divine Providence. We are

*Delivered in the Congregational church at Omaha, Sunday, March 20, 1870, by Rev. Reuben Gaylord, founder of the church.

[Many portions of this sermon and another memorial sermon given in this chapter are omitted, as the facts related are contained elsewhere in the book.]

assembled to-day as a church and congregation for the last time to worship in this house built for and dedicated to the service of the triune God. To me, perhaps appropriately, is assigned the duty of delivering the farewell discourse. As I was permitted to be the agent, in the hands of the Great Master, of gathering this church, and nursing it in its early years; as I was the leader to introduce them to this house, and preached the first sermon in it, so am I asked to preach the last.

And, as when we stand around the lifeless dust of a dear friend, we love to rehearse his history and associate with him all that is valued, so it is not inappropriate for us, in taking a long farewell of this place so dear to some of us, hallowed by so many tender emotions, to go back to early days, and let the intervening scenes pass in review before us. I have selected the two texts named as fitted to suggest such thoughts as should crowd upon us to-day.

Feeling sure that you will indulge me in some personal history on this occasion, I have chosen the first text as expressive of the feelings that led me to enter upon the work of preaching the gospel in Nebraska. Every man has a work, a mission. It is just as true in a sense, of every man now, as it was of Christ, who uttered these words in reference to himself. * * *

On Christmas day, fourteen years ago last December, we crossed the Missouri on the ice, and took up our abode for some weeks in an unfinished house on Capitol Avenue. This was the best we could find in the Omaha of 1855. The second legislature of the territory was in session here at that time, as Secretary Cuming, the acting Governor, had made Omaha the capital. This place remained the seat of the territorial government until we became a state, when it was removed to Lincoln. * *

In my commission I was guaranteed a salary of $600 for one year. No one who remembers the cost of living at that time will doubt that it took more than twice that amount to support my family.

On the 4th of May, 1856, at three o'clock p. m., in the Council Chamber, I organized the first Congregational church in Nebraska, with nine members, eight Congregationalists and one Presbyterian.

At that time the population of Omaha was about five hundred, and the first house on this plateau, a log cabin, built in August, 1854, was then standing. It was the old claim house, and when the city was surveyed it came in Jackson street, near Twelfth.

Having thus revived our recollections of those early days, and gone back to the germ of this church and society, "Let us walk about Zion, tell the towers thereof, consider her palaces, that we may tell it to the generation following."

Every church has a history that should be handed down; and a church, situated as this is at the very foundation of a new state, on the great highway of nations, if faithful, has an interesting history. Early in the year 1856 we resolved to arise and build. A location had been provided for us through the foresight of Rev. G. G. Rice, then laboring at Council Bluffs, Iowa. He selected the site of this present building, and the ferry company—the original proprietors of this city—donated it for a Congregational church, and put the title into his hands, which he passed over to us when we were ready to take possession. At that time a location more immediately among the people would have been better for us, as the settlement was mostly on the plateau between the bluffs and the river. But when we determined to build, who should gather the means and see that the work was done? Our business men were too much occupied to give their time to such a work. The minister must do it, or it will go undone. So I circulated a paper, raised a subscription once, twice, and I believe three times, collected the same, made contracts with the workmen, and attended to gathering materials. That was no easy matter. The saw mill in the northern part of the city, then owned by Mr. Salisbury, an old settler, was so besieged by those wishing to build, that to get the timbers as fast as they were needed, it was necessary to have a team at hand, and watch the timbers as they were thrown from the mill, load them at once, and draw them away to secure them at all. This I did repeatedly, while a member of my family was lying sick with fever, needing my attention, which I was able to give only as Dr. Miller (my family physician)

kindly volunteered to take my place in charge of the building. While this work was going on we were without any regular place for meeting. Occasionally service was held in the dining room of the Douglas House. By the 26th of October we had so far progressed with our building as to be able to occupy the vestry or basement room for worship, and six were added to our membership. There and then we reorganized our Sabbath school, with Mr. Kellom as superintendent.

During that autumn our youngest son drooped, and after a lingering sickness was laid away in his grave in the month of November. In the year 1857 the Boyd brothers finished the carpenter work on this building, the painting and graining of the seats was done, and the spire crowned with ball, vane and rod, and all being in readiness, on the 9th day of August of that year the dedication sermon was preached, from Psalms 90:16-17, "Let thy work appear unto thy servants and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea the work of our hands establish thou it."

In 1858 there was a marked degree of religious interest, and again in 1860. The latter revival was the outgrowth of a ministerial prayer meeting, leading to a union meeting participated in by all the churches in the city. It was held every night for several weeks, first in this house and then in the Methodist church.

The Episcopal church began its work in the summer of 1856, originating also in the old State House, next after the organization of ours. In June, 1857, an Old School Presbyterian church was formed, with Rev. Mr. Bergen as its minister, for a season, and a New School Presbyterian church was gathered in December, 1860, taking a portion of its members from this church. In the spring of 1864, as I was worn down by constant labor here and in the region—there being almost no laborers in this territory—I asked, and the church gave me a vacation for travel and rest.

While absent I consented to accept the appointment of agent of the American Home Missionary Society for Nebraska and

western Iowa, and in the autumn after my return, at the close of my engagement with this people I resigned my charge of this church. Including the original nine, I received into membership eighty in all, nineteen of them on profession of faith in Christ.

In building this house we placed it purposely on the rear of the lot, near the alley, so as to leave room for a larger and better building at some future time. There is a space of ninety-five feet between this building and Farnam street. I have always regretted that the original plan was not carried out. But its being occupied as it has been by the parsonage, and a debt incurred in erecting it, which always tends to increase rather than diminish, has led to that action which now compels us to retire from this spot, hallowed by many tender associations, and to go forth, not knowing where our resting place will be.

I must not omit saying that we were liberally assisted in the work of construction by the Congregational Union, to which, and the A. H. M. S., we are greatly indebted. In accepting the work thus providentially thrown upon me I determined to know nothing among you save Christ and him crucified. I was cheered and encouraged by the growth and prosperity of the first years here. Many young men found seats in this sanctuary, and attentive congregations met here from Sabbath to Sabbath. Then came days of darkness; in the reverses of '57 and '58 many left the place, and it seemed almost a struggle for life. But in the darkest hours I never lost faith in Omaha's future, for I felt sure that here at no distant day must be a large city, and that the prospect warranted sustaining the church. For years I felt the need of business men in the church and society, who were willing to give time to attend to its secular affairs. The presence of such helpers would have lifted from me a heavy burden.

I labored, and other men entered into my labors. When I closed there was no debt except to the Congregational Union, and that ought to be repaid at some time. I never favored this society incurring liabilities till the means were pledged to meet them. When the people could not pay their subscriptions for

my salary, I released them at the end of the year; used my own means when I could get them by selling property, or went without. If I had not made sacrifices of this kind I might be a rich man today. It is doubtless best for some reason that I should not be.

The work of the ministry has always been my work, and no other since I commenced preaching. I have never mixed up secular affairs with it. Those who were present and have known my life here, can bear me witness in this. I have always felt that if a man was called to preach the gospel, he should give himself wholly to it as long as he is able, not going into secular business. If a man is sent of God to do His work, he should do it as long as he can and do it well. I may add what I might have said elsewhere, that I came here at the age of forty-three, in perfect health, full of enthusiasm to do the work of Him that sent me.

Had we avoided this debt which is upon us, we might today be in possession of perhaps the choicest church location in this young city. But as you go forth to meet here no more, allow me to express the hope that you will so seek divine wisdom that you may be guided to a career of prosperity in the future that will enable this church to fulfill her high mission in this great center of business and trade. I want to say that I have borne this church on my heart for many years. It is and has been very dear to me, and I pray that it may long live to shed the fragrance of a holy example far and wide.

I have had much comfort in this house in ministering to you in the gospel. I have also had hours of deep anxiety for precious souls, and rejoiced over some born into the kingdom. But the work is done, and whether I shall ever address you again is known only to Him with whom is all knowledge.

May the blessing of God ever rest upon you. Amen.

OMAHA, Nebraska, October 22, 1873.—DEAR BRETHREN OF THE DENMARK ASSOCIATION: I have received notice that you propose to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the organization of your body on the 28th and 29th days of this month, also an invitation from the committee of arrangements to be

present. Finding it impracticable to be with you at the time specified, I send words of greeting and give such historical reminiscences of the Association as may occur to me at this time. It is well to gather up the scraps of history and hand them down to those who will soon take our places, and pleasant to go back in memory to those early days, and from the small beginnings trace the outgrowth and the harvests that have been gathered. Truly "the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation." It is appropriate to hold your meeting in Denmark, where the Congregational family first established itself west of the Mississippi. It was in the autumn of 1838 that I first visited Denmark, and was the guest of Rev. Asa Turner, then living in a small shanty, a little east of the present church building. While there I attended a prayer meeting at the house of Mr. Fox, if I recollect aright. It was an occasion of peculiar interest to me. The church in Denmark was then the only Congregational organization in the territory. The next church was formed by me at Danville, and in December, 1839, I organized the church at Fairfield, and in August following the one at Farmington—begun by Bro. Turner.

The time seemed then to have come for taking steps to organize an Iowa association. Accordingly I made a journey to Jacksonville, Illinois, to attend a meeting of the Illinois Association, and obtain letters of dismission for Bro. Turner and myself to unite in an association which we proposed to form in Iowa. In November following we met at Denmark, and organized the Iowa Congregational Association with three churches, Denmark, Danville and Fairfield, and three ministers, Revs. Turner, Gaylord and Reed. Rev. Charles Burnham, a Licentiate, was present. *There* was the germ of all that has since spread over, not only Iowa, but the vast region that stretches away toward the setting sun. Revs. Wm. Carter, Wm. Kirby and Mr. Morris, from Illinois, were present and assisted in the interesting services. These have all been called away by death, while those ministers who were the original members still live, yet not all of them in the state of their adoption. The work grew

rapidly on our hands, and our churches multiplied until we almost sank under the vastness of the field, no one coming to our help until the autumn of 1843. Then it pleased the great Head of the church to incline a goodly number of students in the Theological Seminary at Andover to come in a body to Iowa.

At the meeting of the association, held that year at Iowa City, action was taken to divide the territory into two minor associations. That portion south was called together at Denmark, November 2, 1843, and then and there we organized an association for the southern portion of the territory. At the same time we ordained those of the young brethren from Andover not previously ordained. The association took the name of Denmark from the place where Congregationalism in Iowa was born. This, to the few brethren on the ground, as I can testify, was a day of gladness and rejoicing.

I remember, dear brethren, with gratitude those years in which I was associated with you in labor. But God called me to another field, and in the eighteen years since I left your noble state, it has been my privilege to lay foundations further west, and to see our churches multiplied in Nebraska and in regions still more distant.

As we review the changes that have taken place during these thirty years, we see much to strengthen our faith in God, and to cause us to look forward with hope and high expectations to the years just before us. What hath God wrought? Go on, brethren, in your good work, and may Iowa be so permeated with the gospel that its healthful influence shall be felt even to the western ocean. Though not with you in person, I shall commune with you in thought, and my prayer is that the Divine Spirit may hover over you and make your meeting the occasion for great pleasure and profit to you, and to all the churches within your bounds. I shall ever remain,

Very truly your brother in Christ,

REUBEN GAYLORD.

From the Omaha *Republican:*

*TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Sunday, May 7, was set apart for the anniversary of the twentieth year of the founding of the Congregational church in this city. The following is a part of Mr. Gaylord's discourse:

The text is found in Deuteronomy, 8:1—"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

These words of the Jewish lawgiver are in perfect harmony with a well known law of our nature. Man is inclined to observe days, times and seasons, which commemorate or call vividly to mind important epochs in the history of individuals or communities; also events of personal interest, as for example the day of our birth, or that of some loved one, or again the day of the death of some dear friend. Such is the law of association that some object by being connected in mind with some other event or person helps—when seen or by its recurrence—to call to mind that event or person. Thus we celebrate the birth day of the father of his country, and by so doing associate with the 22d of February the virtue of a Washington, and the debt of gratitude the American people owe to him as their leader in the great struggle which gave existence to a free and independent nation, now about to commemorate its centennial.

The author of creation manifestly aims to utilize this leading propensity of the human mind, and turn it to man's highest profit. No sooner is the work of creation complete than the Sabbath is instituted, hallowed by the example of God Himself in resting from His labors on the seventh day, and by His reminding us of the finished work of creation, and since the resurrection of Christ, of that great fact, so closely allied to the work of man's redemption. As we pass on down the history of the race, we come to the Passover, which is of divine appointment, and which to the Jews recalled from year to year the great deliverance wrought for them from the hard bondage of Egypt. By this, with the other great feasts of yearly

*A Discourse delivered by Rev. Reuben Gaylord, May 7, 1876.

observance, as well as by the rites and ceremonies of their worship, God was educating them, and by degrees lifting up a rude people from heathenism and idolatry to the high rank of Christian civilization. As we come to the time of Christ, we find Him just before the crucifixion instituting an ordinance which was to be handed down to distant ages to keep Him in loving remembrance in the minds and hearts of His disciples. And as we trace the history of the church we find a growing disposition to multiply days till what was good in itself, and had its foundation deep in the human constitution, became grossly perverted, and ran into idolatry. For this cause, perhaps, we, as a religious denomination, have so few days to which a special importance is attached, and are led to give greater prominence to the simple spiritual worship of God. Still it is well at times and on special occasions to let the mind run back over the years that have fled. Such a day is this with us, and it is well to pause a little on this twentieth anniversary and remember the way in which God has led us, that we may take courage for future labors, gather new motives for fidelity, and thus be prepared better to meet our responsibilities in time to come.

Every church has a history of its own that should be transmitted to posterity. What to us may seem unimportant, may in time be sought for with the deepest interest. When in future years the history of Nebraska shall be written up, what was done here twenty years ago will make an interesting chapter. A good way to preserve this history is to observe this anniversary as we do to-day, and at such times to review the leadings of Divine Providence and treasure up the lessons of the passing years. New members are continually coming in, who do not know the early trials of this pioneer church—the struggles through which it passed in its days of feebleness, and it is well that they should know something of all this. Its growth is so closely associated with the growth of our beautiful city, that in speaking of one I must of necessity refer to the other. I wish I could carry you back for twenty years, and spread out before you Omaha as it then was. It was in its infancy, yet gave promise to some extent of what it has since become.

As you stood twenty years ago on the hill at the head of Farnam street and looked eastward, you would discover scattered here and there a few small inferior buildings, mostly erected in haste, while on the adjacent streets a mere beginning had been made. The foundations of the old capitol building were laid on yonder hill top, while that portion of this plateau on which we are now assembled was all an open prairie, where the wolves had free liberty to roam at their pleasure. Society was yet in its elementary state.

Thus early did this church begin its work as one of the molding elements in the structure of a permanent order of society. There are to-day over eighty of like faith in the state. Thus while "the little one" has not literally "become a thousand," the increase has been most gratifying. * * * Early in 1856 a congregational society was organized to act in connection with the church. It was composed in part of members of the church, and in part of men, *not* members, who knew the value of religious institutions to society. I see before me to-day one of those men, Dr. Miller, who, as a trustee of this society, aided us by his counsel and hearty co-operation. A very pleasant house of worship erected in 1856–7, and honored by the presence of the Holy Spirit, continued to be our place of meeting till the spring of 1870, when the property was sold. The lot on which our church building *now* stands was purchased and this house built. The Sabbath services were held for a season in Simpson's hall, on Fourteenth street, until this was ready for occupancy.

While some have died, it is something to make mention of with gratitude that so many still live. The first death that occurred in our list of members, was that of Edward P. Blodgett, who came to us in May, 1859, from Belchertown, Mass., and died the following September, in the Platte Valley, at a place known as Shinn's Ferry. The next was Robert A. Caldwell, who united with us in 1857, and died in California in 1860.

I next note the death of Mrs. Warren which occurred October 23, 1868. She united by profession of her faith and soon prepared for heaven in the school of suffering.

Mrs. Kean, formerly from Jamaica Plains, Mass., died in 1869. Dr. McClusky, who came to us from the Tabernacle Baptist church, of this city, also passed away in April, 1872, after a lingering sickness. In September, 1872, Miss Janet Ritchie died suddenly, and Mrs. Caroline Hyde finished her earthly pilgrimage in August, 1873. Mr. Henry A. Goodman passed from a long and painful sickness in October, 1873, to rest in the arms of a loving Savior. Since that, Mrs. Maria B. Ames has finished her course, but I have not the day or the year of her death. There are others who have been members with us who have removed their relation to other churches and have since died. Among them I may mention Mr. Samuel Strickland, whose name appears on our records as one of the clerks of this church, and who was for a season a deacon in the Congregational church at Gautemala; Mr. Gamble, who died in Michigan; Mrs. Brewster, who departed this life in the midst of her children at Irvington, this county; Mr. William Doolittle, who died at Greeley, Colorado. If I have overlooked any it is because I have not heard of their decease. From this it appears that only fourteen who have ever been connected with us have been removed by death during these twenty years. The original members still live, and four are yet among us. Truly, God has been merciful.

Among the early settlers I now recollect O. D. Richardson and family, A. D. Jones, Major Armstrong, Mr. Wyman, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwill, Dr. Miller, A. J. Poppleton, Gen. Estabrook, S. Cuming, A. J. Hanscom, G. M. Mills, Mr. Stevens, Gen. Thayer, Jesse Lowe, C. B. Smith, Mr. Salisbury, and others. These with their families were then the leading society of the place. I love to meet these old settlers. They seem to sustain a peculiar relation, as those who welcomed me to my new labors. Of these quite a number have passed away never to return. Still, occasionally these pioneers grasp hands in friendly remembrance of those early days and the scenes in which we mingled. How changed the scene as we look abroad to-day! What wonders twenty years have wrought! How many have joined our ranks and call this home!

I have enjoyed the rare pleasure of seeing this church grow up from its early beginnings, when I used to carry it in my arms, to its present strength and power for good. At times its growth has been more rapid, while again there have been crises—times of depression, yet none of absolute discouragement. The discovery of gold in the mountains, the war, in which this church was found true and loyal, the building of the Union Pacific railroad, each and all gave a new impetus to business and church life in Omaha. Col. Hammond, superintendent of the U. P. railroad, proved a friend to the church in her time of need. Rev. Mr. Sherrill came as a licentiate in the fall of 1869, and under his ministry the congregation has enjoyed a large measure of prosperity. It gives me pleasure to say, as I can truthfully, that this Christian household has always been blessed with harmony and peace, which has been one important element of its prosperity.

The original number in 1856 was nine. To-day, in 1876, there are enrolled over 200 names on our list. Four who had been members with us, and one of the original members among them, were dismissed in 1866, to unite in the organization of a church at Irvington, which has proved a vigorous off-shoot from this parent stock. I should not omit to mention that two, at least, of those who have been associated with us in past days, are now engaged in preaching the gospel. Bro. Todd is laboring in Iowa as an evangelist. The other is Mr. Samuel Jackson, who made a profession of religion in 1858, and left in 1860 for Canada, where he pursued his studies and entered the ministry.

The review of the past is well calculated to awaken a feeling of gratitude for the loving care of Him who has brought us on our way so prosperously. The foundations have been laid. The church has taken deep root and needs only the presence of the Holy Spirit in large measure to fit her to become a mighty power for good. As the tree has its time of growth, both in the root and top, and then fruit is expected, should it not be so with the church? As the pioneer church of Nebraska, the mother of a numerous offspring, on this twentieth anniversary,

will you not take a new departure, and seek renewed consecration and devotion to the cause of the Master?

Thus memory has been busy calling up the past, but God has not given us any faculty corresponding with memory by which we can look into the future. That is known only to Him, to whom secret things belong. But as the months and the years come hastening on they will be yours to improve by faith and to fill up with a Christian activity. May the coming twenty years witness that consecration to God which will cause you to abound in Christian graces, and may those who come to take our places rise up and bless our memory.

The pulpit had been beautifully decorated with flowers, while the suggestive motto, "1856 and 1876," in figures of evergreen, ornamented the wall in the rear of the pulpit. A number of reminiscences of those pioneer days prior to Mr. Gaylord's arrival, and while the first steps were being taken to found the society and build a church, were given by Gov. Richardson, while Dr. Miller gave a very interesting account of how the first settlers and members lived, his experience dating back as far as 1854. He mentioned in a graphic manner the first church edifice erected, and how proud it made them feel when it was finished. Gov. Richardson then presented to Mr. Gaylord a handsome sum of money contributed by the members of the society and prominent citizens, when the exercises of the anniversary closed, and the benediction was pronounced.

Selected portions of a sermon preached at Fontanelle, July 29, 1877, after the sudden death of Col. William Kline. Text—Ecclesiastes I:12, "For man knoweth not his time."

In certain directions human knowledge is very circumscribed. Of one thing we are well assured—all men are mortal, and "It is appointed unto man once to die." The truth has been brought to our thoughts by the providence which has occurred in our midst, which has most deeply moved the hearts of this people and clothed one of our families in mourning. * * * On Wednesday morning last Col. William Kline

left his home in usual health. Having procured a load of wood, he was returning, and while coming down the hill south of his house, the sad accident occurred, which caused his death in about two hours. He was brought to his home, yet able with his mind clear to converse with his wife, and to give her such directions in regard to his business affairs, and make such statements as to his future hopes, as the hour seemed to call for, and then about eleven o'clock his spirit took its departure, and his lifeless form occupied the place where he had so recently moved about, the life and joy of his home. * * * With Mr. Kline that hour of nine in the morning of Wednesday was a solemn hour. God met him, and there in the shade of the trees, feeling that the summons had come, what think you were his reflections? Imagine yourselves in a like condition, how would you feel? It would be interesting to know what passed between his soul and God, in that hour which intervened between the injury and his being brought to his home. * * * God's voice in this dispensation is to us, "Be ye also ready," "For man knoweth not his time." * * * When the word went forth as with telegraphic speed, "Mr. Kline is killed," the whole community was shocked, and thought was busy. He was not an obscure man who had fallen, nor one who had but a slight hold upon the hearts of this people, but one of the oldest of our citizens; one who had been with us from the very inception of this place; one, too, who shared in an unusual degree the confidence and esteem of the people far and near. He was a man endowed with a kindly heart, ready to help those in need, not only by his counsel but by his means. He, so prominent, so greatly beloved, is suddenly removed from the activities of life, and business stands still while young and old gather to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to our deceased citizen and friend. * * *

It is a long time since this community has been visited with death in any form. * * * At the very commencement of my labors among you, more than eighteen months since, the grave opened to receive the precious dust of a wife and mother, a member of our church. Since then God has tried us by His

goodness, sparing life to an unusual degree. Now there is a change in His administration. But he comes not in judgment, for there is nothing in this providence that looks like a judgment, showing marks of the Divine displeasure. But He comes in admonition, saying, "Stand in awe and sin not;" "Man knoweth not his time;" "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." God calls upon us most clearly to hear His voice. May we so heed this call that it shall not be necessary for Him to repeat the lesson. * * * We may see in the life and character of the deceased, the value of early religious education and influences. Col. Kline was born at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. His parents were members of the Presbyterian church, and they dedicated this child to God in baptism as believers in the covenant, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." It is to be presumed that in consistency with their profession and conduct in this act, they felt their obligations to instruct their children in the great truths of revelation. I seem to see him now, listening to the instructions of a loved mother and kneeling at the family altar, while the father commends his dear ones to the care and keeping of his Father—God. Here no doubt were implanted those principles which proved a safeguard to our friend as he mingled in the various and busy scenes of life, and made him the conscientious and upright man which we all knew him to be. He spent six years of his life in New Orleans, a place calculated to test a man's character and principles severely.

After the discovery of gold in California, Mr. Kline went to that then far off land, and remained three or four years. In those days not a few who had been members of churches in the states, made shipwreck of their Christian character. It needed a strong anchor to hold them to the right, and that anchor with Col. Kline was undoubtedly those impressions and influences that he received under the parental roof. He came to Nebraska in 1854, at the beginning of settlement in our new state. His manner of life, his conscientiousness, his fidelity as a citizen to the interests of society you all know. * * * Our friend had a firm reliance upon the great truths of revelation. He

was a constant attendant upon the worship of God, and was often at the weekly evening service of prayer. During our meetings last winter and spring his mind seemed deeply interested, and I did indulge the hope that he would take his stand decidedly and openly among the professed friends of the Redeemer, but he was not demonstrative in his nature. Many, no doubt, with the same depth of feeling that he carried from day to day, would have openly espoused the cause of Christ.

But his work on earth is done; he has fulfilled his mission, and he no more goes in and out among us. As a community we feel afflicted, and mourn. * * * This Providence speaks to men of business, heads of families, and says, "Set thine house in order." How important that we have the business book of life posted up each night, and how all-important that we be ready at any time to go to our own account. When Mr. Carpenter first found him he says, "My business affairs are in a very unsettled state." He had intended next week to put them in better shape. "Tell Mrs. Kline," he said, "to give me a decent burial, pay the debts, collect what is due me, and take all that is left, for it belongs to her." Had this been done, or had he made a will in due form, a great burden would have been taken away from those solemn hours. * * * Let me commend this thought to you my hearers, who are in the midst of life's activities and cares, and who have families dependent on you. Had it been told us, one week ago, that one of our number would be removed from the scenes of time, who would have selected the one who has fallen? He was in the full vigor of manhood, not yet sixty years of age, and a man of correct habits. * * *

We see by this how closely we are bound together, and how widely such a sad occurence makes itself felt. A familiar tie draws very near to each other those who were pioneers in this new state. Passing through similar experiences in laying foundations, when one is called to give up life's work and burdens, his death touches a tender chord in those who survive. Deep and universal is the sorrow throughout this entire community, and through all this region, where he was so widely known.

And to-day his brothers and sister in Ohio are stricken with grief over the sad intelligence. But there is one place of which I have not spoken, the home where he dwelt, and one heart most deeply bereaved, the heart entwined with his by years of loving and faithful companionship. There is a depth of sorrow there, which none can fathom; human sympathy is too weak to meet the case. How precious in such an hour is that religion which lifts the wounded heart up to God, and how tender the words of that Savior, who said to his sorrowing disciples when overwhelmed with grief, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God; believe also in me." This religion can and does sustain in hours of deepest sorrow. After returning from the funeral on Wednesday, I received a letter from an earnest Christian lady in Iowa, a lady of culture and refinement, who has experienced one sorrow after another, until the words of the poet have proved true in her case, "Woes love a train, they tread each other's heel." Made a widow by a sad calamity, deprived of her property by perjury and fraud, now, after a sickness of three months in Massachusetts, she recovers only to find her eyesight destroyed. She has returned to a son in Iowa, blind and in poverty, but she writes thus, "I have prayed earnestly in the darkest hours, that I might always believe in the goodness of God." One night some years ago, a mill belonging to a friend of mine was destroyed by fire, taking away his property invested therein, which was his all. "But," said he, "when I returned home and saw that God had spared my wife and little children, I was thankful and happy." Blessed Christianity! that can give that "peace which passeth all understanding" in time of the direst calamity. * * *

But there is mingled in this bitter cup the comforting fact, that after such a fearful and fatal injury, our friend should live for two hours, with his mind so clear that he was able to converse with his companion, who asked him if it was all right for the future with him, and to whom in that honest hour he replied: "It is all right. We shall spend a happy eternity together." * * * * * * It may be, my hearers, that some of you remember the vision that John saw, as recorded in the fifth

chapter of Revelations, a book written and sealed up, and which contained the great events yet in the future. No one in heaven, or in earth, or under the earth, was able to open and read the book. In this we are taught that the knowledge of the future is with God. It is impossible for man or angel to penetrate it, for it lies beyond their reach.

Portion of a sermon preached at Fontanelle the first Sabbath of 1880, the last Sabbath of his life:

Ecclesiastes 9: 10.—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

As we read the text these questions arise: How to work? When to work? What is to be done? What motives should inspire us? Then we may consider the designs of our action and the end toward which we are tending. Man's native condition and capacity for activity are expressed in the words *do, do it.* No sooner had God formed man out of the dust of the earth and breathed upon him His own life-giving breath, than He gave him a work to do, which was to care for the Garden of Eden, to dress it and keep it in order.

When the children of Israel, in their flight from Egypt, stood trembling on the shore of the Red Sea, because of the dangers in the way, God's direction to Moses was, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." In *this* was their safety. "Go forward." Do what is needful. Through the Old Testament history we find work laid out for the people and when for a short time they were not employed, they were at once guilty of out-breaking sin. While Moses was up in the Mount before God, they rejected him. Then they prevailed upon Aaron to make them a golden calf for their worship.

It appears implied in the text that we seek for suitable work. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do." Each person should seek for such employment as he is best fitted to perform. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" As this is true in worldly matters it is also true in our religious duties in the service of God.

Opportunity imposes obligation. The Samaritan, who kindly provided for the man who fell among robbers and was left nearly dead, acted upon this principle. The priest and the levite who passed by on the other side and left him to suffer, neglected their imperative duty. The opportunity of helping a neighbor who is in distress or peril makes our duty plain. Equally, the opportunity of helping the cause of Christ, by sustaining the institutions of the gospel at home or by sending it to the dark corners of the earth, places us under religious obligations which we cannot disregard and be guiltless.

When Saul, on his way to Damascus, saw the great light and heard the voice of Jesus speaking to him, immediately he went about the Savior's work. Saul's native constitution was full of active energy. He now wished to find the path of Christian duty. Christ, our perfect pattern, said: "I must work the works of Him who sent me, while it is day." Also, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." God constantly superintends, directs and controls all things. Not the slightest action of any of his creatures escapes His watchful eye. He said, "Let us make man in our image." He made man to be active. The object to which we devote our energies determines our character as God sees it. The whole spirit of the word of God shows that man is to work.

"Do it with thy might." Earnestness in the work should appear. We should realize the importance of our work. When the man of the world sets his mind upon the attainment of wealth he works early and late. He avails himself of every facility within his reach. He considers carefully the most successful methods of accomplishing his designs. The politician will work with diligence day and night to secure an office or carry a party measure. Now let us, as Christians, use the same earnest efforts to advance the Savior's kingdom, to win others to Christ and heaven.

When are we to work? Just now. At once. The first Sabbath in the year is a good time to begin. We should work now because our time is short. Soon we may be silent in death. "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave," to which we are all hastening.

Let us briefly look at the work to be done. Christ's great commission was issued to all. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." More than eighteen hundred years have passed since that commission was issued, signed, sealed and delivered, yet millions of persons in the world are without the gospel. The work of the Christian is to win those around him to Christ, and to make the gospel known to the heathen world. God has set the seal of his approbation upon this work of His people by pouring out of His Spirit upon the mission fields. At home these streams of benevolence have been swelling. Old debts have been paid. The missionary boards began this year with a clear balance sheet, and with good courage for still more vigorous assaults upon the kingdom of darkness. May the Spirit of God breathe upon the fires already kindled, and the silver and the gold be consecrated to this cause.

I wish now to take a look at the past year as it respects this people. The year opened with clouds and darkness. How different the feeling at its close. God has crowned it with his goodness and mercy. The season has been favorable, the harvest abundant. All hearts should overflow with gratitude. Health has been the rule and sickness the exception. One sad providence aroused us. You remember how we were gathered in this house to pay the last tribute of respect to one who was suddenly killed, and brought here where he formerly resided for sepulture. His sad death in the prime of life and activity seems to say, "Do with thy might what thy hands find to do."

What shall I say of our work as a church? Of its record? Are you satisfied? I think not. But here we stand, on the threshold of the opening year. Will you take up your Christian work, my hearers, with earnestness? With a deep sense of your need of Divine help? This year will doubtless bring many changes. The motions of the bodies of our solar system will bring with the onflowing year no less than six eclipses. The first will be only partial with us. It appears wonderful that man can predict these eclipses with such extreme precision. But God's great laws are *all* precise and uniform. Every one

of His arrangements will be just so strictly fulfilled. We have also this year to go through the trying process of a presidential election. The growth of our nation is great. Now let us look at personal responsibility, and individual interests, not only in this world, but beyond the grave; for after death comes the judgment.

A BRIEF NOTICE OF EDUCATIONAL WORK IN NEBRASKA.

The first settlements of Nebraska were made along the Missouri river, from the Kansas line north. It is about seventy-five miles in a direct line from the southern boundary to the mouth of the Platte river.

The wonderful resources of the state, which developed as fast as the population poured in, account in some measure for the rapid growth which it was destined to have. But probably it is due, yet more, to the various laws which encouraged immigration, and continually urged each newcomer one step beyond his latest predecessor, that he might find lands still unclaimed.

To-day, the state to its farthermost bounds is being turned into a very garden of the Lord—thanks to the brave men and women who endured many hardships to make homes for themselves. The laws referred to are mainly three: The pre-emption act of September, 1841; the homestead law of May, 1862, and the timber claim of July, 1870. This last act gives peculiar privileges to all soldiers who served in the war of the rebellion and remained loyal to the government.

By the liberality of the general government, Nebraska was endowed with double the amount of school lands previously given to any other state, the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township being set apart to create a permanent school fund. Before Nebraska became a state, schools were principally sustained by a tax on property.

The first public school in Omaha was begun in the

autumn of 1859, with Mr. Howard Kennedy as city superintendent. The board of directors was composed of four of our citizens, with Mr. Van Nostrand as *ex-officio* clerk. Two of the schools were held in the old State House on Ninth street, another on Douglas and Thirteenth, and another near the old military bridge. Mr. Kennedy and two ladies taught in the State House, and the other schools were in charge of ladies. Previous to this, as early as 1856 or '57, Mrs. Smith, from the state of New York, kept a private school in the basement of the Congregational church. Some of those first lady teachers who still reside in Omaha, must look back with satisfaction to their work in educating the intellect, and forming the characters of the children and youth who came under their influence in those early days.

From the Omaha *World:*

CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

"One by one I've seen the old land-marks wiped out of existence to make room for more pretentious structures, but the destruction you see going on over yonder grieves me more than any I've witnessed in Omaha during my lifetime of residence here."

The speaker was one of the "boys born in Omaha," who was the companion of the *World* reporter on the way down Farnam street from the Court House the other day. He gazed longingly at what was left of the old brick church that was resurrected, as it were, when the old City Hall was torn down to make room for the magnificent new building to be erected by the Commercial National Bank. Early residents remember well the brick meeting house that stood alone for years on the half block that will soon contain two of the finest buildings in the west.

"In the basement of that old church I spent one of the happiest years of my boyhood," spoke the "Omaha boy" as he watched the workmen hurriedly demolishing all that remained of the structure. "I was only seven years of age at the time, but I

remember it well, for it was the first school I ever attended." "Do you know, Mr. *World* man, that I don't like to see that whole block of ground covered with buildings?" he continued, bracing himself against the Board of Trade building.

The old church was quite a structure in its day, and was completed in 1857. Reminiscences and recollections are very well in their way, but the march of improvement cares very little for the land marks from which they spring, and this was one of the dearest of the old land marks.

This first Congregational church, once so dear to its founder and to those who worshiped there, was taken away during the present year (1889.)

Those of Mr. Kennedy's pupils, now in active life, retain a very pleasant remembrance of his agreeable and successful methods of teaching, which seemed so well adapted to their needs and capacities.

When Prof. Beals came, in 1861, the public money had all been expended and no more was available. With much experience in teaching and excellent qualifications for it, he opened a private school on Douglas street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, and afterward on Douglas street in what had been the Hamilton House. Prof. Beals has often since held the position of principal. He has been in an eminent degree a thorough and successful instructor, and is still engaged in his chosen vocation.

In 1868 and 1869 the Seagrave brothers taught with crowded rooms, but subsequently the public schools made private instruction to some extent unnecessary. Mr. Gaylord will be remembered by those who knew him best, as greatly interested in education, and always a helper and at home in the midst of any well-laid plans for its advancement. Among many others who have not been alluded to, we mention Mr. Kellom, whose good work as principal and teacher in the high school will not soon be forgotten.

In 1864 a young ladies' school, under the patronage of

the Episcopal church, was commenced at Saratoga, in the north part of the city. In 1867 it was transferred to Sixteenth street and named Brownell Hall, for Bishop Brownell, of revered memory. In 1886 the present commodious and beautiful building was erected on Tenth street, one-fourth of a mile south of the Union Pacific railway station, and was completed and occupied in January, 1887. "The building is a model of perfection in all its arrangements for the comfort and convenience of both teachers and students."

Throughout the state, Doane College at Crete, Gates College at Neligh, and Franklin and Weeping Water academies are doing good work.

The Catholics have many educational institutions, Creighton College ranking highest among them. St. Mary's Convent, on St. Mary's avenue, was one of the first, and dates back to the early beginnings of Omaha. But its walls were taken down and the building has entirely disappeared. Other of the old landmarks are also fast melting away. And the early residents, too, those who endured the hardships necessary to lay the foundations upon which the Omaha of to-day is built, are one by one passing over into the beyond. May they all be prepared to enter through the golden gates into that glorious city "whose builder and maker is God," and may the generation already beginning to occupy their places not forget the silent ones, to whom they owe so much of their present happiness and prosperity.

FONTANELLE COLLEGE.

Soon after congress had organized the territory of Nebraska, and had appointed officers for its government, a few citizens of Quincy, Ill., conceived the idea of planting a colony in the newly organized territory. In accordance with this plan, they formed a company with printed laws and regulations, to be known as the Nebraska Colonization Company. The payment of one hundred dollars was the

price of admission to membership and company privileges. In July of that year (1854) a prospecting committee was sent out to locate territory for settlement of the colony, and select a site for a municipal town. Hon. J. W. Richardson, one of the party, was secretary and field reporter to take notes of the journey. They traveled with wagons, camping on the prairies at night, and after crossing the Missouri followed the divides, going by way of what is now Fort Calhoun, until they came to the high bluffs of the Elkhorn river. Here they looked down upon the Platte and Elkhorn valleys united, making a broad and fertile valley ten miles wide. The Elkhorn, pursuing its winding way, skirted with timber, could be traced for a long distance, and, looking across the valley ten miles away, the eye rested upon the high bluffs of the Platte river, adding a very pleasing variety to the fine scenery.

This prospecting party represented the professor, merchant, banker, lawyer, clergyman and farmer. But as they stood there together on that summer day in 1854, all were so captivated by the scene of wondrous beauty and fertility that they selected it as the site of their embryo city, and the surrounding country for future homes for the families of the colony. They purchased the right of possession of Logan Fontanelle, a chief of the Omaha tribe of Indians, giving him one hundred dollars to keep their claim until they should return.

The report of these explorers was favorably received by the Colonization Society at Quincy, and Mr. Richardson was appointed as their agent to return and take possession of their land for them, cause cabins to be built for the settlers the ensuing spring, and to use his influence in the coming territorial legislature to procure a college charter for the Baptist colony, many of them being members of the Baptist churches in Quincy and vicinity. In October he returned to the New Eldorado, accompanied by his wife (now Mrs. E. R. Kline). The town was named Fontanelle in honor of

the Omaha chief. Logan Fontanelle was a half-breed, his father being French. He was educated at St. Louis, and spoke English fluently. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, Col. Kline, Mr. Seely, and some others, spent the winter of 1854-5 at Fontanelle.

This winter the territorial legislature was organized and held its first session in Omaha. The company at Quincy instructed their agent, Judge Richardson, to use every effort to secure the location of the territorial capital at Fontanelle. They also sent two of their number to Omaha to work for that interest during the session of the legislature. In November Dr. M. H. Clark was elected councilman to the legislature, and Judge Richardson and Col. Doyle representatives from Fontanelle. But their efforts to secure the capital of the new territory were unsuccessful, as the prize was given to Omaha. They succeeded, however, in obtaining a charter for a Baptist college to be located there, under the "Name and style of Nebraska University."

The Colonization Company at Quincy, when they first designed planting a colony in this new land, conceived the idea of an institution of learning in which their own and other children and youth might have the opportunity of obtaining a thorough education. When this charter was granted they felt that a most desirable point had been gained toward the consummation of their plans. During the session a bill was introduced chartering the "Platte Valley and Pacific R. R. Company." On the 16th of February, 1855, Dr. Clark, chairman of the committee on corporations, presented a report of great ability, which contained the following prediction: "It is the belief of your committee that before fifteen years have transpired, the route to India will be opened through this valley, and the way across this continent will be the common highway of the world." Fourteen years and three months from this date the golden spike was driven which completed the Union Pacific Railroad.

During the winter the company at Quincy were making

preparations to come out in a body and take possession of their new homes. An erroneous idea had prevailed that the Platte and Elkhorn rivers could be used for navigation. With this object in view the company secured a small steamer, and a portion of them, with their families and effects, embarked at Quincy in the spring of 1855. They ascended the Missouri safely until they were near the mouth of the Platte river. Here the boat struck a snag and was completely wrecked. The lives of all were saved, but the cargo was nearly a total loss. Escaping from the wreck, the colonists hired wagons to carry them to Council Bluffs where they remained three weeks. From there a few returned to Quincy and the rest procured teams to take them to Fontanelle.

In July, 1856, a straggling party of Sioux Indians came suddenly upon the camp of some parties who were opening a farm one mile south of town. They killed the men and rode off with the provisions. They were a portion of the party who, that same month, killed Logan Fontanelle, the Omaha chief. He was hunting, and becoming separated a little from his band, was attacked by these warriors. He defended himself bravely, but after killing three of the Sioux, fell, pierced by fourteen arrows. This alarm sent some of the settlers back to the states, thus diminishing the colony in numbers. The governor sent out troops from Omaha for protection, who were stationed in Fontanelle during the fall and winter, but it was some months before the settlers felt secure from further attacks.

In the meantime, more Congregationalists came into the colony, and the church was organized. The summer following, a school was commenced in a building temporarily erected for the purpose, which was also used for public worship on the Sabbath. The Baptist brethren had become somewhat reduced in numbers and had not put up a building for their educational enterprise.

We give some extracts from Mr. Gaylord's address on

laying the foundation of the building for the preparatory department of the college in July, 1858:

We are assembled to-day to inaugurate an important enterprise—to rear the first building for an educational institution which we trust is to grow with our growth, and flourish with increasing vigor when its projectors and present patrons shall be silent in death. We behold gathered here a deeply interested assembly to lay the foundation of an edifice which is regarded as the germ of a mighty agency for good, the first link in a chain of influence that is to reach far into the future. You recognize and associate with this, the law of progress which pervades all nature, and thus are led not to despise the "day of small things." The growth of empires illustrates this law.

Rome had its beginning although its true origin is concealed in fable. But its progress to the highest pinnacle of greatness was the work of centuries. So it is with us as a nation, and the operation of this principle is seen in the progress of those institutions and agencies which are calculated to elevate man in the scale of being and develop to the utmost the intellectual and moral powers of this, the noblest work of God. Thus to develop man's faculties is the work of education, and in a well ordered system of education the college occupies a most important place. In a new state, where form and character are to be given to society, it is all important that early and well directed efforts be made to found these institutions of learning.

Such was the view which the early settlers of New England took of this subject. Many of them occupied a high rank as educated men, being graduates of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford in Old England. Scarcely had they arrived in this western world before their thoughts were turned to the establishment of a college. Their great object in coming to America was to plant a pure faith and build up churches on the firm basis of the gospel. To accomplish this they justly regarded a pious and educated ministry indispensable, and were convinced that to secure an adequate supply of ministers, they must make provision for their education at home.

In accordance with these views a college was commenced at

Cambridge, near Boston, in 1638, which took the name of Harvard University, from Rev. John Harvard. At a later period, in 1700, Yale College was commenced, first at Saybrook, but afterward moved to New Haven. The first contribution was a library of forty volumes. Each of the eleven trustees gave a number of books, and laying them on a table said, "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." Other donations were given in money, lands, goods and books. The early settlers in their deep poverty gave as they could for the endowment of their cherished institution. Such was the beginning of Yale College. One hundred and thirty years after, it had sent forth about four thousand five hundred educated men, among whom were members of all the learned professions in the state of Connecticut, and no less than twenty-six presidents of American colleges. * * * * * *

Within the last few years settlement and civilization have extended far on toward the setting sun. Twenty years ago the Indian title, unextinguished, reached to within forty miles of the Mississippi, and Iowa had a population of 18,000. The Iowa Congregational brethren, after much deliberation, chose Davenport as the place to found their college. To-day, we meet at a point three hundred and fifty miles west of that place. The swelling tide of population has broken in upon this region of surpassing beauty and fertility, and already, far to the west of us, the virgin soil of Nebraska is made tributary to the support of man. * * * * * * * * *

We are gathered here, many of us of New England birth and ancestry, to transplant from the Puritan nursery a young and healthful tree, expecting it to receive that care and culture which will insure its future growth. Our work to-day may seem small, but when viewed in its true design and relations is worthy to enlist our largest energies and most persevering efforts. Ours is foundation work. It is so in all departments of labor, and the corner stone is the most important in the foundation. This we now lay.

The *corner stone*—the beginning of the temple of science and literature. To this posterity will look as the commence-

ment of a practical effort to provide for the youth of our territory the benefits of a liberal education. We expect this institution, so auspiciously begun, to advance in obedience to the law of progress we have contemplated, and to be deeply seated in the affections of the people of this place, and of the Christian and liberal-minded people of the territory and future state.

I desire now to turn your attention briefly to the past, and to trace the steps by which we have led up to our present position.

At the first meeting of Association held at Fremont, in 1857, the subject of taking steps for a literary institution was brought forward, and, after a careful consideration, it was resolved that it is now expedient to lay the foundations for a literary institution of a high order for Nebraska. In November a special meeting of the trustees of the Baptist University, eleven in number, was called to consider the resolutions passed by the Congregational Association.

The result of this conference was that in February, 1858, the University became the Congregational College of Nebraska. This Baptist institution which had received its charter from the first territorial legislature, proposed through their committee to give over to a board of trustees appointed by the association, all their property and interest, provided such association would erect a building for a preparatory school of size sufficient to accommodate one hundred pupils, open a school in October next, and within five years would also cause to be erected a college building of suitable dimensions and architectural proportions. The Nebraska Colonization Company proposed, on the same terms, to donate to said board of trustees their title to one hundred and sixty acres of land on the southeast of town, and the citizens of Fontanelle and others contributed about sixty town lots, forty acres of land four miles from town, and seven hundred dollars in money, labor, and building materials. This, taken in connection with the situation of this place for beauty, health, its relation to other parts of the territory, the character of its citizens, and the interest shown in the enterprise, induced

the association to accept the proposals, and the contract was duly signed and ratified by the parties. In accordance with and fulfillment of that mutual agreement this work is now begun. The location is deemed a favorable one because it is removed from those temptations to evil and dissipation which gather around a commercial town, where business is the great absorbing interest.

The work we have undertaken is to build up a literary institution of a high order, and to place it under such religious influences as will be calculated under God to develop man's physical and intellectual powers in proper proportion, and to bring all under the control of his higher nature, which fits him not only to enjoy but to bless. It is to be under the supervision of a board of trustees, appointed by the Congregational Association of Nebraska. * * *

Some may think we are premature in our efforts to lay so early the foundations of such an institution. Should this be the case I would say in reply, we are only acting in concert with the wisest and best minds in all the different periods of our country's history. Harvard University was founded only eighteen years after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. "The ends for which our fathers did chiefly erect a college," says Increase Mather, "were that so scholars might be educated for Christ and His churches, and that they might be seasoned in their tender years with such principles as brought their blessed progenitors into this wilderness." With similar views and feelings have those institutions established at the west within the last thirty years been founded. They have been begun with prayer and faith in God, and an earnest desire for His glory.

That was an enlightened zeal and wise policy which led Sturtevant and others within the walls of Yale Seminary, in 1827, to conceive the idea of founding a college for the state of Illinois. What was Illinois then? In some respects it was not so far advanced as Nebraska is now. Wonderful has been the growth of the west. Fourteen years have given Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota to the number of states, to which Kansas and Nebraska are soon to be added. A mighty tide of emigra-

tion, borne by the locomotive to our borders, will soon spread over these fertile plains. No. We have not begun a day too soon. With a deep sense of the importance of our work, with a firmer faith in that God from whom all prosperity comes, we now lay the foundations of an institution for the promotion of Christian education, and for the good of the church and the world. And may that God whose we are and whom we serve crown the undertaking with ultimate and glorious success.

In a note appended afterward Mr. Gaylord says:

This building for the preparatory department is nearly completed, and will be opened for the admission of students by the 20th of October, this year. It is forty by twenty-six, two stories high, with a cupola in which is to be placed an academy bell, the gift of friends in Cincinnati.

Following the year 1859 a combination of circumstances proved unfortunate to the college and town—hard times caused by the reverses of those years, which brought financial depression all over the country, and the Indian scare, which took away for a time nearly all the principal citizens.

The Indian scare is known as the Pawnee war. It was begun in consequence of the whole tribe leaving their villages and camping on the Elkhorn river near Fontanelle, where they soon committed depredations which were very inconvenient for the settlers. Many families left their homes and fled to Fontanelle for safety. Companies were formed and the Indians were pursued. Gov. Black accompanied the expedition, which was under the direct command of Col. Thayer, now Governor of Nebraska. Some Indians were captured and a very few killed.

But there were men who, during these three or four years, stood firm in the midst of the darkness, and without complaining, bore the heavy burdens, never looking for, or expecting any personal reward. There were the long journeys to attend trustee meetings, often and at all seasons—the snows and cold of winter or the heat of summer did not

hinder, and sometimes the giving of a little money from private purses, which were never heavy. But perhaps these were strengthened by being able to say, "Surely my work is with the Lord and my judgment with my God." Among these names is that of Deacon Corliss, of Fontanelle, who is still living. When there was no minister he conducted services on the Sabbath, took charge of the Sabbath school and prayer meeting, kept the keys of the building, and sometimes acted as janitor.

In 1864 instruction was resumed. Miss A. B. Savage, a lady who came highly recommended, was secured to take charge of the Preparatory and Ladies' Departments.

In 1865, a building, which had been used as a hotel, was purchased for a boarding house. This and block fifty-two were secured to the institution through the liberality of the citizens of Fontanelle. Mr. H. E. Brown, of Oberlin, accepted the position of Principal of the Preparatory Department, and was on the ground in the fall of 1865. Just about that time the college building was destroyed by fire. This was a heavy blow to both church and college. A portion of the boarding hall was fitted for a school room, and in 1867 Rev. C. G. Bisbee was appointed Principal with Miss Sarah Jenney assistant. Rev. Mr. Kuhlman was secured to teach the German class. During the winter term there were as many students as could be accommodated, and all were greatly encouraged.

At the meeting of the Trustees in July, the school was reported in a prosperous condition. At the same meeting Rev. Mr. Alley, of Weeping Water, brought up the question of removing the institution to that place. This was referred to the Executive Committee, who, after visiting Weeping Water, decided that Fontanelle was the better place. The subject of relocation was afterwards presented by Rev. Mr. Foster and others. In 1869 "the citizens again stepped forward, and of their own accord offered to raise $2,000 to aid the trustees in rebuilding." They at once decided to

erect a new building in place of the one that was burned, and declared their wish to place the institution on a catholic and firm basis. "This may be thought a small sum when compared with donations made to other institutions by able communities, but when it is remembered that it was taken from the hard-earned and scanty incomes of pioneer life, and retrenched from its few comforts, it shows a greater degree of liberality than is often shown by any community." A building committee was appointed, plans and specifications were received, and the work begun.

The Trustees authorized the President of the Board to extend a call to Rev. S. H. Emery, of Quincy, Ill., to become President of the College. But he had previously made other arrangements and did not accept.

In January, 1870, the first story of the new building, 30x50 feet, was ready for the winter term. In 1872 this building was visited by an unexpected calamity. It was surmounted by a heavy cupola and the upper story was not yet finished. A severe wind, amounting to something like a cyclone, struck the building and wrenched it out of place, thus rendering it unsafe for the school. Some work was done toward repairing the injury and more was contemplated. A subscription of $1,500 by the citizens of Fontanelle was expected to meet all indebtedness. But at a meeting of the Congregational Association at Omaha in 1872, the question of removal was again agitated, and a majority vote decided to place the Congregational College of Nebraska at Crete. Fontanelle was greatly disheartened. The one hundred and sixty acres of "choice land," given on condition that the college remain there, reverted to the heirs of Dea. Keyes, who gave it on these conditions. Some other property was given with the same limitations.

"Thus for many years," says Rev. Mr. Bisbee, "efforts were made to establish a Christian college in Fontanelle, and much self-denying labor was put forth for its success. Many were assisted in acquiring an education, and a goodly

number found the Savior. It did a good work in spite of great difficulties."

From Rev. Dr. Sherrill in *Congregational News:*

The above record from the pen of Mrs. Reuben Gaylord is a valuable contribution to the early history of Christian education in Nebraska. Few are now living who could tell the story as it is here done, by one who shared in all its chief events. It preserves some of the words, and shows the spirit, which always animated the heart of Rev. Reuben Gaylord, the acknowledged pioneer of both educational and religious work in this state. It should be counted the first chapter in the history, which here follows, of Doane College. Its success is but the realizing of the ideas, the carrying out of the plans, under another name, which Mr. Gaylord began at Fontanelle. The work is one. The history is, and will be one. In this just view of the case is found another bond of union for all friends of Christian education, past and present, an added stimulus to help carry on to success and great usefulness what was so early and so well begun.

From the *Nebraska Congregational News:*

College men point with pleasure to Rev. Reuben Gaylord as the pioneer college builder of our order in Nebraska. Breadth of mind, scholarly ability, and high appreciation of the value of Christian education characterized his utterances. He had an untiring energy and a devotion that knew no bounds. His motto might well be the student's—Forward! *Forward!* FORWARD!

More heroic or successful service has rarely been rendered. That the institution for which he labored so nobly did not realize his expectations was no fault of his, and his efforts were by no means in vain. He had emphasized the great principle of Christian education and the work went on. Yale College changed its location, but it was the same institution, whether at Saybrook or New Haven. What matters it where the college may be? The ends for which it exists are the same.

From the *Hartford Courant:*

AMONG THE HILLS—NORFOLK.

Norfolk center, with its meeting house and green, stands fourteen hundred feet above the sea level. The place is actually a great deal higher than many of the popular White mountain resorts. Fortunately, however, the board is not so high as it is there. Out here the hills are decidedly steeper than the prices as yet, but perhaps time may equalize things in this respect. The air up on these high hills is deliciously pure and fresh, and it is no wonder that even in this cool summer, when it seems no great deprivation to stay at home, this place is really crowded. The applicants at the hotels, it is said, have far exceeded the number that could be accommodated, and at other houses the demand for rooms far exceeds the supply.

Norfolk is the highest town in the state. That is another way of saying that it is nearer heaven than any other spot in Connecticut.

There is a considerable variety of entertainment here. One can walk, ride, read or go fishing. Three ponds, not far away, are stocked with bass, apparently permanently. The most enjoyable experience is driving. There are roads in every direction, which open up new views of fresh and changing beauty, whether you look far off to the blue and rugged hills across the Massachusetts line, or take a glimpse of some picturesque cultivated valley near by, or again make your way through thick woods, where the very absence of scenery is itself a charm. The golden rod is now shining by the roadside, and along the streams the cardinal flower holds up its splendid color against the rich background of green. Here and there, too, already a broken twig on the maple tree has put on its autumn red, and the signs of the near approach of fall are plenty. Just as the city becomes least endurable, just when the country is most beautiful and most delightful, the return wave of travel will set in, and all this lovely region will be deserted again. The few who stay over until October learn what the real beauties of the country are.

Last week, and up to this noon, we have had fine concerts

twice a day in the park, given through the kindness of the Hon. Robbins Battell. These have brought a great many people together and have done away somewhat with the greatest discomfort of life here—its forced unsociability. When the different boarding places are scattered about, a mile or so apart, it is difficult for people to meet often unless some common attraction like this draws them all to one center. This is only an incidental matter, however. The chief pleasure has been supposed to be in the music itself, which was in every way excellent. The whole scene with its sociable, holiday air, people walking idly about or talking or reading under the trees, children playing and dancing while the band played, with everybody taking a rest, was most refreshing, though altogether too infrequent in this country. It had all the appearance of a foreign park in some Belgian or German town.

In the middle of the park stands the soldiers' monument, a graceful shaft that casts its shadows all day on the lawn and calls to the minds of all who pass that way, the brave fellows whose names are cut in the stone. One cannot look at it unmoved, especially in the midst of such pictures of life as these concerts make.

Some extracts from a sketch of Norfolk, by S. H. D.:

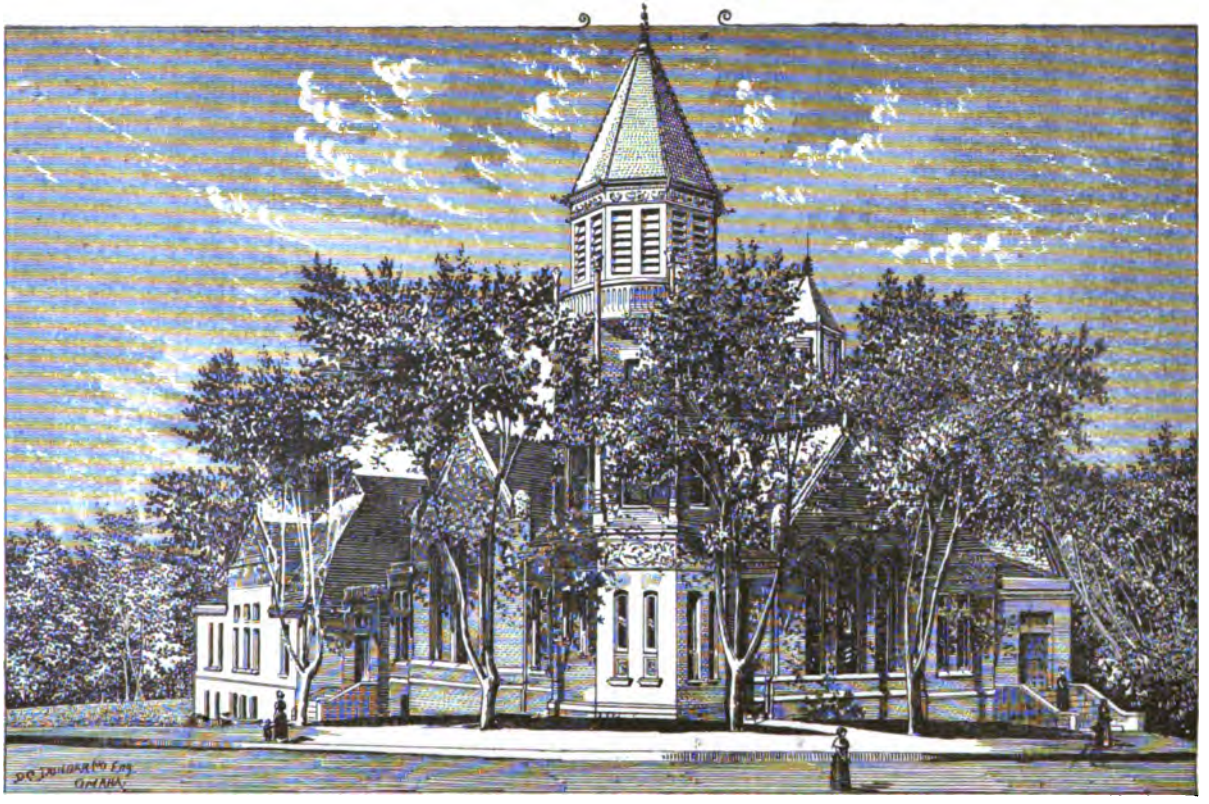
Norfolk is in the northwestern part of the state, on the line of the Connecticut Western railroad. The first settlement of the town was in 1744. The first church was erected in 1759, the second in 1814. * * * Fine educational advantages are afforded by the Robbins school, built on the site of the old Robbins' homestead. Bald Mountain, the highest point of land in Norfolk, has an elevation of one thousand seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Haystack Mountain, one thousand six hundred and eighty feet above the sea, commands a magnificent prospect. A tower has been erected on this mountain, and a carriage road constructed to its summit. The Congregational church stands on a slight eminence facing the green, which is a beautiful place, with well-kept walks, beds of flowers, and shaded by trees of various kinds. The large elms partially

surrounding it are nearly a century old, having been placed there in 1791.

A sketch of Norfolk would be incomplete without mention of the library and picture gallery of Mr. Robbins Battell at his residence, containing a fine collection of paintings, chiefly by American artists. The large picture, by Thomas Hovendon, "Last Moments of John Brown," is very lifelike and pathetic. Standing on the steps of the jail, surrounded by a guard of soldiers, the old hero is stooping to kiss a little child, a member of the down-trodden race for whose sake he died. Most of the pictures are landscape views of great beauty, seeming almost like "bits of nature transferred to canvas." F. E. Church, Bierstadt and many other artists of note, are represented in the collection. Although not a public art gallery, people are kindly admitted to view the paintings.

Extracts from an account of the dedication of the Norfolk Memorial Chapel, in *Winsted Herald:*

The new chapel at Norfolk was dedicated December 13, 1888. A deed of the building and about one-quarter of an acre of land was presented by Mr. Robbins Battell in a short address. Mr. J. K. Shepard accepted the deed in behalf of the society, after which addresses were given by Rev. Dr. Perrin, Rev. Mr. Eddy, Rev. Mr. Goodenough, and the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. DePeu. The singing was by the entire audience and was unusually good, its rich effect being enhanced by the excellent acoustic properties of the chapel. It is a beautifully proportioned building, with a seating capacity of 225. In the rear of the audience room is a large social room, elegantly furnished, which, by means of sliding doors, can be used in connection with the chapel. All of the interior finish is of oak. The style of the building is Romanesque. In the main room on each side are stained glass windows, and at the end a set of three windows of the same material, in memory of Mrs. Urania B. Humphrey. Mrs. Humphrey was the granddaughter of Rev. Ammi Ruhamah Robbins, the first pastor of Norfolk, and a daughter of Mr. Joseph Battell. She had for a



NEW FIRST CONGREGATIONAL IN OMAHA. COMPLETED IN 1888.

long time contemplated the erection of this building to replace the old conference room. Work was commenced during the summer of 1887. Through the fresh green leaves of summer, through the brilliant foliage of autumn, from her window Mrs. Humphrey watched the progress made day by day. The exterior of the building was nearly completed as the last leaves of autumn were falling from the trees. As gently, as peacefully, and as noiselessly as the fall of the leaves, Mrs. Humphrey fell asleep in the Redeemer's arms, on the 19th day of November, in the year 1887. She did not live long enough to worship in this, her earthly temple, but stepped heavenward, to be forever with her Lord in the celestial temple.

"The late Rev. Mr. Gaylord," said Dr. Miller to the *Fountain* yesterday, "was the man who brought Sunday across the Missouri River. It was in 1855 that he came to Omaha."

"Mr. Gaylord was a Congregationalist," continued the Doctor, "and the first Congregational pastor in Omaha. At that time I had some connection with the church, and later was chairman of a building committee. A young carpenter, who was exceedingly modest, applied for the job of building our church. Who do you think it was? It was James E. Boyd, since become one of the wealthiest citizens in Nebraska. Just see what changes have taken place. Now, the Congregationalists have, I suppose, half a dozen churches in Omaha, and the parent church occupies an edifice which cost $75,000, and in it there may be seen a beautiful memorial window to Rev. Gaylord, now in his grave. Into the pulpit of this church there has just been called a preacher of national reputation—Dr. Duryea—whose ability and eloquence have made him a power in the land. This change has all occurred since I came to Omaha, and it began when Mr. Gaylord brought Sunday here."—*Omaha Herald.*

As an instance of the respect accorded Mr. Gaylord by all classes of people in Omaha, Bishop O'Gorman, Catholic bishop of Nebraska, sent him a kind note, containing five dollars, on the evening of his silver wedding.

In 1868-69 Prof. Cowles, of Oberlin, sent to him many

volumes of his "Minor Prophets," for distribution among home missionaries. His generous liberality in donating these valuable books was greatly appreciated by those who received them, and Mr. Gaylord experienced much pleasure in disposing of them amongst his brethren.

During the all day ride, going and returning, to attend trustee meetings at Fontanelle, our conversation was much about the college. "When I am in the spirit land," he said, "this college will send out heralds of the Gospel to supplement my feeble work now."—*Prof. Kellom.*

Through the liberality of Mr. Doane and others, Doane College, at Crete, is to-day what Mr. Gaylord labored and prayed for. In this sense, Fontanelle College was not a failure; its location only is changed.—*Prof. Kellom.*

"The great west owes a debt of deep and lasting gratitude to those ministers who began in youth, and spent their lives even to old age in laying the foundations of our Christian religion deep, broad and strong, ever with Jesus Christ Himself as the chief corner-stone."

Mr. Gaylord's attachment to the Congregational faith and polity grew stronger with the lapse of years, as he saw its practical and beneficent workings in the western fields, in communities composed of professing Christians, who had come from different parts of the country, unlike in their religious training, and in everything but love to God. The Congregational idea was so simple, so free from intricacies, that it could be easily understood by all. It gave each one an interest in the church because all had a voice in its counsels and a work to do. Each church being by itself a little republic is in harmony with our republican government—a government founded upon religious life, religious liberty, and equality before God. Then, he saw that our Congregational churches, almost without exception, were on the right side in regard to all the great moral questions of the day.

But he was not lacking in Christian friendship and brotherly love toward other denominations, and was very careful not to encroach upon their rights. Rev. Mr. Frost, a Methodist brother, said of him: "Mr. Gaylord was no proselyter, but kept a sharp lookout for those who belonged to him." We think his love and respect for the pastors and members of other churches was reciprocated by them.

He lived to see a very encouraging growth of Congregationalism in the two states of his adoption. Could he have looked out upon Iowa in 1889, he would have seen the one church in existence in Denmark, in 1838, multiplied to 261, the number of ministers to 231, and the membership to a goodly company of 21,986. In Nebraska, the mother church in Omaha, which came into being in May, 1856, could report an interesting family of 167 churches, cared for by 149 ministers, and the nine members (truly "a little one"), instead of becoming "*one* thousand," grown to a membership of 8,537 persons.

But the great objects for which Mr. Gaylord lived and labored were, to "win souls to Christ," and to help the churches grow in spiritual life and in power and influence for all that was holy and good. To these, he gave thought, and prayer and work, devoting his best energies to their accomplishment all along the years, until the final end. In his "supreme loyalty to Christ," the *reward* never seemed to be in his thought, but—how he could best serve the cause he loved. His desires and aims might have been expressed in these words of the poet:

"I ask no heaven till earth be thine,
Nor glory crown, while work of mine
Remaineth here;
When earth shall shine among the stars,
Her sins wiped out, her captives free,
Her voice a music unto Thee,
For crown, *new work* give thou to me,
Lord, here am I."